

Principles of
Elocution Ed 12th

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ELOCUTION;

CONTAINING NUMEROUS
RULES, OBSERVATIONS, AND EXERCISES,
ON
PRONUNCIATION, PAUSES, INFLECTIONS,
ACCENT, AND EMPHASIS;

420
COPIOUS EXTRACTS

In Prose and Poetry,
ADAPTED TO ASSIST THE TEACHER, AND TO IMPROVE
THE PUPIL IN READING AND RECITATION.

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and a New General Atlas*

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PREFACE

THE SEVENTH EDITION,

At every stage of society, the power of Elocution is felt. Even in the rudest ages, the man who can impart to his sentiments the charm of a graceful or forcible utterance, will sway the minds of others with more absolute control, than he who may deliver the same sentiments, without equal melody of modulation, or equal animation of manner. The Elocution of those early periods, however, is not the result of study; but of the gratuitous advantages of voice, ear, or superior sensibility. Civilization must have made considerable progress, before Elocution be studied as an art; and of the refinement and politeness of a nation, there cannot, perhaps, be a surer criterion, than the attention paid to the graces of speech. In Athens, where taste and elegance had attained their utmost height, the public ear was so delicate, as to be offended by the slightest impropriety of pronunciation. Even that mighty orator, whose eloquence revived the ardour of their ancient patriotism, and proved the most formidable obstacle to the encroachments of Philip, incurred, by the awkwardness of his first appearance, the reproaches and hisses of that fastidious people: and it was by his assiduous attention to the graces of Elocution, that he afterwards acquired so absolute an ascendancy in their popular assemblies, and attracted crowds of admirers from every corner of Greece. When the warlike rudeness of the Romans had been softened down by the influence of Grecian refinement, to speak their own language with propriety became the highest ambition of their leading men. Brutus thought this accomplishment preferable to the glory of triumphs: and, amidst all the corruption which luxury had introduced, it was chiefly by his overpowering eloquence, that Cicero succeeded to suspend for a time the ruin of the falling republic. In Britain the study of Elocution was long and unaccountably neglected. But the time is gone by, when our public speakers, as if they disdained to influence the minds of their countrymen, except by convincing their reason, rejected as trivial and undignified the external aids of delivery: it is a maxim now very generally admitted, that the feelings and passions must be addressed, as well as the understanding; and that "nothing can gain entrance into the affections, which stumbles at the threshold by offending the ear."

Not to public speakers alone, however, is Elocution necessary. In a country where literature is not only the most delightful occupation to the solitary student, but a favourite entertainment to the social circle, the art of reading with propriety and elegance forms an essential part of a polite education. While the splendid productions of genius, which are constantly issuing from the British press, and which diffuse an unexampled lustre over our age and country, afford the most refined pleasure to polished society, the power of reading them with due effect, must necessarily confer no small degree of distinction. Nor is this to be valued merely as an exterior accomplishment. Here the ear and the understanding afford mutual aid; and as he alone who can duly appreciate the beauties of his author, can develop them by a judicious and graceful utterance; so he who can read them best, will have the fullest enjoyment of their various charms.

So generally is this now understood, that Elocution is daily attracting more of the general attention. Anxious to facilitate the acquisition of so important an accomplishment, the compiler of this volume, selected principally from Walker, the rules which it contains, and the extracts by which these rules are exemplified. The very extensive and rapid circulation of the six former editions, affords him a double gratification,—as a proof, that his labours have been found conducive to the end which he had in view, and as a satisfactory indication of a growing attention to this elegant art.

For the use of junior classes, he had previously published the *English Learner*, the success of which has been fully commensurate with that of the *Principles of Elocution*; to which indeed, it forms a natural and proper introduction. He has lately completed his plan by the publication of his *Rhetorical Exercises*, for the use of those students who have gone through the *Principles of Elocution*, and are thus prepared for the higher department of the art. These books, he would gladly flatter himself, will be found of peculiar utility to both teachers and pupils; and if they contribute, in any degree, to disseminate among ingenious youth an ardour for this pleasing and useful study, they will have fully answered his fondest hopes.

In this Edition the insertion of twenty-three Select Extracts for Recitation, in place of the paragraphs for Pronunciation, cannot fail to be highly acceptable both to Teachers and Pupils.

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*Different Methods by which the Principles and Lessons
may be successfully taught.*

BEFORE attempting to read the examples on inflections, a thorough knowledge of the two slides, or inflections of voice (*page 17*), must be obtained. Without a very accurate knowledge of these two slides of the voice, no graceful progress in reading can possibly be made.

The Table of inflections contains thirty lines. After being able to exemplify the slides in the first column, proceed to acquire a like knowledge of the second. This being done, endeavour to read the table backwards; that is, read the 16th line, and then the 1st; the 17th, and then the 2d; the 18th, and then the 3d, &c.; in the last place, read the table across; that is, read the first line, and then the 16th; the 2d, and then the 17th; the 3d, and then the 18th, &c.

Under the heads of Inflections, Accent, Emphasis, and Pauses, the Rules are printed in *italics*: these, it is understood, will be either attentively studied, or committed to memory by the Pupil, according to circumstances. A single rule may be given out each day as an exercise; the examples under which being read the day following.

The notes and examples under them may be read by the Student immediately after the rules to which they belong; but by those less advanced, they may be entirely passed over, and not read till a perfect knowledge has been attained of what is of more importance.

In reading the Lessons, the principles should be gradually reduced to practice. Words that require the rising inflection, may, by the Pupil, be marked with a pencil with the acute accent; and such as require the falling inflection, with the grave accent. Emphatical words may be marked by drawing a straight line over them; and where a rhetorical pause is admissible, a mark, such as a comma, may be inserted after the word.

If this process should be thought too tedious, the Pupil may be requested to mark (while the Teacher is reading the Lesson) only the principal inflections: it being always understood, however, that the Pupil has acquired a knowledge of the different slides, and degrees of force of the voice.

The following Rule, to which, though there are many exceptions, may perhaps be of some advantage; the knowledge of it, at least, is easily acquired:

The falling inflection almost always takes place at a period, very often at a colon, and frequently at a semicolon; at the comma immediately preceding either of these points, the rising inflection commonly takes place. When this rule does not hold good, the Teacher can easily point out the exceptions to it.

It must be carefully observed, that every falling, or every rising inflection, does not necessarily terminate upon the same key, or on the same note of that key; neither is every emphatic word pronounced with the same degree of force: for, as various as inflections and emphasis are in number, almost as varied should be the manner of pronouncing them.

In these, however, and in many other circumstances, whereon the beauty of reading and speaking chiefly depends, the import of the subject, the nature of the audience, and the place the speaker occupies, must all be judiciously considered, in order properly to regulate his pronunciation and delivery.

General Rules and Observations on Reading and Recitation

1. Give the letters their proper sounds.
2. Pronounce the vowels *a, e, i, o, u*, clearly, giving to each its proper quantity.
3. The liquids *l, m, n*, should be pronounced with a considerable degree of force.
4. Distinguish every accented letter or syllable by a peculiar stress of the voice.
5. Read audibly and distinctly, with a degree of deliberation suited to the subject.
6. Pause at the points a sufficient length of time; but not so long as to break that connexion which one part of a sentence has with another.
7. The meaning of a sentence is often considerably elucidated by pausing where none of the usual marks could properly be inserted.
8. Give every sentence, and member of a sentence, that inflection of voice, which tends to improve either the sound, or the sense.
9. Monotones, judiciously introduced, have a wonderful effect in diversifying delivery.
10. Every emphatical word must be marked with a force corresponding with the importance of the subject.
11. At the beginning of a subject or discourse, the pitch of the voice should, in general, be low:—to this rule, however, there are some exceptions in poetry, and even in prose.
12. As the speaker proceeds, the tones of his voice should swell, and his animation increase with the increasing importance of his subject.
13. At the commencement of a new paragraph, division, or subdivision of a discourse, the voice may be lowered, and again allowed gradually to swell.
14. The tones of the voice must, in every instance, be regulated entirely by the nature of the subject.
15. In recitation, the speaker must adopt those tones, looks, and gestures, which are most agreeable to the nature of whatever he delivers:—he must “suit the action to the word, and the word to the action”, always remembering, that “rightly to seem, is transiently to be”.

TABLE OF THE TWO SLIDES OR INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

1. Did they act prop'erly, or im'properly?
2. Did he speak distinct'ly, or in'distinctly?
3. Must we act accord'ing to the law, or con'trary to it?
4. Did he go will'ingly, or un'will'ingly?
5. Was it done correct'ly, or in'correctly?
6. Did he say cau'tion, or cau'tion?
7. Did he say wise'ly, or wise'ly?
8. Did he say val'ue, or val'ue?
9. Did he say wis'dom, or wis'dom?
10. Did he say fame', or fame'?
11. You must not say fa'tal, but fa'tal.
12. You must not say e'qual, but e'qual.
13. You must not say i'dol, but i'dol.
14. You must not say o'pen, but o'pen.
15. You must not say du'bious, but du'bious.

The acute accent (') denotes the rising, and the grave accent (') the falling inflection.

16. They acted prop'erly, not im'properly.
17. He spoke distinct'ly, not in'distinctly.
18. We must act accord'ing to the law, not con'trary to it.
19. He went will'ingly, not un'will'ingly.
20. It was done correct'ly, not in'correctly.
21. He said cau'tion, not cau'tion.
22. He said wise'ly, not wise'ly.
23. He said val'ue, not val'ue.
24. He said wis'dom, not wis'dom.
25. He said fame', not fame'.
26. You must say fa'tal, not fa'tal.
27. You must say e'qual, not e'qual.
28. You must say i'dol, not i'dol.
29. You must say o'pen, not o'pen.
30. You must say du'bious, not du'bious.

On the INFLECTIONS of the VOICE.

Besides the pauses, which indicate a greater or less separation of the parts of a sentence and a conclusion of the whole, there are certain inflections of voice, accompanying these pauses, which are as necessary to the sense of the sentence as the pause themselves; for, however exactly we may pause between those parts which are separable, if we do not pause with such an inflection of the voice as is suited to the sense, the composition we read will not only want its true meaning, but will have a meaning very different from that intended by the writer.

Whether words are pronounced in a high or low, in a loud or soft tone; whether they are pronounced swiftly or slowly, forcibly or feebly, with the tone of passion or without it; they must necessarily be pronounced either sliding upwards or downwards, or else go into a monotone or song.

By the rising or falling inflection, is not meant the pitch of the voice in which the whole word is pronounced, or that loudness or softness which may accompany any pitch; but that upward or downward slide which the voice makes when the pronunciation of a word is finishing, and which may, therefore, not improperly be called the rising and falling inflection.

We must carefully guard against mistaking the low tone at the beginning of the rising inflection for the falling inflection, and the high tone at the beginning of the falling inflection for the rising inflection, as they are not denominated rising or falling from the high or low tone in which they are pronounced, but from the upward or downward slide in which they terminate, whether pronounced in a high or low key.

THE FINAL PAUSE OR PERIOD.

RULE I.—*The falling inflection takes place at a period.*

EXAMPLES.

1. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose pity would not grow warmer among the ruins of Zona.

2. The pleasures of the imagination, the pleasure arising from science, from the fine arts, and from the principle of curiosity, are peculiar to the human species.

When a sentence concludes an antithesis, the first branch of which being emphatic, requires the falling inflection; the second branch requires the weak emphasis, and rising inflection.

Not.—When there is a succession of periods or loose members in a sentence, though they may all have the falling inflection, yet every one of them ought to be pronounced in a somewhat different pitch of the voice from the other.

EXAMPLES.

1. If we have no regard for our own character, we ought to have some regard for the character of others.
2. If content cannot remove the inquietudes of mankind, it will at least alleviate them.

NEGATIVE SENTENCE.

RULE II.—*Negative sentences, or members of sentences, must end with the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The region beyond the grave is not a solitary land. There your fathers are, and thither every other friend shall follow you in due season.
2. True charity is not a meteor, which occasionally glares; but a luminary, which, in its orderly and regular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

PENULTIMATE MEMBER.*

RULE III.—*The penultimate member of a sentence requires the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. We were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion.
2. Mahomet was a native of Mecca, a city of that division of Arabia, which for the luxury of its soil, and happy temperature of its climate, has ever been esteemed the loveliest and sweetest region in the world, and distinguished by the epithet of Happy.

DIRECT PERIOD.

RULE IV.—*Every direct period, having its two principal constructive parts connected by corresponding conjunctions or adverbs, requires the long pause, with the rising inflection at the end of the first part.*

EXAMPLES.

1. If when we behold a well-made and well-regulated watch, we infer the operations of a skilful artificer; then none but a

* Penultimate signifies the last but one.

'fodi' indeed can contemplate the universe, all whose parts are so admirably formed, and so harmoniously adjusted, and yet say 'there is no God.'

2. Whenever you see a people making progress in vice; whenever you see them discovering a growing disregard to the divine law; there you see proportional advances made to ruin and misery.*

3. When the mountains shall be dissolved; when the foundations of the earth and the world shall be destroyed; when all sensible objects shall vanish away, he will still be the 'everlasting God;' he will be when they exist no more, as he was when they had no existence at all.

4. Perfection is not the lot of humanity, and the age of heroism had its feibles, as well as the modern. If we are effeminate, they were too often ferocious. If we less frequently produce those astonishing examples of heroism and generosity, we are not so cruel and revengeful. If we are not so famous for fidelity in friendship, and if we are less disinterested and warm, our resentments are also less inexorable.

Notc.—When the emphatical word in the conditional part of the sentence is in direct opposition to another word in the conclusion, and a concession is implied in the former, in order to strengthen the argument in the latter, the first member has the falling, and the last the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. If we have no regard for religion in youth, we ought to have some regard for it in age'.

2. If we have no regard for our own character, we ought to have some regard for the character of others'.

If these sentences had been formed so as to make the latter member a mere inference from, or consequence of the former, the general rule would have taken place. thus,

1. If we have no regard for religion in youth, we have seldom any regard for it in age'.

2. If we have no regard for our own character, it can scarcely be expected that we could have any regard for the character of others'.

RULE V.—*Direct periods commencing with participles of the present and past tense, consist of two parts: between which must be inserted the long pause and rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Having existed from all eternity, God through all eternity must continue to exist.

The rule is the same when the first part only commences with an adverb or a conjunction.

2. Placed by Providence on the palæstra of life, every human being is a wrestler, and happiness is that prize for which he is bound to contend.

Note.—When the last word of the first part of these sentences requires the strong emphasis, the falling inflection must be used instead of the rising.

EXAMPLE.

Hannibal being frequently destitute of money and provisions, with no recruits of strength in case of ill fortune, and no encouragement even when successful; it is not to be wondered at that his affairs began at length to decline.

RULE VI.—*Those parts of a sentence which depend on adjectives require the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Destitute of the favour of God, you are in no better situation, with all your supposed abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert.

2. Full of spirit, and high in hope, we set out on the journey of life.

INVERTED PERIOD.*

RULE VII.—*Every inverted period requires the rising inflection and long pause between its two principal constructive parts.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Persons of good taste expect to be pleased, at the same time they are informed.

2. I can desire to perceive those things that God has prepared for those that love him, though they be such as eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Sentences, constructed like the following, also fall under this rule.

3. Poor were the expectations of the studious, the modest and the good, if the reward of their labours were only to be expected from man.

4. Virtue were a kind of misery, if fame only were all the garland that crowned her.

* A period is said to be inverted, when the first part forms perfect sense by itself, but is modified or determined in its signification by the latter.

LOOSE SENTENCE.*

RULE VIII.—*The member that forms perfect sense must be separated from those that follow by a long pause and the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God'; so that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear.

2. By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed'; and he went out, not knowing whither he went.

Note.—When a sentence consists of several loose members which neither modify nor are modified by one another, they may be considered as a compound series, and pronounced accordingly.

ANTITHETIC MEMBER.†

RULE IX.—*The first member of an antithesis must end with the long pause and the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The most frightful disorders arose from the state of feudal anarchy. Force decided all things. Europe was one great field of battle, where the weak struggled for freedom', and the strong for dominion. The king was without power', and the nobles without principle. They were tyrants at home', and robbers abroad. Nothing remained to be a check upon ferocity and violence.

2. Between fame and true honour a distinction is to be made. The former is a blind and noisy' applause; the latter a more silent and internal homage. Fame floats on the breath of the multitude': honour rests on the judgment of the thinking. Fame may give praise, while it withholds esteem'; true honour implies esteem, mingled with respect. The one regards particular distinguished' talents: the other looks up to the whole character.

3. These two qualities, delicacy and correctness, mutually imply each other. No taste can be exquisitely delicate without being correct; nor can be thoroughly correct without being deli-

* A loose sentence is a member containing perfect sense by itself, followed by some other member or members, which do not restrain or qualify its signification.

† Antithesis opposes words to words, and thoughts to thoughts.

tate. But still a predominancy of one or other quality in the mixture is often visible. The power of delicacy is chiefly seen in discerning the true merit of a work; the power of correctness, in rejecting false pretensions to merit. Delicacy leans more to feeling; correctness more to reason and judgment. The former is more the gift of nature; the latter, more the product of culture and art. Among the ancient critics, Longinus possessed most delicacy; Aristotle, most correctness. Among the moderns, Mr Addison is a high example of delicate taste; Dean Swift, had he written on the subject of criticism, would perhaps have afforded the example of a correct one.

CONCESSIVE MEMBER.

RULE X.—*At the end of a concession the rising inflection takes place.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Reason, eloquence, and every art which ever has been studied among mankind, may be abused, and may prove dangerous in the hands of bad men; but it were perfectly childish to contend, that, upon this account, they ought to be abolished.

2. One may be a speaker, both of much reputation and much influence, in the calm argumentative manner. To attain the pathetic, and the sublime of oratory, requires those strong sensibilities of mind, and that high power of expression, which are given to few.

3. To Bourdaloue, the French critics attribute more solidity and close reasoning; to Massillon, a more pleasing and engaging manner. Bourdaloue is indeed a great reasoner, and inculcates his doctrines with much zeal, piety, and earnestness; but his style is verbose, he is disagreeably full of quotations from the fathers, and he wants imagination.

EXERCISES on the preceding RULES.

1. By deferring our repentance, we accumulate our sorrows.
2. As, while hope remains, there can be no full and positive misery; so, while fear is yet alive, happiness is incomplete.
3. Human affairs are in continual motion and fluctuation, altering their appearance every moment, and passing into some new forms.
4. As you value the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth; in all your proceedings be direct and consistent.
5. By a multiplicity of words, the sentiments are not set off and accommodated; but, like David, equipped in Saul's armour, they are cumbered and oppressed.

6. Though it may be true, that every individual, in his own breast, naturally prefers himself to all mankind, yet he dares not look mankind in the face, and avow that he acts according to this principle.

7. If our language, by reason of the simple arrangement of its words, possesses less harmony, less beauty, and less force, than the Greek or Latin, it is, however, in its meaning, more obvious and plain.

8. Whether we consider poetry in particular, and discourse in general, as imitative or descriptive, it is evident, that their whole power in recalling the impressions of real objects, is derived from the significance of words.

9. Were there no bad men in the world, to vex and distress the good, the good might appear in the light of harmless innocence, but they could have no opportunity of displaying fidelity, magnanimity, patience, and fortitude.

10. Though I would have you consider the present life is a state of probation, and the future as the certain rectifier and recorder of all the good and evil committed here, yet live innocently, live honestly, and, if possible, impart of this interesting consideration.

11. It is not by taits of application, or by a few years preparation of study afterwards discontinued, that eminence can be attained. No, it can be attained only by means of regular industry, grown up into a habit, and ready to be exerted on every occasion that calls for industry.

12. We blame the excessive fondness and anxiety of a parent, as something which may, in the end, prove hurtful to the child, and which in the mean time, is excessively inconvenient to the parent, but we seldom pardon it, and never regard it with hatred and detestation.

13. The character of Demosthenes is vigour and austerity, that of Cicero is gentleness and insinuation. In the one, you find more plainness, in the other, more ornament. The one is more harsh, but more spirited and cogent, the other, more agreeable, but withal less powerful and weaker.

14. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In the one, we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile pours out his riches with a sudden overflow, Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant stream. — And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems, like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightning and firing the heavens, Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and ordering the whole creation.

INTERROGATION.*

RULE I.—*Questions asked by pronouns or adverbs, end with the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Who continually supports and governs this stupendous system? Who preserves ten thousand times ten thousand worlds in perpetual harmony? Who enables them always to observe such time, and obey such laws, as are most exquisitely adapted for the perfection of the wondrous whole? They cannot preserve and direct themselves; for they were created, and must, therefore, be dependent. How, then, can they be so actuated and directed, but by the unceasing energy of the Great Supreme?

2. Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?

Note 1.—Interrogative sentences, consisting of members in a series necessarily depending on each other for sense, must be pronounced according to the rule which relates to the series of which they are composed.

EXAMPLE.

What can be more important and interesting than an inquiry into the existence, attributes, providence, and moral government of God.

RULE II.—*Questions asked by verbs require the rising inflection.†*

EXAMPLES.

1. Can the soldier, when he girdeth on his armour, boast like him that putteth it off? Can the merchant predict that the speculation, on which he has entered, will be infallibly crowned with success? Can even the husbandman, who has the promise of God that seed-time and harvest shall not fail, look forward with assured confidence to the expected increase of his fields? In these and in all similar cases, our resolution to act can be founded on probability alone.

* When the last words, in this species of interrogation, happen to be emphatical, they must be pronounced with a considerable degree of force and loudness.

† When the question is very long, however, or concludes a paragraph, the falling instead of the rising inflection takes place.

2. Avarus has long been ardently endeavouring to fill his chest: and lo! it is now full. Is he happy? Does he use it? Does he gratefully think of the Giver of all good things? Does he distribute to the poor? Alas! these interests have no place in his breast.

3. Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Would death be foil'd? Would health, and strength, and youth
Defy his power? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war? Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of peace, that smile which sheds
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul's thine basks
That serpent Luxury.—

RULE III.—*When interrogative sentences connected by the disjunctive or, expressed or understood, succeed each other, the first end with the rising, and the rest with the falling inflection.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Does God, after having made his creatures, take no further care of them? Has he left them to blind fate or undirected chance? Has he forsaken the works of his own hands? Or does he always graciously preserve, and keep, and guide them?

2. Should these credulous infidels after all be in the right, and this pretended revelation, be all a fable, from believing it what harm could ensue? Would it render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungovernable? the rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly? Would it make worse parents, or children; husbands, or wives; masters, or servants; friends, or neighbours? or would it not make men more virtuous, and, consequently, more happy in every situation?

3. Is the goodness, or wisdom, of the divine Being, more manifested in this his proceeding?

4. Shall we in your person crown the author of the public calamities, or shall we destroy him?

Note 2.—An interrogative sentence, consisting of a variety of members depending on each other for sense, may have the inflection common to other sentences, provided the last member has that inflection which distinguishes the species of interrogation to which it belongs.

EXAMPLE.

Can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after

* When or is used conjunctively the inflections are not regulated by it.

having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

Note 3.—Interrogative sentences, consisting of members in a series, which form perfect sense as they proceed, must have every member terminate with that inflection which distinguishes the species of interrogation of which they consist.

EXAMPLES.

1. Hath death torn from your embrace the friend whom you tenderly loved—him to whom you were wont to unbosom the secrets of your soul—him who was your counsellor in perplexity, the sweetener of all your joys, and the assuager of all your sorrows? You think you do well to mourn; and the tears with which you water his grave, seem to be a tribute due to his virtues. But waste not your affection in fruitless lamentation.

2. Who are the persons that are most apt to fall into peevishness and dejection—that are continually complaining of the world, and see nothing but wretchedness around them? Are they those whom want compels to toil for their daily bread—who have no treasure but the labour of their hands—who rise with the rising sun to expose themselves to all the rigours of the seasons, unsheltered from the winter's cold, and unshaded from the summer's heat? No. The labours of such are the very blessings of their condition.

Note 4.—When questions, asked by verbs, are followed by answers, the rising inflection, in a high tone of voice, takes place at the end of the question, and after a long pause, the answer must be pronounced in a low tone.

EXAMPLES.

1. Are you desirous that your talents and abilities may procure you respect? Display them not ostentatiously to public view. Would you escape the envy which your riches might excite? Let them not minister to pride, but adorn them with humility.

2. There is not an evil incident to human nature for which the gospel doth not provide a remedy. Are you ignorant of many things which it highly concerns you to know? The gospel offers you instruction. Have you deviated from the path of duty? The gospel offers you forgiveness. Do temptations surround you? The gospel offers you the aid of Heaven. Are you exposed to misery? It consoles you. Are you subject to death? It offers you immortality.

EXCLAMATION.

RULE IV.—The inflections at the note of exclamation are the same as at any other point, in sentences similarly constructed.

EXAMPLES.

1. The Almighty sustains and conducts the universe. It was He who separated the jarring elements! It was He who hung

up the worlds in empty space! It is He who preserves them in their circles, and impels them in their course!

2. How pure, how dignified should they be, whose origin is celestial! How pure, how dignified should they be, who are taught to look higher than earth; to expect to enjoy the divinest pleasures for evermore, and to 'shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father'!

3. Behold the reverential awe with which the words and the opinions of the upright and conscientious are heard and received! See the wise courting their friendship; the poor applying for their aid; the friendless and forlorn seeking their advice, and the widow and the fatherless craving their protection!

RULE V.—*When the exclamation, in form of a question, is the echo of another question of the same kind, or when it proceeds from wonder or admiration, it always requires the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you for ever, Athenians, do nothing but walk up and down the city, asking one another, What news? What news! Is there any thing more new than to see a man of Macedonia become master of the Athenians, and give laws to all Greece?

2. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those who were at your gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken when I was Consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough.

3. Whither shall I turn? Wretch that I am! to what place shall I betake myself? Shall I go to the capitol? alas! it is overflowed with my brother's blood! or shall I retire to my house? yet there I behold my mother plunged in misery, weeping and despairing!

4. Plant of celestial seed, if d'opp'd below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow:
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows! where grows it not? if vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

PARENTHESIS.

RULE VI.—*A parenthesis must be pronounced in a lower tone of voice than the rest of the sentence, and conclude with the same pause and inflection which terminate the member that immediately precedes it.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Though Fame, who is always the herald of the great, has seldom deigned to transmit the exploits of the lower ranks to posterity' (for it is commonly the fate of those whom fortune has placed in the vale of obscurity to have their noble actions buried in oblivion') ; yet in their verses, the minstrels have preserved many instances of domestic woe and felicity.

2. Uprightness is a habit, and, like all other habits, gains strength by time and exercise. If, then, we exercise' upright principles (and we cannot have them unless we exercise' them), they must be perpetually on the increase.

3. Sir Andrew Freeport's notions of trade are noble and generous', and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not' a great man) he calls the sea the British Common.

* *Note 1.*—The end of a parenthesis must have the falling inflection, when it terminates with an emphatical word.

EXAMPLE.

I had I, when speaking in the assembly, been absolute and independent master of affairs, then your other speakers might call me to account. But if ye were ever present, if ye were all in general invited to propose your sentiments, if ye were all agreed that the measures then suggested were really the best ; if you, Eschines, in particular, were thus persuaded (and it was no partial affection for me, that prompted you to give me up the hopes, the applause, the honours, which attended that course I then advised, but the superior force of truth, and your utter inability to point out any more eligible course), if this was the case, I say, is it not highly cruel and unjust to arraign those measures now, when you could not then propose any better ?

Note 2.—When the parenthesis is long it may be pronounced with a degree of monotone or sameness of voice, in order to distinguish it from the rest of the sentence.

* A parenthesis must also be pronounced a degree quicker than the rest of the sentence ; a pause too must be made both before and after it, proportioned in length to the more intimate or remote connexion which it has with the rest of the sentence.

EXAMPLE.

Since then every sort of good which is immediately of importance to happiness, must be perceived by some immediate power or sense, antecedent to any opinions or reasoning (for it is the business of reason to compare the several sorts of good perceived by the several senses, and to find out the proper means for obtaining them); we must therefore carefully inquire into the several sublimer perceptive powers or senses; since it is by them we best discover what state or course of life best answers the intention of God and nature, and wherein true happiness consists.

Note 3.—The small intervening members, *said I, says he, continued they, &c.* follow the inflection and tone of the member which precedes them, in a higher and feebler tone of voice.

EXAMPLE.

Thus, then, said he, since you are so urgent, it is thus that I conceive it. The sovereign good is that, the possession of which renders us happy. And how, said I, do we possess it? Is it sensual or intellectual? There, you are entering, said he, upon the detail.

EXERCISES ON the INTERROGATION, EXCLAMATION, and PARENTHESIS.

1. Would you do your homage the most agreeable way? Would you render the most acceptable of services? offer unto God thanksgiving.

2. What shadow can be more vain than the life of a great part of mankind? Of all that eager and bustling crowd we behold on earth, how few discover the path of true happiness? How few can we find, whose activity has not been misemployed, and whose course terminates not in confessions of disappointments?

3. What are the scenes of nature that elevate the mind in the highest degree, and produce the sublime sensation? Not the gay landscape, the flowery field, or the flourishing city; but the hoary mountain, and the solitary lake; the aged forest, and the torrent falling over the rock.

4. Is there any one who will seriously maintain, that the taste of a Hottentot or a Laplander is as delicate and as correct as that of a Longinus or an Addison? or, that he can be charged with no defect or incapacity, who thinks a common news-writer as excellent an historian as Tacitus?

5. That strong hyperbolical manner which we have long been accustomed to call the Oriental manner of poetry (because some of the earliest poetical productions came to us from the East), is in truth no more Oriental than Occidental; it is characteristic of an age rather than of a country; and belongs, in some measure, to all nations at that period which first gives rise to music and song.

6. The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find),
Is not to act or think beyond mankind.
7. Where thy true treasure? Gold says, "not in me;"
And, "not in me," the di'mond. Gold is poor.
8. All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!
9. O the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go: when past, they haunt us still.
10. Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar,—but for Titus too.
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

SERIES.

The word *SERIES* is here used to denote an enumeration of particulars.

A *Commencing* series is that which begins a sentence, but does not end it.

A *Concluding* series is that which ends a sentence, whether it begins it or not.

The series, whose members consist of single words, is called a *simple* series.

The series, whose members consist of two or more words, is called a *compound* series.

Inflections on the

SIMPLE SERIES.

COMMENCING.	CONCLUDING.
No of Members.	No of Members.
2.....1' 2'	2.....1' 2'
3.....1' 2' 3'	3.....1' 2' 3'
4.....1' 2' 3' 4'	4.....1' 2' 3' 4'
5.....1' 2' 3' 4' 5'	5.....1' 2' 3' 4' 5'
6.....1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'	6.....1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'
7.....1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'	7.....1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'
8.....1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'	8.....1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'
9.....1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'	9.....1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'
10.....1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'	10.....1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'

COMPOUND SERIES.

COMMENCING.		CONCLUDING.	
No of Members.		No of Members.	
2	1' 2'	2	1' 2'
3	1' 2' 3'	3	1' 2' 3'
4	1' 2' 3' 4'	4	1' 2' 3' 4'
5	1' 2' 3' 4' 5'	5	1' 2' 3' 4' 5'
6	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'	6	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'
7	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'	7	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'
8	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'	8	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'
9	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'	9	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'
10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'	10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'

SIMPLE COMMENCING SERIES

OF 2 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2'.*—Dependence and obedience belong to youth.

3 MEMBERS.†—**RULE.** 1', 2', 3'.—The young', the healthy', and the prosperous', should not presume on their advantages.‡

4 MEMBERS.—**RULE.** 1', 2', 3', 4'.—Humanity', justice', generosity', and public spirit', are the qualities most useful to others.

5 MEMBERS.—**RULE.** 1', 2', 3', 4', 5'.—The presence', knowledge', power', wisdom', and goodness' of God, must all be unbounded.

6 MEMBERS.—**RULE.** 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6'.—Desire', aversion', rage', love', hope', and fear', are drawn in miniature upon the stage.

7 MEMBERS.—**RULE.** 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7'.—Sophocles', Euripides', Pindar', Thucydides', Demosthenes', Phidias, Apelles', were the contemporaries of Socrates or of Plato.

8 MEMBERS.—**RULE.** 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8'.—Wine', beauty', music', pomp', study', diversion', business', wisdom', are but poor expedients to heave off the insupportable load of an hour from the heart of man; the load of an hour from the heart of an eternity.

* That is—the falling inflection takes place on the first member, and the rising on the second.

† In a simple commencing series of three members, the first must be pronounced in a somewhat lower tone than the second.

‡ The noun, when attended by the article, or conjunction, is considered in the series as a single word.

9 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8', 9'.—Joy', grief', fear', anger', pity', scorn', hate', jealousy', and love', stamp assumed distinctions on the player.

10 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8', 9', 10'.
Next then, you authors, be not you severe ;
Why what a swarm of scribblers have we here !
One', two', three', four', five', six', seven', eight', nine', ten',
All in one row, and brothers of the pen.

SIMPLE CONCLUDING SERIES

OF 2 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2'.—The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness' and affability'.

3 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3'.—Industry is the law of our being ; it is the demand of nature', of reason', and of God'.

4 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4'.—Fear not, ye righteous, amidst the distresses of life. You have an Almighty friend continually at hand to pity', to support', to defend', and to relieve' you.

5 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5'.—The characteristics of chivalry were, valour', humanity', courtesy', justice', and honour'.

6 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6'.—Mankind are afflicted by war', famine', pestilence', volcano', storm', and fire'.

7 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7'.—They passed over many a frozen, many a fiery Alp', rocks', caves', lakes', fens', bogs', dens', and shades of death'.

8 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8'.—The speaker, having gained the attention and judgment of his audience, must proceed to complete his conquest over the passions ; such as admiration', surprise', hope', joy', love', fear', grief', anger'.

9 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8', 9'.—The fruit of the spirit is love', joy', peace', long-suffering', gentleness', goodness', faith', meekness', temperance'.

10 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8', 9', 10'.—Mr Locke's definition of wit, with this short explication, comprehends most of the species of wit ; as metaphors', enigmas', mottoes', parables', fables', dreams', visions', dramatic' writings, burlesque', and all the methods of allusion'.

* In a simple concluding series of three members, the first must be pronounced in a little higher tone than the second. When pronouncing with a degree of solemnity, the first member in this series must have the falling inflection.

COMPOUND COMMENCING SERIES.

RULE.—*The following inflection takes place on every member but the last.**

EXAMPLES.

2 MEMBERS.—Common calamities', and common blessings', fall heavy upon the envious.

3 MEMBERS.—A generous openness of heart', a calm deliberate courage', a prompt zeal for the public service', are at once constituents of true greatness, and the best evidences of it.

4 MEMBERS.—The splendour of the firmament', the verdure of the earth', the varied colours of the flowers, which fill the air with their fragrance', and the music of those artless voices which mingle on every tree', all conspire to captivate our hearts, and to swell them with the most rapturous delight.

5 MEMBERS.—The verdant lawn', the shady grove', the variegated landscape', the boundless ocean', and the starry firmament', are contemplated with pleasure by every beholder.

6 MEMBERS.—France and England may each of them have some reason to dread the increase of the naval and military power of the other; but for either of them to envy the ~~inter-~~ happiness and prosperity of the other, the cultivation of its lands', the advancement of its manufactures', the increase of its commerce', the security and number of its ports and harbours', its proficiency in all the liberal arts and sciences', is surely beneath the dignity of two such great nations.

7 MEMBERS.—A contemplation of God's works', a voluntary act of justice 'to our own detriment', a generous concern for the good of mankind', tears shed in silence for the misery of others', a private desire of resentment broken and subdued', an unfeigned exercise of humility', or any other virtue, are such actions as denominate men great and reputable.

8 MEMBERS.—To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and characters', to restrain every irregular inclination',—to subdue every rebellious passion',—to purify the motives of our conduct',—to form ourselves to that temperance which no pleasure can seduce',—to that meekness which no provocation can ruffle',—to that patience which no affliction can overwhelm', and that integrity which no interest can shake; this is the

* When the members of a compound series are numerous, the second must be pronounced a little higher and more forcibly than the first, the third than the second, &c.

task which is assigned to us,—a task which cannot be performed without the utmost diligence and care.

9 MEMBERS.—Absalom's beauty', Jonathan's love', David's valour', Solomon's wisdom', the patience of Job', the prudence of Augustus', the eloquence of Cicero', the innocence of Wisdom', and the intelligence of all', though faintly amiable in the creature, are found in immense perfection in the Creator.

10 MEMBERS.—The beauty of a plain', the greatness of a mountain', the ornaments of a building', the expression of a picture', the composition of a discourse', the conduct of a third person, the proportions of different quantities and numbers', the various appearances which the great machine of the universe is perpetually exhibiting', the secret wheels and springs which produce them, all the general subjects of science and taste', are what we and our companions regard as having no peculiar relation to either of us.

COMPOUND CONCLUDING SERIES.

RULE.—*The falling inflection takes place on every member except the last but one.*

EXAMPLES.

2 MEMBERS.—Belief in the existence of a God is the great incentive to duty', and the great source of consolation'.

3 MEMBERS.—When myriads and myriads of ages have lapsed, the righteous shall still have a blessed eternity before them: still continue brightening in holiness', increasing in happiness', and rising in glory'.

4 MEMBERS.—Watch' ye, stand fast in the faith', quit you like men', be strong'.

5 MEMBERS.—We should acknowledge God in all our ways; mark the operations of his hand'; cheerfully submit to his severest dispensations'; strictly observe his laws'; and rejoice to fulfil his gracious purpose'.

6 MEMBERS.—Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh', justified in the spirit', seen of angels', preached unto the Gentiles', believed on in the world', received up into glory'.

7 MEMBERS.—A true friend unbosoms freely', advises justly', assists readily, adventures boldly', takes all patiently', defends resolutely', and continues a friend unchangeably'.

8 MEMBERS.—True gentleness teaches us to bear one another's burden', to rejoice with those who rejoice'; to weep with

those who weep'; to please every one his neighbour for his good'; to be kind and tender-hearted'; to be pitiful and courteous'; to support the weak'; and to be patient towards all' men.

9 MEMBERS.—They through faith subdued kingdoms', wrought righteousness', obtained promises', stopped the mouths of lions', quenched the violence of fire', escaped the edge of the sword', out of weakness were made strong', waxed valiant in fight', turned to flight the armies of the aliens'.

10 MEMBERS.—Leviculus was so well satisfied with his own accomplishments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter; and when he was set at liberty, instead of beginning, as was expected, to walk the Exchange with a face of importance, or of associating himself with those who were most eminent for their knowledge of the stocks, he at once threw off the solemnity of the counting-house, equipped himself with a modish wig, and a splendid coat', listened to wits in the coffee-houses, passed his evenings behind the scenes in the theatres', learned the names of beauties of quality', hummed the last stanzas of fashionable songs', talked with familiarity of high play', boasted of his achievements upon drawers and coachmen', told with negligence and jocularly of bilking a tailor', and now and then let fly a shrewd jest at a sober citizen'.

EXAMPLES

CONTAINING BOTH THE COMMENCING AND CONCLUDING SERIES.

1. He who is self-existent', omnipresent', omniscient', and omnipotent', is likewise infinitely holy', and just', and good'.

2. He who resigns the world, has no temptation to 'envy', hatred', malice', or anger', but is in constant possession of a serene mind; he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care', solicitude', remorse', and confusion'.

3. To deserve', to acquire', and to enjoy' the respect and admiration of mankind, are the great objects of ambition' and emulation'.

PAIRS OF NOUNS.

ARE INFLECTED THUS:

COMMENCING.		CONCLUDING.	
Pairs.		Pairs.	
1.....	1' & 2', 3 & 4'	1.....	1 & 2', 3 & 4
2.....	1' & 2', 3 & 4', 5' & 6'	2.....	1' & 2', 3 & 4', 5' & 6'
3.....	1' & 2', 3 & 4', 5' & 6', 7' & 8'	3.....	1' & 2', 3 & 4', 5' & 6', 7' & 8'
4.....	1' & 2', 3 & 4', 5' & 6', 7' & 8', 9' & 10'	4.....	1' & 2', 3 & 4', 5' & 6', 7' & 8', 9' & 10'

EXAMPLES.

1. Vicissitudes of good' and evil', of trials' and consolations', fill up the life of man.

2. While the earth remaineth, seed'-time and harvest', cold' and heat', summer' and winter', and day' and night' shall not cease.

3: The wise' and the foolish', the virtuous' and the vile', the learned' and the ignorant', the temperate' and the profligate', must often be blended together.

4. In all stations and conditions, the important relations take place, of masters' and servants', husbands' and wives', parents' and children', brothers' and friends', citizens' and subjects'.

SERIES OF SERIESES.

RULE I.—*When several members of a sentence, consisting of distinct portions of similar or opposite words in a series, follow in succession, they must be pronounced singly, according to the number of members in each portion, and together, according to the number of portions in the whole sentence, that the whole may form one related compound series.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding' and the will', with all the senses both inward' and outward'; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action: she can understand', will', imagine', see', and hear'; love' and discourse'; and apply herself to many other like exercises of different kinds and natures'.

2. For I am persuaded, that neither death', nor life'; nor angels', nor principalities', nor powers'; nor things present', nor things to come'; nor height' nor depth'; nor any other creature', shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord'.

RULE II.—*Where the sense of the sentence does not require force, precision, or distinction (which is but seldom the case), where the sentence commences with a conditional or suppositive conjunction; or where the language is plaintive and poetical, the falling inflection seems less suitable than the rising.*

EXAMPLES.

1. When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the pages to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguard-

ed'; when kind and caressing looks of every object without, that can flatter his senses, has conspired with the enemy within, to betray him and put him off his defence'; when music likewise hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the passions'; when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women, with the sound of the viol and the lute, have broken in upon his soul, and in some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rapture',—that moment let us dissect and look into his heart';—see how vain', how weak', how empty' a thing it is !

2. So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind',
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand';
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light',
When mellowing years their full perfection give .
And each bold figure just begins to live';
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all' the bright' creation' fades' away'.

EXERCISES ON the SERIES

1. Ambition creates hatred, shyness, discords, seditions, and wars
2. To be moderate in our views, and to proceed temperately in the pursuit of them, is the best way to ensure success.
3. Joy, grief, love, admiration, devotion, are all of them passions which are naturally musical.
4. Substantives, pronouns, adjectives, verbs, prepositions, and conjunctions, must necessarily be found in all languages.
5. The several kinds of poetical composition which we find in Scripture, are chiefly the didactic, the elegiac, pastoral, and lyric.
6. Discomposed thoughts, agitated passions, and a ruffled temper, poison every pleasure of life.
7. The great business of life is to be employed in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with our Creator.
8. Tranquillity, order, and magnanimity, dwell with the pious and resigned man.
9. A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.
10. The mirror longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire.
11. Though at times, the ascent to the temple of virtue appears steep and craggy, be not discouraged. Persevere until thou gain the summit there, all is order, beauty, and pleasure.
12. What is called profane history, exhibits our nature on its worst side: it is the history of perverse passions, of mean self-love, of revenge, hatred, extravagance, and folly.
13. An ostentatious, a feeble, a harsh, or an obscure style, are

always faults; and perspicuity, strength, neatness, and simplicity, are beauties to be always aimed at.

14. Valour, truth, justice, fidelity, friendship, piety, magnanimity, are the objects which, in the course of epic compositions, are presented to our mind, under the most splendid and honourable colours.

15. To be humble and modest in opinion, to be vigilant and attentive in conduct, to distrust fair appearances, and to restrain rash desires, are instructions which the darkness of our present state should strongly inculcate.

16. No blessing of life is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

17. The time at which the Saviour was to appear—the circumstances with which his nativity was to be attended—the nature of the kingdom he was to establish—the power with which he was to be invested, and the success with which his labours were to be crowned—had been all prefigured and described, in a manner calculated to excite the liveliest expectation in the minds of the chosen people.

18. Were we united to beings of a more exalted order,—beings whose nature raised them superior to misfortune, placed them beyond the reach of disease and death, who were not the dupes of passion and prejudice, all of whose views were enlarged, whose goodness was perfected, and whose spirit breathed nothing but love and friendship,—then would the evils of which we now complain cease to be felt.

19. All the oriental lustre of the richest gems; all the enchanting beauties of exterior shape; the exquisite of all forms; the loveliness of colour; the harmony of sound; the heat and brightness of the enlivening sun; the heroic virtue of the bravest minds; with the purity and quickness of the highest intellect; are all emanations from the supreme Deity.

20. I conjure you by that which you profess
 (How'er you come to know it) answer me;
 Though you untie the winds and let them fight
 Against the churches; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up;
 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
 Of nature's germains tumble altogether,
 Ev'n till destruction sicken, answer me.

- To what I ask you.

Macbeth to the Witches.

HARMONIC INFLECTION.

Besides that variety which necessarily arises from annexing certain inflections to sentences of a particular import, or structure, there is still another source of variety, in those parts of a sentence where the sense is

not at all concerned, and where the variety is merely to please the ear. There are many members of sentences which may be differently pronounced without greatly affecting their variety and harmony. It is chiefly towards the end of a sentence that the harmonic inflection is necessary in order to form an agreeable cadence.

RULE I.—*When a series of similar sentences, or members of sentences, form a branch of a subject or paragraph, the first sentence or member must fall gradually into a lower tone, and adopt the harmonic inflection, on such words as form the most agreeable cadence.*

EXAMPLE.

1. Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must farther observe, that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded' to opinions' full of contradiction' and impossibility', and at the same' time' look upon the smallest' difficulty' in an article' of faith' as a sufficient reason for rejecting it.

RULE II.—*When the last member of a sentence ends with four accented words, the falling inflection takes place on the first and last, and the rising on the second and third*

EXAMPLES.

1. The immortality of the soul is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing' hopes' and secret' joy', that can arise' in the heart' of a reasonable' creature'

2. A brave man struggling' in the storms' of fate'.
And greatly' falling' with a falling' state'

RULE III.—*When there are three accented words at the end of the last member, the first has either the rising or falling, the second the rising and the last the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLE.

Cicero concludes his celebrated books *de Oratore*, with some precepts for pronunciation and action, without which part he affirms, that the best orator in the world can never succeed, and an indifferent one, who is master of this, shall gain much' greater' applause'.

ECHO

Is here used to express that repetition of a word or thought, which immediately arises from a word or thought that preceded it.

RULE.—*The echoing word ought always to be pronounced with the rising inflection in a high tone of voice, and a long pause after it, when it implies any degree of passion.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Newton was a Christian! *Newton!* whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature on our finite conceptions—*Newton!* whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting on the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie—*Newton!* who carried the line and rule to the utmost barrier of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists.

2. With “mysterious reverence” I forbear to descant on those serious and interesting rites, for the more august and solemn celebration of which Fashion nightly convenes these splendid myriads to her more sumptuous temples. *Rites!* which, when engaged in with due devotion, absorb the whole soul, and call every passion into exercise, except those indeed of love and peace, and kindness, and gentleness. *Inspiring rites!* which stimulate fear, rouse hope, kindle zeal, quicken dulness, sharpen discernment, exercise memory, inflame curiosity! *Rites!* in short, in the due performance of which, all the energies and attentions, all the powers and abilities, all the abstractions and exertion, all the diligence and devotedness, all the sacrifice of time, all the contempt of ease, all the neglect of sleep, all the oblivion of care, all the risks of fortune (half of which, if directed to their true objects, would change the very face of the world), all these are concentrated to one point: a *point!* in which the wise and the weak, the learned and the ignorant, the fair and the frightful, the sprightly and the dull, the rich and the poor, the patrician and plebeian, meet in one common uniform equality: an *equality!* as religiously respected in these solemnities, in which all distinctions are levelled at a blow, and of which the very spirit is therefore democratical, as it is combated in all other instances.

HANNAH MORE on Female Education.

* The echoing word is printed in italics, and marked with the rising inflection.

THE MONOTONE,

In certain solemn and sublime passages, has a wonderful force and dignity ; and, by the uncommonness of its use, it even adds greatly to that variety with which the ear is so much delighted.*

EXAMPLES.

1. High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Inde ;
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Shower's, on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold',
Satan exalted sat.
2. Hence ! loath'd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born, •
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings ;
There, under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy lock,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

CIRCUMFLEXES.

The *rising* circumflex begins with the falling inflection, and ends with the rising upon the same syllable, and seems as it were to twist the voice upwards. This turn of the voice is marked in this manner (v).

EXAMPLE.

But it is foolish in us to compare Drusus Africanus and ourselves with Clodius ; all our other calamities were tolerable ; but no one can patiently bear the death of Clodius.

The *falling* circumflex begins with the rising inflection, and ends with the falling upon the same syllable, and seems to twist the voice downwards. This turn of the voice may be marked by the common circumflex, thus (Λ)*

* This monotone may be defined to be a continuation or sameness of sound upon certain syllables of a word, exactly like that produced by repeatedly striking a bell ;—such a stroke may be louder or softer, but continues exactly in the same pitch. To express this tone upon paper, a horizontal line may be adopted ; such a one as is generally used to express a long syllable in verse ; thus, (—),

EXAMPLE.

Queen. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.

Hamlet. Madam, you have my father much offended.

Both these circumflex inflections may be exemplified in the word *so*, in a speech of the Clown in Shakspeare's *As You Like it*.

I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*; as if you said *sô*, then I said *sô*: O ho! did you *sô*? So they shook hands and were sworn brothers.

CLIMAX,

OR A GRADUAL INCREASE OF SIGNIFICATION,

Requires an increasing swell of the voice, on every succeeding particular, and a degree of animation corresponding with the nature of the subject.

EXAMPLES.

1. After we have practised good actions a while, they become easy; and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them; and when they please us, we do them frequently; and, by frequency of acts, a thing grows into a habit; and a confirmed habit is a second kind of nature; and, so far as any thing is natural, so far it is necessary, and we can hardly do otherwise; nay, we do it many times when we do not think of it.

2. 'Tis list'ning fear and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heav'n,
The tempest growls; but, as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds, till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts
And opens wider; shuts and opens still,
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze:
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heav'n and earth.

ACCENT.

RULE.—*Emphasis requires a transposition of accent, when two words which have a sameness in part of their formation, are opposed to each other in sense.*

EXAMPLES.

1. What is *done'*, cannot be *un'done*.*
2. There is a material difference between *giv'ing* and *for'-giving*.
3. Thought and language *act'* and *re'act* upon each other.
4. He who is good before *in'visible* witnesses, is eminently so before the *vis'ible*.
5. What fellowship hath *right'eousness* with *un'righteousness*? and what communion hath light with darkness?
6. The riches of the prince must *in'crease* or *de'crease* in proportion to the number and *riches* of his subjects.
7. *Relig'ion* raises men above themselves; *ir'religion* sinks them beneath the brutes.
8. I shall always make reason, truth, and nature, the measures of *praise'* and *dis'praise*.
9. Whatever *conve'nience* may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the *in'convenience* of it is perpetual.
10. The sense of an author being the first object of reading, it will be necessary to inquire into those *divisi'ons* and *sub'divisi'ons* of a sentence, which are employed to fix and ascertain its meaning.
11. This *corrup'tible* must put on *in'corruption*, and this *mor'tal* must put on *im'mortality*.
12. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the *praise'* and *dis'praise* of *ministe'rial* and *un'ministerial* persons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet.
13. In the *suit'ableness* or *un'suit'ableness*, in the proportion

* The signs (' and ') besides denoting the inflections, mark also the accented syllables.

Whatever inflection be adopted, the accented syllable is always louder than the rest; but if the accent be pronounced with the rising inflection, the accented syllable is higher than the preceding, and lower than the succeeding syllable; and if the accent have the falling inflection, the accented syllable is pronounced higher than any other syllable, either preceding or succeeding.

or *dis*'proportion which the affection seems to bear to the cause or object which excites it, consists the *propri*'ety or *im*'propriety, the decency or ungracefulness of the consequent action.

14. He that compares what he has *done*' with what he has left *un*'done, will feel the effect which must always follow the comparison of imagination with reality.

Note 1.—This transposition of the accent extends itself to all words which have a sameness of termination, though they may not be directly opposite in sense.

EXAMPLES.

1. In this species of composition, *plau*'sibility is much more essential than *prob*'ability.

2. Lucius Catiline was expert in all the arts of *sim*'ulation and *dis*'simulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own.

Note 2.—When the accent is on the last syllable of a word which has no emphasis, it must be pronounced louder and a degree lower than the first.

EXAMPLE.

Sooner or later virtue must meet with a reward'.

EMPHASIS

Is that stress we lay on words which are in contradistinction to other words expressed or understood. And hence will follow this general rule; *Wherever there is contradistinction in the sense of the words, there ought to be emphasis in the pronunciation of them.*

All words are pronounced either with emphatic force, accented force, or unaccented force; this last kind of force may be called by the name of feebleness. When the words are in contradistinction to other words, or to some sense implied, they may be called *emphatic*; where they do not denote contradistinction, and yet are more important than the particles, they may be called *accented*, and the particles and lesser words may be called *unaccented* or *feeble*.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Exercise* and *temperance* strengthen the constitution.

2. *Exercise* and *temperance* strengthen even an *INDIFFERENT* constitution.

The word printed in Roman capitals is pronounced with *emphatic* force; those in small italics are pronounced with *accented* force; the rest with *unaccented* force.

Emphasis always implies antithesis ; when this antithesis is agreeable to the sense of the author, the emphasis is proper ; but where there is no antithesis in the thought, there ought to be none on the words ; because, whenever an emphasis is placed upon an improper word, it will suggest an antithesis, which either does not exist, or is not agreeable to the sense and intention of the writer.

The best method to find the emphasis in these sentences, is to take the word we suppose to be emphatical, and try if it will admit of these words being supplied which an emphasis on it would suggest : if, when these words are supplied, we find them not only agreeable to the meaning of the writer, but an improvement of his meaning, we may pronounce the word emphatical ; but if these words we supply are not agreeable to the meaning of the words expressed, or else give them an affected and fanciful meaning, we ought by no means to lay the emphasis upon them.

EXAMPLE.

3. A man of a polite imagination, is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving ; he can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue.

In this sentence an emphasis on the word picture is not only an advantage to the thought, but is in some measure necessary to it : for it hints to the mind, that a polite imagination does not only find pleasure in conversing with those objects which give pleasure to all, but with those which give pleasure to such only as can converse with them.

All emphasis has an antithesis either expressed or understood ; if the emphasis excludes the antithesis, the emphatic word has the falling inflection ; if the emphasis does not exclude the antithesis, the emphatic word has the rising inflection. The distinction between the two emphatic inflections is this : the falling inflection affirms something in the emphasis, and denies what is opposed to it in the antithesis, while the emphasis with the rising inflection, affirms something in the emphasis without denying what is opposed to it in the antithesis : the former, therefore, from its affirming and denying absolutely, may be called the strong emphasis ; and the latter, from its affirming only, and not denying, may be called the weak emphasis.—We have an instance of the strong emphasis and falling inflection on the words *despite* and *fear*, in the following sentence, where Richard the Third rejects the proposal of the Duke of Norfolk to pardon the rebels.

4. Why, that, indeed, was our sixth Harry's way,
Which made his reign one scene of rude commotion :
I'll be in men's *despite* a monarch ; no,
Let kings that *fear* forgive ; blows and revenge
For me.

The paraphrase of these words, when thus emphatical, would be, *I'll be, not in men's favour, but in their despite, a monarch—and, let not me who am fearless, but kings that fear, forgive.*—The weak emphasis,

with the rising inflection, takes place on the word *may* in the following example from the FAIR PENITENT, where Horatio, taxing Lothario with forgery, say,

5. 'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man',
To forge a scroll so villanous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name.

If this emphasis were paraphrased, it would run thus 'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man, though not unworthy of a brute.

The first of the following examples is an instance of the single emphasis implied; the second, of the single emphasis expressed; the third, of the double emphasis; and the fourth, of the treble emphasis.*

1. Exercise and temperance strengthen even an *indifferent* constitution.

2. You were paid to *fight* against Alexander, and not to *rail* at him.

3. The pleasures of the imagination are not so *gross* as those of *sense*, nor so *refined* as those of the *understanding*.

4. *He* raised a *mortal* to the *skies*,
She drew an *angel* down.

SINGLE EMPHASIS.†

RULE.—When a sentence is composed of a positive and negative part, the positive must have the falling, and the negative the rising inflection.‡

EXAMPLES.

1. We can do nothing *against* the truth, but *for* the truth
2. None more impatiently *suffer* injuries, than they who are most forward in *doing* them.
3. You were paid to *fight* against Alexander, and not to *rail* at him.
4. Hunting (and *men*, not *beasts*,) shall be his game.

* In these examples of emphasis the emphatic word alone is printed in italics; the marks above them denote the inflections.

† When two emphatic words in antithesis with each other are either expressed or implied, the emphasis is said to be single.

‡ To this rule, however, there are some exceptions, not only in poetry, but also in prose.

5. Cæsar, who would not wait the conclusion of the consul's speech, generously replied, that he came into Italy not to *injure* the liberties of Rome and its citizens, but to *restore* them.

6. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for *ours*' only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

7. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God! therefore the world knoweth *us*' not, because it knew *him*' not.

8. It is not the business of virtue to *extirpate* the affections of the mind, but to *regulate* them.

9. It may moderate and *restrain*, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man.

10. Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause*!

And a sly knave's a lier on our laws.

11. For if you pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that *yourselves*' have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of *fortune*'. But it cannot be. No my countrymen! it cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for the liberty and safety of *Greece*'. No! by those generous souls of ancient times, who were exposed at *Marathon*'! by those who stood arrayed at *Platæa*'! by those who encountered the Persian fleet at *Salamis*'! who fought at *Artemisium*'! By all these illustrious sons of Athens, whose remains lie deposited in the public *monuments*'! All of whom received the same honourable interment from their country: Not those only who *prevailed*', not those only who were *victorious*'. And with reason. What was the part of gallant men they all performed; their success was such as the Supreme Director of the world dispensed to each.

Note.—When two objects are compared, the comparative word has the strong emphasis and falling inflection, and the word compared has the weak emphasis and rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. It is a custom
More honoured in the *breach* than the *observance*'
2. I would *die* sooner than mention it.

This is the case when it is the intention of the speaker to declare, emphasis, the priority or preferableness of one thing to another.

DOUBLE EMPHASIS.*

RULE.—The falling inflection takes place on the first emphatic word, the rising on the second and third, and the falling on the fourth.†

EXAMPLES.

1. To err' is human'; to forgive' divine'.
2. Custom is the plague' of wise' men, and the idol' of fools'.
3. The prodigal' robs his heir', the miser' robs himself'.
4. We' are weak', and ye' are strong'.
5. Without' were fightings', within' were fears'.
6. Business' sweetens pleasure', as labour' sweetens rest'.
7. Prosperity' gains' friends, and adversity' tries' them.
8. The wise' man considers what he wants', and the fool what he abounds' in.
9. One' sun by day'—by night' ten thousand' shine.
10. Justice appropriates honours' to virtue', and rewards' to merit'.
11. Justice' seems most agreeable to the nature of God', and mercy' to that of man'.
12. It is as great a point of wisdom to hide' ignorance', as to discover' knowledge'.
13. As it is the part of justice' never to do violence', it is of modesty' never to commit offence'.
14. If men of eminence are exposed to censure' on one' hand, they are as much liable to flattery' on the other'.
15. The wise' man is happy when he gains his own' approbation, and the fool' when he recommends himself to the applause of those about' him.
16. We make provision for this' life as though it were never to have an end', and for the other' life as though it were never to have a beginning'.
17. Alfred seemed born not only to defend' his bleeding country', but even to adorn' humanity'.
18. His care was to polish' the country by arts', as he had protected' it by arms'.

* When two words are opposed to each other, and contrasted with two other words, the emphasis on these four words may be called double.

† The pause after the second emphatic word must be considerably longer than that after the first or third.

19. Yielding to *immoral* pleasure *corrupts* the mind, living to animal and *trifling* ones *debases* it.

20. Grief is the counter passion of joy. The *one* arises from *agreeable*, and the *other* from *disagreeable* events,—the *one* from *pleasure*, and the *other* from *pain*,—the *one* from *good*, and the *other* from *evil*.

21. *Fools* anger *shew*, which *politicians* *hide*.

22. The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. *One* murder makes a *villain*,
Millions a *Hero*. *War* its *thousands* slays,
Peace its *ten* thousands.

23. ———— In arms opposed,
Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune: but their praise
Be different, for with different views they fought;
This to *subdue*, and *that* to *free* mankind.*

TREBLE EMPHASIS.†

RULE.—The rising inflection takes place on the first and third, and the falling on the second of the first three emphatical words; the first and third of the other three have the falling, and the second has the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. A *friend* cannot be *known* in *prosperity*; and an *enemy* cannot be *hidden* in *adversity*.

2. Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, *pleasing* to *those* who come only for *amusement*, but *prejudicial* to *him* who would reap the *profit*.

3. Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or, rather, for two different lives. The *first* life is *short* and *transient*: his *second*, *permanent* and *lasting*.

4. The difference between a madman and a fool is, that the *former* reasons *justly*, from *false* data; and the *latter* *erroneously*, from *just* data.

* Though some of the examples under the head of emphasis are not strictly emphatical, yet the words marked as such will show how similarly constructed sentences may be read.

† When three emphatic words are opposed to three other emphatic words, in the same sentence, the emphasis is called treble.

5. *He*' raised a mortal' to the skies',
She' drew an angel' down'.

6. *Passions*' are winds' to urge us o'er the wave',
Reason' the rudder', to direct and save' ;

7. *This*' without *those*' obtains a vain' employ,
Those' without *this*', but urge us to *destroy*'.

8. The generous buoyant spirit is a power
 Which in the virtuous mind doth all things conquer.

It *bears*' the *hero*' on to *arduous*' deeds :

It *lifts*' the *saint*' to *heaven*'.

Note —In the following examples the treble emphasis, though not expressed, is evidently implied.

EXAMPLES.

1. To reign is worth ambition, though in hell ;
 Better to *reign*' in *hell*' than *serve*' in *heaven*'.

2. I would rather be the *first*' man in that *village*' than the *second*' in *Rome*'.

THE ANTECEDENT.

RULE I.—*Personal or adjective pronouns, when antecedents, must be pronounced with accentual force, to intimate that the relative is in view, and in some measure to anticipate the pronunciation of it.*

EXAMPLES.

1. *He*, that pursues fame with just claims, trusts his happiness to the winds ; but *he*, that endeavours after it by false merit, has to fear, not only the violence of the storm, but the leaks of his vessel.

2. The weakest reasoners are always the most positive in debate ; and the cause is obvious ; for *they* are unavoidably driven to maintain their pretensions by violence, who want arguments and reasons to prove that they are in the right.

3. A man will have his servant just, diligent, sober, and chaste, for no other reason but the terror of losing his master's favour, when all the laws divine and human cannot keep *him* whom he serves within bounds, with relation to any one of these virtues.

4. And greater sure *my* merit, who, to gain
 A point sublime, could such a task sustain.

RULE II.—*When the relative only is expressed, the antecedent being understood, the accentual force then falls upon the relative.*

EXAMPLES.

1. *What* nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize.

2. *Who* noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign; or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

GENERAL EMPHASIS

Is that emphatic force, which, when the composition is very animated, and approaches to a close, we often lay upon several words in succession: This emphasis is not so much regulated by the sense of the author, as by the taste and feelings of the reader, and therefore does not admit of any certain rule.

EXAMPLES.

1. ———— *What* men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If' Rome must fall', that we are innocent.

2. There was a time, then, my fellow-citizens, when the Lacedæmonians were sovereign masters both by sea and land; when their troops and forts surrounded the entire circuit of Attica; when they possessed Eubœa, Tanagra, the whole Bœotian district, Megara, Ægina, Clæne, and the other islands, while this state had not one ship, *not one wall*.

In these examples, if the words marked as emphatic are pronounced with the proper inflections, and with a distinct pause after each, it is inconceivable the force that will be given to these few words.—This general emphasis, it may be observed, has identity for its object, the antithesis to which is appearance, similitude, or the least possible diversity.

THE INTERMEDIATE OR ELLIPTICAL MEMBER

Is that part of a sentence which is equally related to both parts of an antithesis, but which is properly only once expressed.

EXAMPLES.

1. Must we, in your person, *crown* the author of the public calamities, or must we *destroy* him?

2. A good man will love himself too well to *lose* an estate by gaming, and his neighbour too well to *win* one.

In the above examples, the elliptical members, "*the author of the public calamities*" and "*an estate by gaming*,"—are pronounced with the rising inflection, but with a higher and feebler tone of voice than the antithetic words *crown* and *lose*.

In the two following examples, the elliptical members, which are immediately after the last two antithetic words *win* and *brain*, are pronounced with the falling inflection, but in a lower tone of voice than these words.

EXAMPLES.

3. A good man will love himself too well to *lose*, and his neighbour too well to *win*, an estate by gaming.

4. It would be in vain to inquire whether the power of imagining things strongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the *soul*, or from any nicer texture in the *brain* of one man than of another.

When the intermediate member contains an emphatical word, or extends to any length, it will be necessary to consider it as an essential member of the sentence, and to pronounce it with emphasis and variety.

EXAMPLE.

5. A man would not only be an *unhappy*, but a *rude unfinished* creature, were he conversant with none but those of his own make.

EXERCISES ON EMPHASIS.

1. In their prosperity, my friends shall never hear of me; in their adversity, always.

2. There is no possibility of speaking properly the language of any passion, without feeling it.

3. A book that is to be read, requires one sort of style; a man that is to speak, must use another.

4. A sentiment, which, expressed diffusely, will barely be admitted to be just; expressed concisely, will be admired as spirited.

5. Whatever may have been the origin of pastoral poetry, it is undoubtedly a natural, and very agreeable form of poetical composition.

6. A stream that runs within its banks is a beautiful object; but

When the elliptical member contains no emphatical word it must be pronounced in a monotone.

when it rushes down with the impetuosity and noise of a torrent, it presently becomes a sublime one.

7. Though rules and instructions cannot do all that is requisite, they may, however, do much that is of real use. They cannot, it is true, inspire genius; but they can direct and assist it. They cannot remedy barrenness; but they can correct redundancy.

8. A French sermon is, for the most part, a warm animated exhortation; an English one, is a piece of cool instructive reasoning. The French preachers address themselves chiefly to the imagination and the passions; the English, almost solely to the understanding.

9. No person can imagine that to be a frivolous and contemptible art, which has been employed by writers under divine inspiration, and has been chosen as a proper channel for conveying to the world the knowledge of divine truth.

10. The tastes of men may differ very considerably as to their object, and yet none of them be wrong. One man relishes poetry most; another takes pleasure in nothing but history. One prefers comedy; another, tragedy. One admires the simple; another, the ornamented style. The young are amused with gay and sprightly compositions; the elderly are more entertained with those of a graver cast. Some nations delight in bold pictures of manners, and strong representations of passions; others incline to more correct and regular elegance both in description and sentiment. Though all differ, yet all pitch upon some one beauty which peculiarly suits their turn of mind; and, therefore, no one has a title to condemn the rest.

11. Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face.
His eyes do drop no tears; his prayers are jest;
His words come from his mouth; ours, from our breast;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul.

12. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;
Each works its end, to move or govern all.

13. See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good untaught will find.

14. In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds that may dim his sublunary day,
But cannot darken: even the best must own,
Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.

15. Some dream that they can silence when they will
The storm of passion, and say, *Peace, be still*,
But 'Thus far, and no further,' when address'd
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
Implies authority, that never can,
And never ought to be the lot of man.

16. While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought.
His partner's acts, without their cause appear:
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here.
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

RHETORICAL PAUSES.

RULE I.—*Pause after the nominative when it consists of more than one word.**

EXAMPLES.

1. The fashion of this world *passeth* away.
2. To practise virtue *is* the sure way to love it.
3. The pleasures and honours of the world to come *are*, in the strictest sense of the word, everlasting.

Note 1.—A pause may be made after a nominative even when it consists of only one word, if it be a word of importance, or if we wish it to be particularly observed.

EXAMPLES.

1. Adversity *is* the school of piety.
2. The fool *hath* said in his heart there is no God.

Note 2.—When a sentence consists of a nominative and a verb, each expressed in a single word, no pause is necessary.

EXAMPLES.

1. George learns.—2. The boys read.—3. The tree grows.—4. He comes.

RULE II.—*When any member comes between the nominative case and the verb, it must be separated from both of them by a short pause.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Trials *in* this state of being *are* the lot of man.
2. Such is the constitution of men, that virtue *however* it may be neglected for a time *will* ultimately be acknowledged and respected.

* The place of the pause is immediately before each of the words printed in italics.

RULE III.—*When any member comes between the verb and the objective or accusative case, it must be separated from both of them by a short pause.*

EXAMPLE.

1. I knew a person who possessed the faculty of distinguishing flavours in so great a perfection, that, after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish *without* seeing the colour of it *the* particular sort which was offered him.

RULE IV.—*When two verbs come together, and the latter is in the infinitive mood, if any words come between, they must be separated from the latter verb by a pause.*

EXAMPLE.

1. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind *to* suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ?

Note.—When the verb *to be* is followed by a verb in the infinitive mood, which may serve as a nominative case to it, and the phrases before and after the verb may be transposed, then the pause falls between the verbs.

EXAMPLE.

1. The greatest misery *is to be* condemned by our own hearts.

RULE V.—*When several substantives become the nominative to the same verb, a pause must be made between the last substantive and the verb, as well as after each of the other substantives.*

EXAMPLE.

1. Riches, pleasure, and health *become* evils to those who do not know how to use them.

RULE VI.—*If there are several adjectives belonging to one substantive, or several substantives belonging to one adjective, every adjective coming after its substantive, and every adjective coming before the substantive except the last, must be separated by a short pause.**

EXAMPLES.

1. It was a calculation *accurate* to the last degree.
2. A behaviour *active supple and polite*, is necessary to succeed in life.
3. The idea of an eternal *uncaused* Being, forces itself upon the reflecting mind.
4. Let but one brave *great active disinterested* man arise, and he will be received, followed, and venerated.

Note.—This rule applies also to sentences in which several adverbs belong to one verb, or several verbs to one adverb.

EXAMPLES.

1. To love *wisely rationally and prudently*, is, in the opinion of lovers, not to love at all.
2. *Wisely rationally and prudently* to love, is, in the opinion of lovers, not to love at all.

RULE VII.—*Whatever words are in the ablative absolute, must be separated from the rest by a short pause both before and after them.*

EXAMPLES.

1. If a man borrow aught of his neighbour, and it be hurt or die the owner thereof not being with it *he shall surely make it good.*
2. God, from the mount of Sinai, whose grey top
Shall tremble *he descending will himself*
In thunder, lightnings, and loud tempests' sound
Ordain them laws.

* No pause is admitted between the substantive and the adjective in the inverted order, when the adjective is single, or unaccompanied by adjuncts.—Thus, in this line,—

They guard with arms divine the British throne—

The adjective *divine* cannot be separated by a pause from the substantive *arms.*

RULE VIII.—*Nouns in opposition, or words in the same case, where the latter is only explanatory of the former, have a short pause between them, either if both these nouns consist of many terms, or the latter only.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Hope the balm of life, soothes us under every misfortune.
2. Solomon the son of David and the builder of the temple of Jerusalem, was the richest monarch that reigned over the Jewish people.

Note.—If the two nouns are single, no pause is admitted ; as, Paul the apostle ; King George ; the Emperor Alexander.

RULE IX.—*When two substantives come together, and the latter, which is in the genitive case, consists of several words closely united with each other, a pause is admissible between the two principal substantives.*

EXAMPLE.

1. I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriance, and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure.
-

RULE X.—*Who, which, when in the nominative case, and the pronoun that, when used for who, or which, require a short pause before them.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Death is the season which brings our affections to the test.
2. Nothing is in vain that rouses the soul : nothing in vain that keeps the ethereal fire alive and glowing.
3. A man can never be obliged to submit to any power, unless he can be satisfied who is the person who has a right to exercise it.

Note.—There are several words usually called adverbs, which include in them the power of the relative pronoun, and will therefore admit of a pause before them ; such as, *when, why, wherefore, how, where, whether, whither, whence, while, till or until* : for *when* is equivalent to *the time at which* ; *why, or wherefore*, is equivalent to *the reason for which* ; and so of the rest. It must, however, be noted, that when a preposition comes before one of these relatives, the pause is before the preposition ; and

that, if any of these words is the last word of the sentence, or clause of a sentence, no pause is admitted before it: as, "I have read the book, of which I have heard so much commendation, but I know not the reason why. I have heard one of the books much commended, but I cannot tell which," &c.

It must likewise be observed, that, if the substantive which governs the relative, and makes it assume the genitive case, comes before it, no pause is to be placed either before *which*, or the preposition that governs it.

EXAMPLE.

The passage of the Jordan is a figure of baptism, by the grace of which, the new-born Christian passes from the slavery of sin into a state of freedom peculiar to the chosen sons of God.

RULE XI.—*Pause before that, when it is used for a conjunction.*

EXAMPLE.

1. It is in society only *that* we can relish those pure delicious joys which embellish and gladden the life of man.

RULE XII.—*When a pause is necessary at prepositions and conjunctions, it must be before and not after them.*

EXAMPLES.

1. We must not conform to the world *in* their amusements and diversions.

2. There is an inseparable connexion *between* piety and virtue.

Note 1.—When a clause comes between the conjunction and the word to which it belongs, a pause may be made both before and after the conjunction.

EXAMPLE.

This let him know,
Lest wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal.

Note 2.—When a preposition enters into the composition of a verb, the pause comes after it.

EXAMPLE.

People expect in a small essay, that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts, and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements, that are indulged to longer labours.

RULE XIII.—*In an elliptical sentence, pause where the ellipsis takes place.*

EXAMPLES.

1. To our faith we should add virtue; and to virtue *knowledge*; and to knowledge *temperance*; and to temperance *patience*; and to patience *godliness*; and to godliness *brotherly kindness*; and to brotherly kindness *charity*.

2. The vain man takes praise for honour, the proud man *cere-*
mony for respect, the ambitious man *power* for glory.

RULE XIV.—*Words placed either in opposition to, or in apposition with each other, must be distinguished by a pause.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The pleasures of the imagination, taken in their full extent, are not so gross *as* those of sense, nor so refined *as* those of the understanding.

2. Some place the bliss in action, some in ease:
Those call it pleasure, and contentment *these*.

RULE XV.—*When prepositions are placed in opposition to each other, and all of them are intimately connected with another word, the pause after the second preposition must be shorter than that after the first, and the pause after the third shorter than that after the second.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Rank, distinction, pre-eminence, no man despises, unless he is either raised very much *above*, or sunk very much *below*, the ordinary standard of human nature.

2. Whenever words are contrasted *with*, contradistinguished *from*, or opposed *to*, other words, they are always emphatical.

* As those classes of words, which admit of no separation, are very small and very few, if we do but take the opportunity of pausing where the sense will permit, we shall never be obliged to break in upon the sense

* In the examples annexed to this rule, the prepositions, as they are emphatical, are printed in *italics*, and the pause comes after them.

when we find ourselves under the necessity of pausing; but if we overshoot ourselves by pronouncing more in a breath than is necessary, and neglecting those intervals where we may pause conveniently, we shall often find ourselves obliged to pause where the sense is not separable, and, consequently, to weaken and obscure the composition. This observation, for the sake of the memory, may be conveniently comprised in the following verses:

In pausing, ever let this rule take place,
Never to separate words in any case
That are less separable than those you join:
And, which imports the same, not to combine
Such words together, as do not relate
So closely as the words you separate.

EXERCISES ON PAUSING.

1. The path of piety and virtue pursued with a firm and constant spirit will assuredly lead to happiness.
2. Deeds of mere valour how heroic soever may prove cold and tire some.
3. Homer claims on every account our first attention, as the father not only of epic poetry, but in some measure of poetry itself.
4. War is attended with distressful and desolating effects. It is confessedly the scourge of our angry passions.
5. The warrior's fame is often purchased by the blood of thousands.
6. The erroneous opinions which we form concerning happiness and misery, give rise to all the mistaken and dangerous passions that embroil our life.
7. Peace of mind being secured we may smile at misfortunes.
8. Idleness is the great fomentor of all corruptions in the human heart.
9. The best men often experience disappointments.
10. The conformity of the thought to truth and nature greatly recommends it.
11. Hatred and anger are the greatest poison to the happiness of a good mind.
12. A perfect happiness bliss without alloy is not to be found on this side the grave.
13. The true spirit of religion cheers as well as compose the soul.
14. Reflection is the guide which leads to truth.
15. The first science of man is the study of himself.
16. The spirit of light and grace is promised to assist them that ask it.

SELECT EXTRACTS OF RECITATION.

1.—THE SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and Chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the hosts of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's in your path,
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul turn away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet !

Farewell to others ! but never we part,
Heir to my royalty ! son of my heart !
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death which awaits us to-day ! . BYRON

2.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars in the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset was seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he past ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And roll'd as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ,
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

the chasm—oh! who that then
 Were listening warrior-men,
 With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame
 Turn'd on their Chief—could doubt the shame,
 The indignant shame, with which they thrill
 To hear those shouts, and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—

“What! while our arms can wield these blades,

“Shall we die tamely, die alone,

“Without one victim to our shades,

“One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,

“The sabre from its toil may sleep?

“No—God of Iran's burning skies!

“Thou scorn'st th' glorious sacrifice.

“No—though of all earth's hope bereft,

“Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.

“We'll make yon valley's reeking caves

“Live in the awe-struck minds of men,

“Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves

“Tell of the Ghebers' bloody glen.

“Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains

“Our refuge still from life and chains;

“But his the best, the holiest bed,

“Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!”

MOORE.

5.—SCENE AFTER THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

ALF wander'd on, along the beach,
 'Till within the range of a carbine's reach
 Of the leaguer'd wall; but they saw him not,
 Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot?
 Did traitors lurk in the Christian's hold?
 Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts wax'd cold?
 I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall
 There flash'd no fire, and there hiss'd no ball,
 Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
 That flank'd the sea-ward gate of the town;
 Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell
 The sullen words of the sentinel,
 As his measured step on the stone below
 Clank'd; as he paced it to and fro;
 And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
 Hold o'er the dead their carnival,

Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb,
 They were too busy to bark at him !
 From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
 As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh ;
 And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull,
 As it slipp'd through their jaws when their edge grew dull,
 As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
 When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed ;
 So well had they broken a lingering fast
 With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
 And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the sand,
 The foremost of these were the best of his band.
 The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
 The hair was tangled round his jaw ;
 But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
 There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,
 Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
 Scared by the dogs, from the human prey ;
 But he seiz'd on his share of a steed that lay.
 Pick'd by the birds, on the sands of the bay !
 Alp turn'd him from the sickening sight :
 Never had shaken his nerves in fight ;
 But he better could brook to behold the dying,
 Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,
 Scorch'd with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
 Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.
 There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
 Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower,
 For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
 And Honour's eye on daring deeds !
 But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
 O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
 And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
 Beasts of the forest, all gathering there ;
 All regarding man as their prey,
 All rejoicing in his decay !

BYRON.

6.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, ' Boatman, do not tarry,
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry.'

- 'Be ye, would cross Loch-Gyle,
 'Dark and stormy water?'
 'O! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
 'And this Lord Ullin's daughter.
 'And fast before her father's men
 'Three days we've fled together,
 'For should he find us in the glen,
 'My blood would stain the heather.
 'His horsemen hard behind us ride,
 'Should they our steps discover,
 'Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
 'When they have slain her lover?'
 Out spake the hardy Highland wight,
 'I'll go, my chief, I'm ready,
 'And 'tis not for your silver bright,
 'But for your winsome lady.
 'And by my word, the bonny bird
 'In danger shall not tarry,
 'So though the waves are raging white
 'I'll row you o'er the ferry.'
 By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking,
 And in the scowl of heaven, each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.
 But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.
 'Oh haste thee, haste,' the lady cries,
 'Though tempests round us gather.
 'I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 'But not an angry father.'
 The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gather'd o'er her.
 And still they row'd, amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing,
 Lord Ullin reach'd the fatal shore,
 His wrath was chang'd to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and
 His child he did discover ;
 One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

' Come back, come back,' he cried in grief,
 ' Across this stormy water ;
 ' And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 ' My daughter ! oh, my daughter !'

'Twas vain—the loud waves lash'd the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

7.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral-note,
 As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
 But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast
 By wet wild-flowers surrounded ;
 The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest,
 Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
 There was woman's gentler weeping,
 And the wailing of age and infant cries,
 O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
 With his father's sword and blessing ;
 He stood with the valiant side by side,
 His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again in the light of his fame,
 When the red campaign was over ;
 One heart that in secret had kept his name,
 Was claim'd by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came upon the sky,
 He left his sweet home for battle,
 And his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry,
 And the cannon's long death-rattle.

He came again,—but an alter'd man,
 The path of the grave was before him,
 And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
 For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory,—spoke of cheer ;
 These are words that are vainly spoken
 To the childless mother, or orphan's ear,
 Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
 Half hidden by yonder willow ;
 There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
 But who died on his own home-pillow ! *Anonymous.*

18.—THE FIELD OF GILBOA.

THE sun of the morning look'd forth from his throne,
 And beam'd on the face of the dead and the dying ;
 For the yell of the strife, like the thunder, had flown,
 And red on Gilboa the carnage was lying.

And there lay the husband that lately was prest
 To the beautiful cheek that was tearless and ruddy ;
 But the claws of the eagle were fix'd in his breast,
 And the beak of the vulture was busy and bloody.

And there lay the son of the widow'd and sad,
 Who yesterday went from her dwelling for ever ;
 Now the wolf of the hills a sweet carnival had
 On the delicate limb that had ceased not to quiver.

And there came the daughter, the delicate child,
 To hold up the head that was breathless and hoary ;
 And there came the maiden, all frantic and wild,
 To kiss the loved lips that were gasping and gory.

And there came the consort that struggled in vain
 To stem the red tide, of a spouse that bereft her ;
 And there came the mother that sunk 'mid the slain,
 To weep o'er the last human stay that was left her.

Oh ! bloody Gilboa, a curse ever lie
 Where the king and his people were slaughter'd together ;
 May the dew and the rain leave thy herbage to die,
 Thy flocks to decay, and thy forests to wither ! KNOX.

19.—A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

How deep yon azure dies the sky !
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
 While through their ranks, in silyer pride,
 The nether crescent seems to glide.
 The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath.
 Where once again the spangle snow,
 Descends to meet our eyes below.
 The grounds, which on the right aspire,
 In dimness from the view retire :
 The left presents a place of graves,
 Whose wall the silent water laves.
 That steeple guides thy doubtful sight,
 Among the livid gleams of night.
 There pass, with melancholy state,
 By all the solemn heaps of fate,
 And think, as softly-sad you tread,
 Above the venerable dead,

*'Time was, like thee, they life possess',
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.*

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead, in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,—
Adorn the rich, or praise the great ;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades !
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds ;
And all with sober accent cry,
'Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin ;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din),
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones :

“ When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of Fears am I !
They view me like the last of things ;
They make and then they dread my stings.
Fools ! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God :
A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.”

PARNELL.

..!

20.—THE SHIELD.

On ! did you not hear a voice of death ?
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm ?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of woe all night ?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of light ?

'Twas not the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast ;
'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of blood—
It screams for the guilt of days that are past !

See ! how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath !
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death !

That shield is blushing with murderous stains ;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray ;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
But neither can take the blood away !

Oft by that yew on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light ;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night ! MOORI.

21.—LOUDHON'S ATTACK.—A HUNGARIAN WAR-SONG.

Rise, ye Croats, fierce and strong,
Form the front and march along ;
And gather fast, ye gallant men,
Of Nona and of Warrasden,
Whose sunny mountains nurse a line
Generous as her fiery wine ;
Hosts of Buda, hither bring
The bloody flag, and eagle wing ;
Ranks of Agria, head and heel
Sheathed in adamant steel,
Quit the woodlands and the boar,
Ye hunters wild on Drava's shore ;
And ye that hew her oaken wood,
Brown with lusty hardihood,
The trumpets sound, the colours fly,
And Loudhon leads to victory !
Hark ! the summons loud and strong—
' Follow, soldiers—march along ;—
Every baron, sword in hand,
Rides before his gallant band ;

The vulture, screaming for his food,
Conducts you to the field of blood,
And bids the sword of valour seek
For nurture to his gory beak !

Men of Austria, mark around,
Classic fields and holy ground ;
For here were deeds of glory done,
And battles by our fathers won—
Fathers who bequeathed to you
Their country and their courage too ;
Heirs of plunder and renown,
Hew the squadrons—hew them down.
Now ye triumph—Slaughter now
Tears the fields with bloody plough ;
And all the streamy shore resounds
With shouts and shrieks and sabre-wounds.
Now your thunders carry fate ;
Now the field is desolate—
Save where Loudhon's eagles fly
On the wings of victory !
This is glory, this is life !
Champions of a noble strife,
Moving like a wall of rock
To stormy siege or battle-shock,
Thus we conquer might and main,
Fight and conquer o'er again ;
Grenadiers, that, fierce and large,
Stamp like Dragons to the charge ;
Foot and Horsemen, Serf and Lord,
Triumph now with one accord !
Years of triumph shall repay
Death and dangers' troubled day ;
Soon the rapid shot is o'er,
But glory lasts forevermore—
Glory, whose immortal eye
Guides us to the victory !

Anonymous.

22.—THE PETIT-MAITRE, AND THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

AT Paris, some time since, a murd'ring man,
A German and a most unlucky chap,
Sad, stumbling at the threshold of his plan,
Fell into Madam Justice's strong trap.

The bungler was condemn'd to grace the wheel,
On which the dullest fibres learn to feel;

His limbs *secundum artem* to be broke,
Amid ten thousand people, perhaps, or more.

Whenever Monsieur Ketch apply'd a stroke,
The culprit, like a bullock, made a roar.

A flippant *Petit-maitre*, skipping by,
Stepp'd up to him, and check'd him for his cry;

"Boh!" quoth the German, "an't I pon de wheel?
D'ye tink my nerfs, and blood, and bones, can't feel?"—

"Sir," quoth the beau, "don't, don't be in a passion,
I've nought to say about your situation;

But, making such a hideous noise in France,

Fellow, is contrary to *Bienséance*." DR WOLCOT.

23.—WILLIAM PENN, NATHAN, AND THE BAILIFF.

As well as I can recollect,
It is a story of famed William Penn,
By Bailiffs oft beset without effect,
Like numbers of our lords and gentlemen.

William had got a private hole to spy
The folk who oft with writs, or 'How d'ye do?'
Possessing too a penetrating eye,
Friends from his foes the Quaker quickly knew.

A Bailiff in disguise, one day,
Though not disguised to our friend Will,
Came to Will's mansion compliments to pay,
Conceal'd, the catchpole thought, with wond'rous skill.

Boldly he knock'd at William's door,
Dress'd like a gentleman from top to toe,
Expecting quick admittance to be sure——

But ——— no ———

Will's servant, Nathan, with a straight-hair'd head,
Unto the window gravely stalk'd, not ran,

"Master at home?"—the Bailiff sweetly said,
"Thou can'st not speak to him," replied the man.

"What!" said the Bailiff, "won't he see me then?"

"Nay," shuffled Nathan, "let it not thus strike thee,
Know, verily, that William Penn

Hath seen thee, but he doth not like thee." DR WOLCOT.

MISCELLANEOUS LESSONS.

1.—ON THE DISSOLUTION OF NATURE.

LET us reflect on the vanity' and transient glory' of this world'. How, by the force of one' element breaking loose upon the rest', all the vanities of nature', all the works of art', all the labours of men', are reduced to nothing'. All that we admired and adored before as great' and magnificent', is obliterated' or vanished'; and another' form and face of things, plain', simple', and every where the same', overspreads the whole earth'. Where are now the great empires' of the world, and their great imperial cities'? their pillars', trophies', and monuments of glory'? Show me where they stood', read the inscription', tell me the victor's name'. What remains', what impressions', what difference', or distinction', do you see in this mass of fire'? Rome itself', eternal' Rome, the great city', the empress of the world', whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth', what is become of her now'? She laid her foundations deep', and her palaces were strong' and sumptuous'; "She glorified' herself, and lived deliciously', and said in her heart, I sit a queen', and shall see no sorrow';" but her hour is come', she is wiped away from the face of the earth', and buried in everlasting oblivion'. But it is not cities' only, and works of men's hands', but the everlasting hills', the mountains and rocks' of the earth are melted as wax before the sun', and their place is nowhere found'. Here stood the Alps', the load of the earth', that covered many countries', and reached their arms from the Ocean' to the Black Sea'; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved' as a tender cloud into rain'. Here stood the African' mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds'; there were frozen Caucasus', and Taurus', and Imaus', and the mountains of Asia'; and yonder towards the north'.

stood the Riphæan' hills, clothed in ice' and snow'. All these are vanished', dropt away as the snow' upon their heads. 'Great' and marvellous' are thy works', just' and true' are thy ways', thou King of saints'! Hallelujah'!

Spectator.

2.—THE BALANCE OF HAPPINESS EQUAL.

AN extensive contemplation of human affairs will lead us to this conclusion, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other, than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended, that any state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true.—In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence! How temperate in our desires and pursuits! How much more attentive to preserve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity!

BLAIR.

3.—ON THE BEAUTIES OF THE PSALMS.

GREATNESS confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life: its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the Israelitish monarch experienced. He sought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the disqui-

of state with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of him, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrance; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.

HORNE.

4.—THE INTERVIEW OF RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA, HIS SISTER NEKAYAH, AND IMLAC, WITH THE HERMIT.

THEY came on the third day, by the direction of the peasants, to the hermit's cell; it was a cavern in the side of a mountain, overshadowed with palm-trees. The hermit sat on a bench at the door, to enjoy the coolness of the evening. On one side lay a book with pens and papers, on the other mechanical instruments of various kinds.

They saluted him with great respect, which he returned like a man not unaccustomed to the forms of courts. "My children," said he, "if you have lost your way, you shall be willingly supplied with such conveniences for the night as this cavern will afford. I have all that nature requires, and you will not expect delicacies in a hermit's cell." They

thanked him ; and, entering, were pleased with the neatness and regularity of the place. His discourse was cheerful without levity, and pious without enthusiasm.

At last Imlac began thus :—" I do not now wonder that your reputation is so far extended ; we have heard at Cairo of your wisdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the *choice of life*."

" To him that lives well," answered the hermit, " every form of life is good ; nor can I give any other rule for choice, than to remove from all apparent evil."

" He will remove most certainly from evil," said the prince, " who shall devote himself to that solitude which you have recommended by your example."

" I have indeed lived fifteen years in solitude," said the hermit, " but have no desire that my example should gain any imitators. In my youth I professed arms, and was raised by degrees to the highest military rank. I have traversed wide countries at the head of my troops, and seen many battles and sieges. At last, being disgusted by the preferments of a younger officer, and feeling that my vigour was beginning to decay, I resolved to close my life in peace, having found the world full of snares, discord, and misery. I had once escaped from the pursuit of the enemy by the shelter of this cavern," and therefore chose it for my final residence. I employed artificers to form it into chambers, and stored it with all that I was likely to want.

" For some time after my retreat, I rejoiced like a tempest-beaten sailor at his entrance into the harbour, being delighted with the sudden change of the noise and hurry of war to stillness and repose. When the pleasure of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants which grow in the valley, and the minerals which I collected from the rocks. But that inquiry is now grown tasteless and irksome. I have been for some time unsettled and distracted : my mind is disturbed with a thousand perplexities of doubt and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, because I have no opportunities of relaxation or diversion. I am sometimes ashamed to think that I could not secure myself from vice, but by retiring from the exercise of virtue, and begin to suspect that I was rather impelled by resentment, than led by devotion, into

solitude. My fancy riots in scenes of folly, and I lament that I have lost so much, and have gained so little. In solitude, if I escape the example of bad men, I want likewise the counsel and conversation of the good. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of society, and resolve to return into the world to-morrow. The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout."

They heard his resolution with surprise, but, after a short pause, offered to conduct him to Cairo. He dug up a considerable treasure which he had hid among the rocks, and accompanied them to the city, on which, as he approached it, he gazed with rapture.

JOHNSON'S *Rasselas*.

5.—ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

To make a proper use of that short and uncertain portion of time allotted us for our mortal pilgrimage, is a proof of wisdom; to use it with economy, and dispose of it with care, discovers prudence and discretion. Let, therefore, no part of your time escape without making it subservient to the wise purposes for which it was given you: 'tis the most inestimable of treasures.

You will find a constant employment of your time conducive to health and happiness; and not only a sure guard against the encroachments of vice, but the best *recipe* for contentment. Seek employment; languor and *cunni* shall be unknown: avoid idleness, banish sloth; vigour and cheerfulness will be your enlivening companions: admit not guilt to your hearts, and terror shall not interrupt your slumbers. Follow the footsteps of virtue; walk steadily in her paths: she will conduct you through pleasant and flowery paths to the temple of peace; she will guard you from the wily snares of vice, and heal the wounds of sorrow and disappointment which time may inflict.

By being constantly and usefully employed, the destroyer of mortal happiness will have but few opportunities of making his attacks; and by regularly filling up your precious moments, you will be less exposed to dangers; venture not then to waste an hour, lest the next should not be yours to squander; hazard not a single day in guilty or im-

proper pursuits, lest the day which follows should be ordained to bring you an awful summons to the tomb ; a summons to which youth and age are equally liable.

“ Reading improves the mind ;” and you cannot better employ a portion of your leisure time than in the pursuit of knowledge. By observing a regular habit of reading, a love of it will soon be acquired. It will prove an unceasing amusement, and a pleasant resource in the hours of sorrow and discontent ; an unfailing antidote against languor and indolence. Much caution is, however, necessary in the choice of books ; it is among them, as among human characters ; many would prove dangerous and pernicious advisers ; they tend to mislead the imagination, and give rise to a thousand erroneous opinions and ridiculous expectations.

I would not, however, wish to deprive you of the pleasures of society, or of rational amusement ; but let your companions be select ; let them be such as you can love for their good qualities, and whose virtues you are desirous to emulate : let your amusements be such as will tend not to corrupt and vitiate, but to correct and amend the heart.

Finally. I would earnestly request you never to neglect employing a portion of your time in addressing your heavenly Father ; in paying him that tribute of prayer and praise which is so justly his due, as “ the Author of every good and perfect gift ;” as our Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer, “ in whom we live, and move, and have our being ;” and without whose blessing none of our undertakings will prosper.

Thus, by employing the time given you in the service of virtue, you will pass your days with comfort to yourself, and those around you ; and by persevering to the end, shall at length obtain “ a crown of glory, which fadeth not away.”

BONHOTE.

6.—THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

IN that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground ; the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and

romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock, overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expressions of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the side of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend

the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content! What, said I, does Virtue then reside in the vale? I am found, said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide to felicity! While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

AIKIN'S Miscellanies.

7.—PATIENCE RECOMMENDED.

THE darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, and some fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts: and if we escape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water, and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with Nature. The resolution we can take is to suffer what we cannot al-

ter, and to pursue without repining the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked to us: for it is enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier who sighs, and marches with reluctance. We must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to slink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God who governs all, as Cleanthes did in those admirable verses:—

Parent of nature! Master of the world!
Where'er thy providence directs, behold
My steps with cheerful resignation turn.
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear;
Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share!

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is, to struggle against, to censure the order of Providence, and, instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker.

BOLINGBROKE.

8.—THE PLANETARY AND TERRESTRIAL WORLDS.

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations; whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who still dwell at greater distances, it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star, as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn, is a planetary world, which, with the four others, that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own, are furnished

with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life ; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are 'dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun ; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is in this respect fixed and immoveable ; 'tis the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller^d than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles ; a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy ? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame !" let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe ; every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory ; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day : so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system ; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarce distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball, shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must

travel at this impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, was extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so-much-admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions; but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure! they shrink into pompous nothings.

HERVEY.

9.—THE ITALIAN OPERA.

It is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage; for there is no question but our great grandchildren will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

Arsinoe was the first opera that gave us a taste for Italian music. The great success this opera met with, produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian plans, which should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment

than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the poetasters and fiddlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware ; and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, *That nothing is capable of being well set to music, that is not nonsense.*

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian operas ; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our authors would often make words of their own, which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretended to translate ; their chief care being to make the numbers of the English verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune.

It was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the British nation dying away, and languishing to notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words, which were drawn out of the phrase of one tongue into that of another, made the music appear very absurd in our tongue, that was very natural in the other. It often happened likewise, that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. ' I have known the word *and* pursued through the whole gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *the*, and have heard the most beautiful graces. quavers, and divisions bestowed upon *then*, *for*, and *from*, to the eternal honour of our English particles.

The next step to our refinement, was, the introducing Italian actors into our opera ; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue. * The king or hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English ; the lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner, without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together ; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera ; and therefore, to ease themselves entirely of the

fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally a historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise forefathers, will make the following reflection:—"In the beginning of the eighteenth century the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that operas were acted on the public stage in that language."

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shows itself at first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a people to be so studiously fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment, but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature, I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present our notions of music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High

Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

Spectator.

10.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHEN I am in a serious' humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey', where the gloominess of the place', and the use' to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building', and the condition of the people' who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy', or rather thoughtfulness', that is not disagreeable'. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the church'-yard, the cloisters', and the church', amusing myself with the tomb'-stones and inscriptions' that I met with in those several regions of the dead'. Most of them recorded nothing else' of the buried person, but that he was born' upon one' day, and died' upon another'; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances', that are common to all' mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether brass or marble', as a kind of satire' upon the departed persons; who had left no other' memorial of them, but that they were born', and that they died'.

Upon my going into the church', I entertained myself with the digging of a grave', and saw in every shovel'-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone' or skull', intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth', that some' time or other had a place in the composition of a human body'. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused' together under the pavement of the ancient cathedral'; how men' and women', friends' and enemies', priests' and soldiers', monks' and prebendaries', were crumbled amongst one another', and blended together in the same common mass'; how beauty', strength', and youth', with old age', weakness', and deformity', lay undistinguished' in the same promiscuous heap of matter'.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump', I examined it more particularly' by the accounts which I found on several of the mo-

numents' which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric'. Some of them were covered with such extravagant' epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted' with them, he would blush' at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest', that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek' or Hebrew', and by that' means are not understood once in a twelvemonth'. In the poetical' quarter I found there were poets' who had no monuments', and monuments' which had no poets'. I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many' of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons' whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim', or in the bosom of the ocean'.

I know that entertainments of this' nature are apt to raise dark' and dismal' thoughts in timorous' minds, and gloomy' imaginations; but, for my own' part, though I am always serious', I do not know what it is to be melancholy'; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep' and solemn' scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay' and delightful' ones. By this means I can improve' myself with objects which others' consider with terror'. When I look upon the tombs of the great', every emotion of envy' dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful', every inordinate desire goes out'; when I meet with the grief of parents' upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion'; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves', I consider the vanity of grieving for those' whom we must quickly follow': when I see kings lying by those who deposed' them, when I consider rival wits placed side' by side', or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes', I reflect, with sorrow' and astonishment', on the little competitions', factions', and debates' of mankind. When I read the several dates' of the tombs, of some that died yesterday', and some six hundred years' ago, I consider that great' day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries', and make our appearance together'. Spectator.

11.—ON CONSISTENCY IN BEHAVIOUR.

NOTHING that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as incon-

stancy, especially when it regards religion or party. In either of these cases, though a man perhaps does but his duty in changing his side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great articles of life, therefore, a man's conviction ought to be very strong, and, if possible, so well timed, that worldly advantages may seem to have no share in it; for mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change sides out of principle, but either out of levity of temper or prospects of interest. Converts and renegadoes of all kinds should take particular care to let the world see they act upon honourable motives; for whatever approbation they may receive from themselves, and applauses from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the scorn of all good men, and the public marks of infamy and derision.

Irresolution on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal causes of all our disquiet and unhappiness. When ambition pulls one way, interest another, inclination a third, and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man is likely to pass his time but ill who has so many different parties to please. When the mind hovers among such a variety of allurements, one had better settle on a way of life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our choice, and go out of the world, as the greatest part of mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one method of setting ourselves at rest in this particular, and that is, by adhering steadfastly to one great end as the chief and ultimate aim of all our pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the dictates of reason, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal design, we may go through life with steadiness and pleasure; but if we act by several broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value set upon it by the world, we shall live and die in misery and repentance.

One should take more than ordinary care to guard one's self against this particular infection, because it is that which

our nature very strongly inclines us to; for, if we examine ourselves thoroughly, we shall find that we are the most changeable beings in the universe. In respect of our understanding, we often embrace and reject the very same opinions; whereas beings above and beneath us have probably no opinions at all, or at least no wavering and uncertainties in those they have. Our superiors are guided by intention, and our inferiors by instinct. In respect of our wills, we fall into crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole life in offending and asking pardon. On the contrary, the beings underneath us are not capable of sinning, nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the possibilities of duty, and the other fixed in an eternal course of sin, or an eternal course of virtue.

There is scarce a state of life, or stage in it, which does not produce changes and revolutions in the mind of man. Our schemes of thought in infancy are lost in those of youth; these too take a different turn in manhood, till old age often leads us back into our former infancy. A new title, or an unexpected success, throws us out of ourselves, and in a manner destroys our identity. A cloudy day, or a little sunshine, has as great an influence on many constitutions, as the most real blessings or misfortunes. A dream varies our being, and changes our condition while it lasts; and every passion, not to mention health and sickness, and the greater alterations in body and mind, makes us appear almost different creatures. If man is so distinguished among other beings by this infirmity, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for it even among their own species? It is a very trifling character to be one of the most variable beings of the most variable kind, especially if we consider that he who is the great standard of perfection has in him no shadow of change, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Spectator.

12.—AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN AN OLD MAJOR AND A
YOUNG OFFICER.

WHEN I was a young man about this town, I frequented the ordinary of the *Black Horse* in *Holborn*, where the

person that usually presided at the table was a rough old-fashioned gentleman, who, according to the customs of those times, had been the Major and Preacher of a Regiment. It happened one day that a noisy young officer, bred in *France*, was venting some new-fangled notions, and speaking, in the gaiety of his humour, against the dispensations of Providence. The Major at first only desired him to talk more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more serious manner. "Young man," said he, "do not abuse your Benefactor whilst you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonour." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him, if he was going to preach? But at the same time desired him to take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honour. "A man of honour!" says the Major, "thou art an infidel and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such." In short, the quarrel ran so high, that the Major was desired to walk out. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one party might drive him; but, finding him grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear, "Sirrah," says he, "if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy sauciness to his servant." Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice, *The sword of the Lord and of Gideon*; which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately disarmed, and thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life; but the Major refused to grant it, before he had asked pardon for his offence in a short extemporary prayer which the old gentleman dictated to him upon the spot, and which his proselyte repeated after him in the presence of the whole ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the garden. *Tailor.*

13.—ON RELIGION.

RELIGION elevates us above terrestrial objects. What is the object of all our occupations here below? Follow men

to the bar, to the council-board, to the public or private assemblies, whenever they meet and hold intercourse together: Human interests, human views, projects often frivolous, always limited, always perishable; lo, these are the eternal subjects of our discussion and pursuit.

Let eloquence exhaust its art, and paint these vanities in deceitful colours; let our inclinations concur with it in seducing us. Precarious, fleeting happiness! Illusion of short duration! I know not what secret languor moves along with us in this confined sphere. A sentiment of satiety and disgust attaches itself to the return of these vain objects. We feel that we are not made to be always busied about this world; and that the pleasures which we here taste are only introductory to others. Our thoughts require subjects more vast to occupy them, our affections demand objects more noble to fix them. It is to religion that we must look for them. It is at the foot of the altars raised in our temples to its honour, that man, throwing aside the burden of human things, and extricating himself from cold occupations, from grovelling interests, and from puerile attachments, hears a voice which exalts, elevates, and rejoices his soul.

All is magnificent in the objects of religion. All her views comport with the highest faculties of our nature. Her features awaken our most lively sensibility. Delicious sentiments mingle themselves with the grand thoughts which she inspires. She displays her celestial origin, her celestial destination.—It is not to small portions of time, a few years, a few generations, a few ages, that our speculations are here limited; they embrace eternity. They are not finite beings like ourselves with whom we hold intercourse. It is with a being who has for attributes absolute perfection; for limits immensity itself. It is no longer the assemblage of a few objects frivolous, uncertain, and of dubious quality, that we seek. It is happiness complete, solid, perfect in its nature, and infinite in its duration like God himself. REYBAZ.

14.—REMARKS ON THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation,

by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation awakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night, with its silence and darkness, shows the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not show that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the

year, quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for summer and winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many, who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and "the night cometh, when no man can work." *Idler.*

15.—ON PUBLIC PREACHING.

IN public addresses to an audience, the great end of reformation is most effectually promoted; because all the powers of voice and action, all the arts of eloquence, may be brought to give their assistance. But some of those arts depend on gifts of nature, and cannot be attained by any strength of genius or understanding; even where nature has been liberal of those necessary requisites, they must be cultivated by much practice, before the proper exercise of them can be acquired. Thus, a public speaker may have a voice that is musical and of great compass; but it requires much time and labour to attain its just modulation, and that variety of flexion and tone which a pathetic discourse requires. The same difficulty attends the acquisition of that propriety of action, that power over the expressive features of the countenance, particularly of the eyes, so necessary to command the hearts and passions of an audience.

It is usually thought that a preacher, who feels what he is saying himself, will naturally speak with that tone of voice and expression in his countenance, that best suits the subject, and which cannot fail to move his audience: thus it is said, a person under the influence of fear, anger, or sorrow, looks and speaks in the manner naturally expressive of these emotions. This is true in some measure; but it can never be supposed, that any preacher will be able to enter into his subject with such real warmth upon every occasion. Besides, every prudent man will be afraid to abandon himself so entirely to any impression, as he must do to produce this effect. Most men, when strongly affected by any passion or emotion, have some peculiarity in their appearance, which does not belong to the natural expression of such an emotion. If this be not properly corrected, a public speaker, who is really warm and animated with his subject, may nevertheless make a very ridiculous and contemptible figure. It is the business of art, to show nature in her most amiable and graceful forms, and not with those peculiarities in which she appears in particular instances; and it is this difficulty of properly representing nature, that renders the eloquence and action, both of the pulpit and the stage, acquisitions of such difficult attainment. GREGORY

16.—HOW A MODERN LADY OF FASHION DISPOSES OF HER
TIME.

IF a modern lady of fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this style:—"I can't, you know, be out of the world, nor act differently from every body in it. The hours are every where late—consequently I rise late. I have scarce breakfasted before morning visits begin, or 'tis time to go to an auction, or a concert, or to take a little exercise for my health. Dressing my hair is a long operation, but one can't appear with a head unlike every body else. One must sometimes go to a play, or an opera; though I own it hurries one to death. Then what with necessary visits—the perpetual engagements to card-parties at private houses—and attendance on public assemblies, to which all people of fashion subscribe, the evenings, you see, are fully disposed of. What time then can I possibly have for what you call domestic duties?—You talk of the offices and enjoyments of friendship—alas! I have no hours left for friends! I must see them in a crowd, or not at all. As to cultivating the friendship of my husband, we are very civil when we meet; but we are both too much engaged to spend much time with each other. With regard to my daughters, I have given them a French governess, and proper masters.—I can do no more for them. You tell me I should instruct my servants—but I have not time to inform myself, much less can I undertake any thing of that sort for them, or even be able to guess what they do with themselves the greatest part of the twenty-four hours. I go to church, if possible, once on a Sunday, and then some of my servants attend me; and if they will not mind what the preacher says, how can I help it?—The management of our fortune, as far as I am concerned, I must leave to the steward and housekeeper; for I find I can barely snatch a quarter of an hour just to look over the bill of fare when I am to have company, that they may not send up any thing frightful or old-fashioned.—As to the Christian duty of charity, I assure you I am not ill-natured; and (considering that the great expense of being always drest for company, with losses at cards, subscriptions, and public spectacles, leave me very

little to dispose of) I am ready enough to give my money when I meet with a miserable object. You say I should inquire out such, inform myself thoroughly of their cases, make an acquaintance with the poor of my neighbourhood in the country, and plan out the best methods of relieving the unfortunate, and assisting the industrious. But this supposes much more time, and much more money, than I have to bestow.—I have had hopes, indeed, that my summers would have afforded me more leisure; but we stay pretty late in town; then we generally pass several weeks at one or other of the water-drinking places, where every moment is spent in public; and, for the few months in which we reside at our own seat, our house is always full with a succession of company, to whose amusement one is obliged to dedicate every hour of the day.”

So here ends the account of that time which was given you to prepare and educate yourself for eternity! Yet you believe the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments. Ask your own heart what rewards you deserve, or what kind of felicity you are fitted to enjoy?—Which of those faculties or affections, which heaven can be supposed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved?—If, in that eternal world, the stores of knowledge should be laid open before you, have you preserved that thirst of knowledge, or that taste for truth, which is now to be indulged with endless information?—If, in the society of saints and angels, the purest benevolence and most cordial love is to constitute your happiness, where is the heart that should enjoy this delightful intercourse of affection?—Has your's been exercised and refined to a proper capacity of it during your state of discipline, by the energies of generous friendship, by the melting of parental fondness, or by that union of heart and soul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendship and ineffable tenderness, which approaches nearest to the full satisfaction of our nature, in the band of conjugal love?—Alas! you scarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it swell with pride, or flutter with vanity:—Has your piety and gratitude to the Source of all Good been exercised and strengthened by constant acts of praise and thanksgiving? Was it nourished by frequent meditation, and silent recollection of all the wonders he

hath done for us, till it burst forth in fervent prayer?—I fear it was rather decency than devotion, that carried you once a week to the place of public worship—and, for the rest of the week, your thoughts and time were so very differently filled up, that the idea of a Ruler of the universe could occur but seldom, and then, rather as an object of terror, than of hope and joy. How then shall a soul so dead to divine love, so lost to all but the most childish pursuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itself to a capacity of that bliss which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the Divine presence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love, and adoration?—What kind of training is the life you have passed through, for such an immortality?

Mrs CHAPONE.

17.—ON PRONUNCIATION, OR DELIVERY.

How much stress was laid upon pronunciation, or delivery, by the most eloquent of all orators, Demosthenes, appears from a noted saying of his, related both by Cicero and Quintilian; when being asked, What was the first point in oratory? he answered, Delivery; and being asked, What was the second? and afterwards, What was the third? he still answered, Delivery. There is no wonder, that he should have rated this so high, and that for improving himself in it, he should have employed those assiduous and painful labours, which all the ancients take so much notice of; for, beyond doubt, nothing is of more importance. To superficial thinkers, the management of the voice and gesture, in public speaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the case. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end of all public speaking,—persuasion; and therefore deserves the study of the most grave and serious speakers, as much as of those, whose only aim it is to please.

For, let it be considered, whenever we address ourselves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make some impression on those to whom we speak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now the tone of our

voice, our looks and gestures, interpret our ideas and emotions no less than words do; nay, the impression they make on others is frequently much stronger than any that words can make. We often see that an expressive look, or a passionate cry, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouses within them stronger passions, than can be communicated by the most eloquent discourse. The signification of our sentiments, made by tones and gestures, has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind, which nature has dictated to all, and which is understood by all; whereas, words are only arbitrary, conventional symbols of our ideas; and, by consequence, must make a more feeble impression. So true is this, that, to render words fully significant, they must, almost in every case, receive some aid from the manner of pronunciation and delivery; and he who, in speaking, should employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and accents, would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connexion between certain sentiments and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us that he believes, or feels, the sentiments themselves.

BLAIR.

18.—DISCONTENT THE COMMON LOT OF ALL MANKIND.

SUCH is the emptiness of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust.—Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy, to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through Elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope. Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content

themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to show him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have half begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies not comprised in the first plan, yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight

of retirement : he whom the necessity of solitary application secludes from the world, listens with a beating heart to its distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversions, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasures of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud, and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower added to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and, because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our work, or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unseasonable importunity of discontent may be justly imputed to languor and weariness, which must always oppress us more as our toil has been longer continued ; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which we now consider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be longer withheld.

Rambler.

19.—THE FUNERAL OF MR BETTERTON.

HAVING received notice, that the famous actor Mr Betterton was to be interred this evening in the cloisters near Westminster Abbey, I was resolved to walk thither, and see the last office done to a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose action I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature,

than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the description of the most charming poets, I had ever read. As the rude and untaught multitude are no way wrought upon more effectually than by seeing public punishments and executions; so men of letters and education feel their humanity most forcibly exercised, when they attend the obsequies of men who had arrived at any perfection in liberal accomplishments. Theatrical action is to be esteemed as such, except it be objected, that we cannot call that an art which cannot be attained by art. Voice, stature, motion, and other gifts, must be very bountifully bestowed by nature, or labour and industry will but push the unhappy endeavourer, in that way, the farther off his wishes.

Such an actor as Mr Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans. The greatest orator has thought fit to quote his judgment and celebrate his life. Roscius was the example to all that would form themselves into proper and winning behaviour. His action was so well adapted to the sentiments he expressed, that the youth of Rome thought they wanted only to be virtuous to be as graceful in their appearance as Roscius; and they who never thought of setting up for the art of imitation, became themselves inimitable characters.

There are no human inventions so aptly calculated for the forming of a free-born people as that of a theatre. Tully reports, that the celebrated player of whom I am speaking used frequently to say, *The perfection of an actor is only to become what he is doing.* Young men, who are too inattentive to receive lectures, are irresistibly taken with performances. Hence it is, that I extremely lament the little relish the gentry of this nation have at present for the just and noble representations in some of our tragedies. The operas, which are of late introduced, can leave no trace behind them that can be of service beyond the present moment. To sing and dance are accomplishments very few have any thoughts of practising; but to speak justly and move gracefully, is what every man thinks he does perform, or wishes he did.

I have hardly a notion, that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr Betterton in any of the occasions in which he has appeared on our stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in, when he examined the

circumstance of the handkerchief in *Othello*; the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind upon the innocent answers *Desdemona* makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions, as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart, and perfectly convince him that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as *Shakspeare* himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences: but a reader that has seen *Betterton* act it, observes, there could not be a word added; that longer speeches had been unnatural, nay impossible, in *Othello's* circumstances. The charming passage in the same tragedy, where he tells the manner of winning the affection of his mistress, was urged with so moving and graceful an energy, that while I walked in the cloisters, I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person who had in real life done all that I had seen him represent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy disposition I was in; and I began to be extremely afflicted, that *Brutus* and *Cassius* had any difference; that *Hotspur's* gallantry was so unfortunate; and the mirth and good-humour of *Falstaff* could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occasion in me, who look upon the distinctions amongst men to be merely scenical, raised reflections upon the emptiness of all human perfection and greatness in general; and I could not but regret, that the sacred heads which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth in which my poor old friend is deposited, are returned to dust as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch. This made me say of human life itself with *Macbeth*:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day,
 To the last moment of recorded time!
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 To their eternal night! Out, out, short candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Tatler.

20.—THE FOLLY OF MIS-SPENDING TIME.

AN ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, "That its greatest part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the rest, some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost; so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

The same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease or happiness are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected, that we should be so frugal, as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue; that we want not time, but

diligence', for great performances ; and that we squander' much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing' and insufficient'.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto', *that time was his estate*' ; an estate', indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation', but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry', and satisfy the most extensive' desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence', to be overrun with noxious plants', or laid out for show' rather than for use'.

Rambler.

21.—THE VISION OF SIR ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

I WAS last week taking a solitary' walk in the garden of *Lincoln's Inn*, (a favour that is indulged me by several of the Benchers who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood). when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my juniors, and indeed at the unequal distribution of wealth, honour and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought, when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and presented me with such an hemisphere of stars, as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent ether, as made every constellation visible ; and at the same time gave such a particular glowing to the stars, that I thought it the richest sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, (if I may be allowed the expression,) without suitable meditations on the Author of such illustrious and amazing objects : for, on these occasions, philosophy suggests motives to religion, and religion adds pleasure to philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of soul I retired to my lodgings, with the satisfaction of having passed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reasonable creature ; and promising myself that my

slumbers should be sweet, I no sooner fell into them, but I dreamed a dream, or saw a vision, (for I know not which to call it,) that seemed to rise out of my evening meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I must confess the wildness of imagination* (which in a dream is always loose and irregular) discovers itself in several parts of it.

Methought I saw the same azure sky diversified with the same glorious luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking very attentively on that sign in the heavens which is called by the name of the *Balance*, when on a sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the sun should rise at midnight. By its increasing in breadth and lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could discern something like a shadow hovering in the midst of a great glory, which in a little time after I distinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. I fancied at first it might be the Angel, or Intelligence that guided the constellation from which it descended; but upon a nearer view, I saw about her all the emblems with which the goddess of Justice is usually described. Her countenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose eyes were strong enough to behold it; her smiles transported with rapture, her frowns terrified to despair. She held in her hand a mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of *Truth*.

There streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendours that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of daylight. As she moved it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw darkness and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time, the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have the whole species before my eye. A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the interdic-

of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and sorrow, which appeared in that great assembly after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. *Tatler.*

22.—YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

AGE, in a virtuous person, carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth. If to be saluted, attended, and consulted with deference, are instances of pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old age. In the enumeration of the imperfections and advantages of the younger and later years of man, they are so near in their condition, that, methinks, it should be incredible we see so little commerce of kindness between them. If we consider youth and age with Tully, regarding the affinity to death, youth has many more chances to be near it than age: what youth can say more than an old man, "He shall live till night?" Youth catches distempers more easily, its sickness is more violent, and its recovery more doubtful. The youth, indeed, hopes for many more days, so cannot the old man. The youth's hopes are ill-grounded: for what is more foolish than to place any confidence upon an uncertainty? but the old man has not room so much as for hope; he is still happier than the youth, he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for: one *wishes* to live long, the other *has* lived long. But, alas! is there any thing in human life, the duration of which can be called long? There is nothing which must end to be valued for its continuance. If hours, days, months, and years, pass away, it is no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what year, we die. The applause of a good actor is due to him at whatever scene of the play he makes his exit. It is thus in the life of a man of sense, a short life is sufficient to manifest himself a man of honour and virtue; when he ceases to be such, he has lived too long, and while he is such, it is of no consequence to him how long he shall live so, provided he is so to his life's end. *Spectator.*

23.—THE POOR WEEP UNHEEDED.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on; men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity, was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander

without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season. GOLDSMITH.

24.—THE STORY OF A DISABLED SOLDIER.

I WAS born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; I flung my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my history; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had plenty to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever ; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage ; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air ; and those that remained were sickly enough. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes ; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang : I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier : I chose the latter ; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here ; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

When the peace came on I was discharged ; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles ; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money ; but the government wanted men, and so

I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow ; insisted that I understood my business, but that I liked to be idle : but I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me, without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating ; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail ; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand : " Jack," says he to me, " will you knock out the French sentry's brains ?" I don't care, says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand. " Then follow me," says he, " and I hope we shall do business." So up I got, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time : so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much good luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns,* while we had but twenty-three ; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind : but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought

back to Brest ; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places ; I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life ; but that was not my chance. One man's born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza !

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content ; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it. GOLDSMITH.

25.—THE BUSINESS AND QUALIFICATIONS OF A POET.

“ WHEREVER I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best : whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once ; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received by accident at first ; or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcriptions of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed, that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art : that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

“ I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was

able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors; I could never describe what I had not seen; I could not hope to move those with delight or terror, whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he, who knows most, will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

"All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers."

"In so wide a survey," said the prince, "you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I never beheld before, or never heeded."

"The business of a poet," said Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features, as recal the

original to every mind ; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

“ But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet ; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country ; he must consider right and wrong in their abstract and invariable state ; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same : he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name ; condemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

“ His labour is not yet at an end : he must know many languages and many sciences ; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must by incessant practice familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony.”

JOHNSON'S *Rasselas*.

26.—REMARKS ON SOME OF THE BEST POETS, BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

'Tis manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others, in the production of great men, and all sorts of arts and sciences ; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest, for stage poetry, amongst the Greeks ; that of Augustus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others ; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus : and at the

same time lived Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici and his son Leo X., wherein painting was revived, poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this, That in such an age, 'tis possible some great genius may arise to equal any of the ancients, abating only for the language; for great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other; and mutual borrowing, and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only poets of their species, and that nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in heroic poetry. In tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain, against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both these kinds.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country: but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau, whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close. What he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable; for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of a Louis, the patron of arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar.

Now, if it may be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confessed that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached, to the excellencies of Homer or Virgil; I must further add, that Statius, the best versificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affection; that among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without propriety or

decency, and his adventures without the compass of nature and possibility. Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action; he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verse, in his episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and, besides, is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticisms; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verse, but contrary to its nature. Virgil and Homer have not one of them: and those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's epigrams, and from Spenser to Flecno, that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso; he borrows from the invention of Boiardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worst, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St Louis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique. The English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures.

DRYDEN.

27.—ON THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

THE subject of the Iliad must unquestionably be admitted to be, in the main, happily chosen. In the days of Homer, no object could be more splendid and dignified than the Trojan war. So great a confederacy of the Grecian states, under one leader, and the ten years' siege which they carried on

against Troy, must have spread far abroad the renown of many military exploits, and interested all Greece in the traditions concerning the heroes who had most eminently signalized themselves. Upon these traditions, Homer grounded his poem; and though he lived, as is generally believed, only two or three centuries after the Trojan war, yet, through the want of written records, tradition must, by his time, have fallen into the degree of obscurity most proper for poetry, and have left him at full liberty to mix as much fable as he pleased with the remains of true history. He has not chosen, for his subject, the whole Trojan war; but, with great judgment, he has selected one part of it, the quarrel betwixt Achilles and Agamemnon, and the events to which that quarrel gave rise; which, though they take up forty-seven days only, yet include the most interesting, and most critical period of the war. By this management, he has given greater unity to what would have otherwise been an unconnected history of battles. He has gained one hero, or principal character, Achilles, who reigns throughout the work; and he has shown the pernicious effect of discord among confederated princes. At the same time I admit that Homer is less fortunate in his subject than Virgil. The plan of the *Æneid* includes a greater compass, and a more agreeable diversity of events; whereas the *Iliad* is almost entirely filled with battles.

The praise of high invention has in every age been given to Homer, with the greatest reason. The prodigious number of incidents of speeches, of characters divine and human, with which he abounds; the surprising variety with which he has diversified his battles, in the wounds and deaths, and little history-pieces of almost all the persons slain, discover an invention next to boundless. But the praise of judgment is, in my opinion, no less due to Homer than that of invention. His story is all along conducted with great art. He rises upon us gradually; his heroes are brought out, one after another, to be objects of our attention. The distress thickens, as the poem advances; and every thing is so contrived, as to aggrandize Achilles; and to render him, as the poet intended he should be, the capital figure.

But that wherein Homer excels all writers, is the char-

acteristical part. Here, he is without a rival. His lively and spirited exhibition of characters, is, in a great measure, owing to his being so dramatic a writer, abounding every where with dialogue and conversation. There is much more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil; or, indeed, than in any other poet.

BLAIR.

28.—ON THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

My observations, hitherto, have been made upon the *Iliad* only. It is necessary to take some notice of the *Odyssey* also. Longinus's criticism upon it is not without foundation, that Homer may, in this poem, be compared to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the heat of his meridian beams. It wants the vigour and sublimity of the *Iliad*; yet, at the same time, possesses so many beauties, as to be justly entitled to high praise. It is a very amusing poem, and has much greater variety than the *Iliad*; it contains many interesting stories, and beautiful descriptions. We see every where the same description and dramatic genius, and the same fertility of invention that appears in the other work. It descends indeed from the dignity of gods, and heroes, and warlike achievements; but in recompense, we have more pleasing pictures of affable manners. Instead of that ferocity which reigns in the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey* presents us with the most amiable images of hospitality and humanity; entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landscape, of nature; and instructs us by a constant vein of morality and virtue, which runs through the poem.

BLAIR.

29.—ON THE BEAUTIES OF VIRGIL.

VIRGIL possesses beauties which have justly drawn the admiration of ages, and which, to this day, hold the balance in equilibrium between his fame and that of Homer. The principal and distinguishing excellency of Virgil, and which, in my opinion, he possesses beyond all poets, is tenderness. Nature had endowed him with exquisite sensibility; he felt every affecting circumstance in the scenes he describes; and, by a single stroke, he knows how to reach the heart. This, in

an epic poem, is the merit next to sublimity ; and puts it in an author's power to render his composition extremely interesting to all readers.

The chief beauty, of this kind, in the *Iliad*, is the interview of Hector with Andromache. But, in the *Æneid*, there are many such. The second book is one of the greatest master-pieces that ever was executed by any hand ; and Virgil seems to have put forth there the whole strength of his genius, as the subject afforded a variety of scenes, both of the awful and tender kind. The images of horror, presented by a city burned and sacked in the night, are finely mixed with pathetic and affecting incidents. Nothing, in any poet, is more beautifully described than the death of old Priam ; and the family-pieces of Æneas, Anchises, and Creusa, are as tender as can be conceived. In many passages of the *Æneid* the same pathetic spirit shines ; and they have been always the favourite passages in that work. The fourth book, for instance, relating the unhappy passion and death of Dido, has been always most justly admired, and abounds with beauties of the highest kind. The interview of Æneas with Andromache and Helenus, in the third book ; the episodes of Pallás and Evander, of Nisus and Euryalus, of Lausus and Mezentius, in the Italian wars, are all striking instances of the poet's power of raising the tender emotions. For we must observe, that though the *Æneid* be an unequal poem, and, in some places, languid, yet there are beauties scattered through it all ; and not a few, even in the last six books. The best and most finished books, upon the whole, are the first, the second, the fourth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, and the twelfth.

BLAIR.

30:—ON THE COMPARATIVE MERIT OF HOMER AND VIRGIL.

UPON the whole, as to the comparative merit of those two great princes of epic poetry, Homer and Virgil, the former must, undoubtedly, be admitted to be the greater genius ; the latter, to be the more correct writer. Homer was an original in his art, and discovers both the beauties and the defects, which are to be expected in an original author, compared with those who succeed him ; more boldness, more nature, and ease, more sublimity and force ; but

greater irregularities' and negligences' in composition. Virgil' has' all along', kept his eye upon Homer'; in many' places, he has not so, much imitated', as he has literally translated' him. The description of the storm', for instance, in the first' *Æneid*, and *Æneas's* speech' upon that occasion, are translations from the fifth book of the *Odyssey*'; not to mention almost all the similes' of Virgil, which are no other than copies of those of Homer'. The pre-eminence in invention', therefore, must, beyond doubt, be ascribed to Homer'. As to the pre-eminence in judgment', though many critics are disposed to give it to Virgil', yet, in my' opinion, it hangs doubtful'. In Homer', we discern all the Greek vivacity'; in Virgil', all the Roman stateliness'. Homer's' imagination is by much the most' rich and copious'; Virgil's' the most chaste and correct'. The strength of the former' lies, in his power of warming the fancy'; that of the latter', in his power of touching the heart'. Homer's' style is more simple and animated'; Virgil's' more elegant and uniform'. The first' has, on many occasions, a sublimity' to which the latter never' attains; but the latter', in return, never sinks below a certain degree of epic dignity', which cannot so clearly be pronounced of the former'. Not, however, to detract from the admiration due to both' these great poets, most of Homer's' defects may reasonably be imputed, not to his genius', but to the manners of the age' in which he lived; and for the feeble passages of the *Æneid*', this' excuse ought to be admitted, that the *Æneid*' was left an unfinished' work. BLAIR.

31.—ON^R HUMAN GRANDEUR.

AN alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French king, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other,

to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more-talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymist, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? no times so important as our own! ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring-fishery. •

GOLDSMITH.

32.—ETHELGAR, A SAXON POEM.

'Tis not for thee, O man! to murmur at the will of the Almighty. When the thunders roar, the lightnings shine on the rising waves, and the black clouds sit on the brow of the lofty hill; who then protects the flying deer, swift as a sable cloud, tost by the whistling winds, leaping over the rolling floods, to gain the hoary wood? whilst the lightnings shine on his chest, and the wind rides over his horns? when the wolf roars, terrible as the voice of the Severn; moving majestic as the nodding forests on the brow of Michel-stow who then commands the sheep to follow the swain, as the beams of light attend upon the morning?—Know, O man! that God suffers not the least member of his work to perish, without answering the purpose of their creation. The evils of life, with some, are blessings; and the plant of death healeth the wound of the sword.—Doth the sea of trouble and affliction overwhelm thy soul, look unto the Lord, thou shalt stand firm in the days of temptations, as the lofty hill of Kinwulf; in vain shall the waves beat against thee; thy rock shall stand.

Comely as the white rocks; bright as the star of the evening; tall as the oak upon the brow of the mountain; soft as the showers of dew, that fall upon the flowers of the field, Ethelgar arose, the glory of Exanceastre (*Exeter*): noble were his ancestors, as the palace of the great Ken-

rick ; his soul, with the lark, every morning ascended the skies ; and sported in the clouds : when, stealing down the steep mountain, wrapt in a shower of spangling dew, evening came creeping to the plain, closing the flowers of the day, shaking her pearly showers upon the rustling trees ; then was his voice heard in the grove, as the voice of the nightingale upon the hawthorn spray ; he sung the works of the Lord ; the hollow rocks joined in his devotions ; the stars danced to his song ; the rolling years, in various mantles drest, confest him man.—He saw Egwina of the vale ; his soul was astonished, as the Britons who fled before the sword of Kenrick ; she was tall as the towering elm ; stately as a black cloud bursting into thunder ; fair as the wrought bowels of the earth : gentle and sweet as the morning breeze ; beauteous as the morning sun ; blushing like the vines of the west ; her soul as fair as the azure curtain of heaven. She saw Ethelgar ; her soft soul melted as the dying snow before the sun. The shrine of St Cuthbert united them. The minutes fled on the golden wings of bliss.—Ælgar, their son, was like a young plant upon the mountain's side, or the sun hid in a cloud ; he felt the strength of his sire ; and, swift as the lightnings of heaven, pursued the wild boar of the wood. The morn awoke the sun ; who, stepping from the mountain's brow, shook his ruddy locks upon the shining dew ; Ælgar arose from sleep ; he seized his sword and spear, and issued to the chase. As waters swiftly falling down a craggy rock, so raged young Ælgar through the wood ; the wild boar bit his spear, and the fox died at his feet. From the thicket a wolf arose, his eyes flaming like two stars ; he roared like the voice of the tempest ; hunger made him furious, and he fled like a falling meteor to the war. Like a thunderbolt tearing the black rock, Ælgar darted his spear through his heart. The wolf roared like the voice of many waters, and seizing Ælgar by the throat, he sought the regions of the blessed.—The wolf died upon his body.—Ethelgar and Egwina wept. They wept like the rains of the spring ; sorrow sat upon them as the black clouds upon the mountains of death : but the power of God settled their hearts.

The golden sun arose to the highest of his power ; the apple perfumed the gale ; and the juicy grape delighted the

eye. Ethelgar and Egwina bent their way to the mountain's side, like two stars that move through the sky. The flowers grew beneath their feet; the trees spread out their leaves; the sun played upon the rolling brook; the winds gently passed along. Dark, pitchy clouds veiled the face of the sun; the winds roared like the noise of a battle; the swift hail descended to the ground; the lightnings broke from the sable clouds, and gilded the dark-brown corners of the sky; the thunder shook the lofty mountains; the tall towers nodded to their foundations; the bending oaks divided the whistling wind; the broken flowers fled in confusion round the mountain's side. Ethelgar and Egwina sought the sacred shade, the bleak winds roared over their heads, and the waters ran over their feet. Swift from the dark clouds the lightnings came, the skies blushed at the sight. Egwina stood on the brow of the lofty hill, like an oak in the spring; the lightnings danced about her garments, and the blasting flame blackened her face; the shades of death swam before her eyes; and she fell breathless down the black steep rock; the sea received her body, and she rolled down with the roaring water.

Ethelgar stood terrible as the mountains of Maindip; the waves of despair harrowed up his soul, as the roaring Severn ploughs the sable sand; wild as the evening wolf, his eyes shone like the red vapours in the valley of the dead: horror sat upon his brow; like a bright star shooting through the sky, he plunged from the lofty brow of the hill, like a tall oak breaking from the roaring wind. Saint Cuthbert appeared in the air; the black clouds fled from the sky; the sun gilded the spangling meadows; the lofty pine stood still; the violets of the vale gently moved to the soft voice of the wind; the sun shone on the bubbling brook. The saint, arrayed in glory, caught the falling mortal; as the soft dew of the morning hangs upon the lofty elm, he bore him to the sandy beach, while the sea roared beneath his feet. Ethelgar opened his eyes, like the grey orbs of the morning, folding up the black mantles of the night.—Know, O man! said the member of the blessed, to submit to the will of God; he is terrible as the face of the earth, when the waters sunk to their habitations; gentle as the sacred covering of the oak; secret as the bottom of the great deep;

just as the rays of the morning. Learn that thou art a man, nor repine at the stroke of the Almighty, for God is as just as he is great. The holy vision disappeared as the atoms fly before the sun. Ethelgar arose, and bent his way to the college of Kenewalcin; there he flourishes as a hoary oak in the wood of Arden. CHATTERTON'S *Miscellanies*.

33.—KENRICK.—TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

WHEN winter yelled through the leafless grove; when the black waves rode over the roaring winds, and the dark brown clouds hid the face of the sun; when the silver brook stood still, and snow environed the top of the lofty mountain; when the flowers appeared not in the blasted fields, and the boughs of the leafless trees bent with the loads of ice; when the howling of the wolf affrighted the darkly glimmering light of the western sky; Kenrick, terrible as the tempest, young as the smoke of the valley, strong as the mountain of the slain; his armour shining like the stars in the dark night, when the moon is veiled in sable, and the blasting winds howl over the wide plain; his shield like the black rock, prepared himself for war.

Ceolwolf of the high mountain, who viewed the first rays of the morning star, swift as the flying deer, strong as a young oak, fierce as an evening wolf, drew his sword; glittering like the blue vapours in the valley of Horso; terrible as the red lightning, bursting from the dark-brown clouds: his swift bark rode over the foaming waves, like the wind in the tempest: the arches fell at his blow, and he wrapt the towers in flames; he followed Kenrick, like a wolf ravening for prey.

Centwin of the vale arose: he seized the massy spear; terrible was his voice, great was his strength; he hurled the rocks into the sea, and broke the strong oaks of the forest. Slow in the race as the minutes of impatience. His spear, like the fury of a thunderbolt, swept down whole armies; his enemies melted before him, like the stones of hail at the approach of the sun.

Awake, O Eldulph! thou that sleepest on the white mountain: no more pursue the dark-brown wolf; arise from the mossy bank of the falling waters; let thy garments be

stained in blood, and the streams of life discolour thy girdle; let thy flowing hair be hid in a helmet, and thy beautiful countenance be writhed into terror.

Egward, keeper of the barks, arise like the roaring waves of the sea: pursue the black companies of the enemy.

Ye Saxons, who live in the air and glide over the stars, act like yourselves.

Like the murmuring voice of the Severn, swelled with rain, the Saxons moved along; like a blazing star the sword of Kenrick shone among the Britons; Tenyan bled at his feet; like the red lightning of Heaven, he burnt up the ranks of his enemy. •

Centwin raged like a wild boar. Tatward sported in blood, armies melted at his stroke. Eldulph was a flaming vapour, destruction sat upon his sword. Ceolwolf was drenched in gore, but fell like a rock before the sword of Mervin.

Egward pursued the slayer of his friend; the blood of Mervin smoked on his hand.

Like the rage of a tempest was the noise of the battle; like the roaring of the torrent, gushing from the brow of the lofty mountain.

The Britons fled, like a black cloud dropping hail; flying before the howling winds.

Ye virgins! arise and welcome back the pursuers; deck their brows with chaplets of jewels; spread the branches of the oak beneath their feet. Kenrick is returned from the war, the clotted gore hangs terrible upon his crooked sword, like the noxious vapours on the black rock; his knees are red with the gore of the foe.

Ye sons of the song, sound the instruments of music; ye virgins, dance around him.

Costan of the lake, arise, take thy harp from the willow, sing the praise of Kenrick, to the sweet sound of the white waves sinking to the foundation of the black rock.

Rejoice, O ye Saxons! Kenrick is victorious.

CHATTERTON'S *Miscellanies*.

34.—HARD WORDS DEFENDED.

Few faults of style, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous class of readers, than the use of hard words.

If an author be supposed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obscurity, and to obstruct, "by unnecessary difficulties, a mind eager in pursuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boast the learning which he possesses himself, and wishes to be admired rather than understood, he counteracts the first end of writing, and justly suffers the utmost severity of censure, or the more afflictive severity of neglect.

But words are only hard to those who do not understand them; and the critic ought always to inquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many questions are such as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither interest nor pleasure in discussing, and which therefore it would be an useless endeavour to level with common minds, by tiresome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many subjects of general use may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffusion and explication are necessary to the instruction of those who, being neither able nor accustomed to think for themselves, can learn only what is expressly taught; but they who can form parallels, discover consequences, and multiply conclusions, are best pleased with involutions of argument and compression of thought; they desire only to receive the seeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The Guardian directs one of his pupils "to think with the wise, but speak with the vulgar." This is a precept specious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thought will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another, will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more subtilty will seek for terms of more nice discrimination; and where is the wonder, since words are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals should not know the copies?

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourselves. He that reads and grows wiser, seldom suspects his own deficiency; but complains of hard words and obscure sentences, and asks why books are written, which cannot be understood.

Among the hard words which are no longer to be used, it has been long the custom to number terms of art. "Every man (says Swift) is more able to explain the subject of an art than its professors; a farmer will tell you, in two words, that he has broken his leg; but a surgeon, after a long discourse, shall leave you as ignorant as you were before." This could only have been said but by such an exact observer of life, in gratification of malignity, or in ostentation of acuteness. Every hour produces instances of the necessity of terms of art. Mankind could never conspire in uniform affectation; it is not but by necessity that every science and every trade has its peculiar language. They that content themselves with general ideas may rest in general terms; but those whose studies or employments force them upon closer inspection, must have names for particular parts, and words by which they may express various modes of combination, such as none but themselves have occasion to consider.

Artists are indeed sometimes ready to suppose that none can be strangers to words to which themselves are familiar. talk to an accidental inquirer as they talk to one another. and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtrusion. An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms, but it is not always necessary to teach the art.

That the vulgar express their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perspicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the easiness of their language, but the shallowness of their thoughts. He that sees a building as a common spectator, contents himself with relating that it is great or little, mean or splendid, lofty or low: all these words are intelligible and common, but they convey no distinct or limited ideas. If he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally displease, because they are understood by few; but they are little understood, only because few that look upon an edifice, examine its parts, or analyze its columns into their members.

The state of every other art is the same; as it is cursorily surveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expression become proper. In morality it is one thing to discuss

the niceties of the casuist, and another to direct the practice of common life. In agriculture, he that instructs the farmer to plough and sow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find necessary in explaining to philosophers the process of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honest by the shortest way, will perplex his mind with subtile speculations; or if he whose task is to reap and thrash will not be contented without examining the evolutions of the seed and circulation of the sap, the writers whom either shall consult are very little to be blamed, though it should sometimes happen that they are read in vain.

Idler.

35.—THE DIFFICULTY OF CONQUERING HABIT.

THERE is nothing which we estimate so fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand times, and a thousand times deserted his own purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence, but still believes himself his own master, and able, by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end, through all the obstructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this mistake should prevail for a time is very natural. When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how a reasonable being can deviate from his true interest. What ought to be done while it yet hangs only in speculation, is so plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt; the whole soul yields itself to the predominance of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at last omitted.

I believe most men may review all the lives that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty; but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promise and performance, between profession and reality, upon deep design and studied deceit ; but the truth is, that there is very little hypocrisy in the world ; we do not so often endeavour or wish to impose on others as on ourselves ; we resolve to do right, we hope to keep our resolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconstancy by calling witnesses of our actions ; but at last habit prevails, and those whom we invited at our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy.—Those who are in the power of evil habits, must conquer them as they can, and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained ; but those who are not yet subject to their influence, may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom ; they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer.

Idler.

36.—ON CRUELTY TO INFERIOR ANIMALS.

MAN is that link of the chain of universal existence, by which spiritual and corporeal beings are united : as the numbers and variety of the latter his inferiors are almost infinite, so probably are those of the former his superiors ; and as we see that the lives and happiness of those below us are dependent on our wills, we may reasonably conclude, that our lives and happiness are equally dependent on the wills of those above us ; accountable, like ourselves, for the use of this power, to the Supreme Creator and Governor of all things. Should this analogy be well-founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that just and impartial Judge ! How will man, that sanguinary tyrant, be able to excuse himself from the charge of those innumerable cruelties inflicted on his unoffending subjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common Father ? whose mercy is over all his works, and who expects that his authority should be exercised not only with tenderness and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of justice and gratitude.

But to what horrid deviations from these benevolent intentions are we daily witnesses ! No small part of mankind derive their chief amusements from the deaths and sufferings of inferior animals ; a much greater, consider them as only engines of wood, or iron, useful in their several occupations. The carman drives his horse, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows ; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect nor care whether either of them have any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox, with no more compassion than the blacksmith hammers a horse-shoe ; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the tailor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are some few, who, formed in a softer mould, view with pity the sufferings of these defenceless creatures, there is scarce one who entertains the least idea, that justice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their services. The social and friendly dog is hanged without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master's person and property, he happens unknowingly to disturb his rest : the generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities, contracted in his service, is by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust-cart : and the sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet. These, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without censure, and even without observation ; but we may be assured, that they cannot finally pass away unnoticed and unretaliated. JENYNS.

37.—EFFECTS OF SYMPATHY IN THE DISTRESSES OF OTHERS.

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider, how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of sympathy, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes

and pains of others ; for, let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects, if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them ; in this case I suppose we must have a delight or pleasure, of some species or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious ? The prosperity of no empire, and the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedon, and the distresses of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight, in cases of this kind, is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters ; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other ; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too close, and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of some kind, let the subject matter be what it will ; and as our Creator has designed we should be united together by so strong a bond as that of sympathy, he has therefore twisted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient ; and always in the greatest proportion where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others. If this passion was simply painful, we should shun, with the greatest care, all persons and places that could excite such a passion ; as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind ; there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity ; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight ; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in

such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery ; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer ; and all this antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes, without our concurrence.

BURKE on the Sublime.

38.—ON THE LOVE OF LIFE.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind ; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable ! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity ; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade ; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty ; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue ; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years ? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping ? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments ; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils ? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood ; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery ; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be pre-
 judicial.

dicta; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

GOLDSMITH.

39.—ON THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

IN forming our notions of human nature, we are very apt to make a comparison betwixt men and animals, which are the only creatures endowed with thought, that fall under our senses. Certainly this comparison is very favourable to mankind! On the one hand, we see a creature, whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds either of place or time, who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin of the human race; casts his eyes forward to see the influence of his actions upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence: a creature, who traces causes and effects to great lengths and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances; improves upon his discoveries, corrects his mistakes, and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without foresight, blindly conducted by instinct, and arriving in a very short time at its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a difference is there betwixt these creatures! and how exalted

a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison of the latter!

HUME'S *Essays*.

40.—FAME, A COMMENDABLE PASSION.

I CAN by no means agree' with you, in thinking, that the love of fame is a passion, which either reason' or religion' condemns. I confess, indeed, there are some' who have represented it as inconsistent with both'; and I remember, in particular, the excellent author of *The Religion of Nature Delineated*', has treated it as highly irrational' and absurd'. But surely "'twere to consider too curiously'," as Horatio says to Hamlet, "to consider thus'." For though fame with posterity should be, in the strict' analysis of it, no other than a mere uninteresting proposition', amounting to nothing more than that somebody acted meritoriously'; yet it would not necessarily follow', that true philosophy would banish' the desire of it from the human breast. For this passion may' be (as most certainly' it is) wisely' implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in reality' be very different from what it appears in imagination'. Do not many of our most refined' and even contemplative' pleasures owe their existence to our mistakes? It is but extending' (I will not say, improving') some of our senses to a higher degree of acuteness than we now' possess them, to make the fairest views of nature', or the noblest productions of art', appear horrid' and deformed'. To see things as they truly' and in themselves' are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual' world, any more than in the natural'. But, after all, who shall certainly assure us, that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies' with its possessor, and reaches not to a farther' scene of existence? There is nothing, it should seem, either absurd or unphilosophical in supposing it possible' at least, that the praises of the good' and the judicious', that sweetest music to an honest ear in this' world, may be echoed back to the mansions of the next'; that the poet's description of fancy' may be literally true', and though she walks upon earth', she may yet lift her head into heaven'.

But can it be reasonable to extinguish' a passion which

nature has universally lighted up' in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest' and best' formed bosoms? Accordingly revelation is so far from endeavouring (as you suppose) to eradicate' the seed which nature has deeply planted, that she rather seems, on the contrary', to cherish and forward' its growth. To be exalted with honour', and to be had in everlasting remembrance', are in the number of those encouragements which the Jewish' dispensation offered to the virtuous'; as the person from whom the sacred Author of the Christian system received his birth', is herself' represented as rejoicing that all generations' should call her blessed'.

To be convincell' of the great advantage of cherishing this high regard to posterity, this noble desire of an after life in the breath of others', one need only look back upon the history of the ancient Greeks' and Romans'. What other' principle was it, which produced that exalted strain of virtue in those' days, that may well serve as a model to these'. Was it not the concurrent approbation of the good', the uncorrupted applause of the wise', (as Tully calls it) that animated their most generous' pursuits?

To confess the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous' attempt, to endeavour to lessen' the motives of right conduct, or to raise any suspicion' concerning their solidity. The tempers and dispositions of mankind are so extremely different', that it seems necessary they should be called into action by a variety' of incitements. Thus, while some' are avilling to wed Virtue for her personal' charms, others' are engaged to take her for the sake of her expected dowry': and since her followers and admirers have so little hopes from her at present', it were pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imagined' advantage in reversion'.

FITZOSBORNE'S *Letters*.

41.—THE PRESENT LIFE TO BE CONSIDERED ONLY AS IT MAY CONDUCE TO THE HAPPINESS OF A FUTURE ONE.

SHOULD a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be?

Would not he think, that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not destined to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence; when, I say, he should know, that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which, after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years: Supposing, then, that you had it in your choice to

be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after ; or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years : which of these two cases would you make your choice ?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration, which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only three-score and ten years, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity ; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity ; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice ?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life ; but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy, even in this life, than a contrary course of vice ; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice !

Every wise man, therefore, will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheer-

fully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity. *Spectator.*

42.—LUXURY AND AVARICE.

Most of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*.

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury ; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption ; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of nature in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that, in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into these two vices of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice ; and accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendour, and, having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession ; which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other : the name of the first was *Luxury*, and of the second *Avarice*. The aim of each of

them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness; he had likewise a privy counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice had conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, and concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood *neuter*; but, alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors was to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy counsellor. When things were thus far

adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch, that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

Spectator.

43.—THE IMPUDENT AND THE ABSURD.

NEVER was a man so much teased, or suffered half the uneasiness, as I have done this evening between a couple of fellows with whom I was unfortunately engaged to sup, where there were also several others in company. One of them is the most invincibly impudent, and the other as incorrigibly absurd. The conversation, where there were a thousand things said not worth repeating, made me consider with myself, how 'tis that men of these disagreeable characters often go great lengths in the world, and seldom fail of outstripping men of merit; nay, succeed so well, that with a load of imperfections on their heads, they go on in opposition to general disesteem, while they who are every way their superiors, languish away their days, though possessed of the approbation and good-will of all who know them.

If we would examine into the secret springs of action in the impudent and the absurd, we shall find, though they bear a great resemblance in their behaviour, that they move upon very different principles. The impudent are pressing, though they know they are disagreeable; the absurd are importunate, because they think they are acceptable: impudence is a vice, and absurdity a folly. Sir Francis Bacon talks very agreeably upon the subject of impudence. He takes notice, that the Orator being asked, what was the first, second, and third requisite to make a fine speaker? still answered, *Action*. This, said he, is the very outward form of speaking, and yet it is what with the generality has more force than the most consummate abilities. Impudence

is to the rest of mankind, of the same use which action is to orators.

The truth is, the gross of men are governed more by appearances than realities, and the impudent man in his air and behaviour undertakes for himself that he has ability and merit, while the modest or diffident gives himself up as one who is possessed of neither. For this reason, men of front carry things before them with little opposition, and make so skilful an use of their talent, that they can grow out of humour like men of consequence, and be sour, and make their dissatisfaction do them the same service as desert. This way of thinking has often furnished me with an apology for great men who confer favours on the impudent. In carrying on the government of mankind, they are not to consider what men they themselves approve in their closets and private conversations, but what men will extend themselves furthest, and more generally pass upon the world for such as their patrons want in such and such stations, and consequently take so much work off the hands of those who employ them.

Far be it that I should attempt to lessen the acceptance which men of this character meet with in the world; but I humbly propose only, that they who have merit of a different kind, would accomplish themselves in some degree with this quality of which I am now treating. Nay, I allow these gentlemen to press as forward as they please in the advancement of their interests and fortunes, but not to intrude upon others in conversation also: let them do what they can with the rich and great, as far as they are suffered, but let them not interrupt the easy and agreeable. They may be useful as servants in ambition, but never as associates in pleasure. However, as I would still drive at something instructive in every lucubration, I must recommend it to all men who feel in themselves an impulse towards attempting laudable actions, to acquire such a degree of assurance, as never to lose the possession of themselves in public or private, so far as to be incapable of acting with a due decorum on any occasion they are called to. It is a mean want of fortitude in a good man, not to be able to do a virtuous action with as much confidence as an impudent fellow does an ill one. There is no way of mending such false modesty,

but by laying it down for a rule, that there is nothing shameful but what is criminal. *Tatler.*

44.—ON GRIEVING FOR THE DEAD.

WE sympathize even with the dead, and overlooking what is of real importance in their situation, that awful futurity which awaits them, we are chiefly affected by those circumstances which strike our senses, but can have no influence upon their happiness. It is miserable, we think, to be deprived of the light of the sun; to be shut out from life and conversation; to be laid in the cold grave, a prey to corruption and the reptiles of the earth; to be no more thought of in this world, but to be obliterated in a little time, from the affections, and almost from the memory, of their dearest friends and relations. Surely, we imagine, we can never feel too much for those who have suffered so dreadful a calamity. The tribute of our fellow-feeling seems doubly due to them now, when they are in danger of being forgot by every body; and, by the vain honours which we pay to their memory, we endeavour, for our own misery, artificially to keep alive our melancholy remembrance of their misfortune. That our sympathy can afford them no consolation, seems to be an addition to their calamity; and to think that all we can do is unavailing, and that, what alleviates all other distresses, the regret, the love, and the lamentations of their friends, can yield no comfort to them, serves only to exasperate our sense of their misery. The happiness of the dead, however, most assuredly, is affected by none of these circumstances; nor is it the thought of these things which can ever disturb the profound security of their repose. The idea of that dreary and endless melancholy, which the fancy naturally ascribes to their condition, arises altogether from our joining to the change which has been produced upon them, our own consciousness of that change, from our putting ourselves in their situation, and from our lodging, if I may be allowed to say so, our own living souls in their inanimated bodies, and thence conceiving what would be our emotions in this case. It is from this very illusion of the imagination, that the foresight of our own dissolution is so terrible to us, and that the idea of these circumstances, which undoubtedly

can give us no pain when we are dead, makes us miserable while we are alive. And from thence arises one of the most important principles in human nature, the dread of death, the great poison to the happiness, but the great restraint upon the injustice of mankind, which, while it afflicts and mortifies the individual, guards and protects the society.

Dr ADAM SMITH.

45.—ON REMORSE.

As the greater and more irreparable the evil that is done, the resentment of the sufferer runs naturally the higher; so does likewise the sympathetic indignation of the spectator, as well as the sense of guilt in the agent. Death is the greatest evil which one man can inflict upon another, and excites the highest degree of resentment in those who are immediately connected with the slain. Murder, therefore, is the most atrocious of all crimes which affect individuals only, in the sight both of mankind, and of the person who has committed it. To be deprived of that which we are possessed of, is a greater evil, than to be disappointed of what we have only the expectation. Breach of property, therefore, theft and robbery, which take from us what we are possessed of, are greater crimes than breach of contract, which only disappoints us of what we expected. The most sacred laws of justice, therefore, those whose violation seems to call loudest for vengeance and punishment, are the laws which guard the life and person of our neighbour; the next are those which guard his property and possessions; and last of all come those which guard what are called his personal rights, or what is due to him from the promises of others.

The violator of the more sacred laws of justice can never reflect on the sentiments which mankind must entertain with regard to him, without feeling all the agonies of shame, and horror, and consternation. When his passion is gratified, and he begins coolly to reflect on his past conduct, he can enter into none of the motives which influenced it. They appear now as detestable to him as they did always to other people. By sympathizing with the hatred and abhorrence which other men must entertain for him, he becomes in some measure the object of his own hatred and

abhorrence. The situation of the person, who suffered by his injustice, now calls upon his pity. He is grieved at the thought of it; regrets the unhappy effects of his own conduct, and feels at the same time that they have rendered him the proper object of, the resentment and indignation of mankind, and of what is the natural consequence of resentment, vengeance and punishment. The thought of this perpetually haunts him, and fills him with terror and amazement. He dares no longer look society in the face, but imagines himself as it were rejected, and thrown out from the affections of all mankind. He cannot hope for the consolation of sympathy in this his greatest and most dreadful distress. The remembrance of his crimes has shut out all fellow-feeling with him from the hearts of his fellow-creatures. The sentiments which they entertain with regard to him, are the very thing which he is most afraid of. Every thing seems hostile, and he would be glad to fly to some inhospitable desert, where he might never more behold the face of a human creature, nor read in the countenance of mankind the condemnation of his crimes. But solitude is still more dreadful than society. His own thoughts can present him with nothing but what is black, unfortunate, and disastrous, the melancholy forebodings of incomprehensible misery and ruin. The horror of solitude drives him back to society, and he comes again into the presence of mankind, astonished to appear before them loaded with shame and distracted with fear, in order to supplicate some little protection from the countenance of those very judges, who he knows have already all unanimously condemned him. Such is the nature of that sentiment, which is properly called remorse; of all the sentiments which can enter the human breast the most dreadful. It is made up of shame from the sense of the impropriety of past conduct; of grief for the effects of it; of pity for those who suffer by it; and of the dread and terror of punishment from the consciousness of the justly-provoked resentment of all rational creatures.

Dr ADAM SMITH.

46.—ON THE INCREASED LOVE OF LIFE WITH AGE.

CHINVANG the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison dur-

ing the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows:—"Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison, the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace. I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy, except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or our posterity now rising around us, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and imbitter our parting. Life suits the young like a new acquaintance: the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing: its company pleases; yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave—an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king, his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and

promised a long succession of happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainments, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be in youth so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? If it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought imbibited every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

GOLDSMITH.

47.—ASEM; AN EASTERN TALE.

WHERE Taurus lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the Man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men, had shared in their amusements, and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection; but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved, and made his application with confidence of redress: the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them: he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist wherever he turned, iagra-

titude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew, namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched, with danger and toil, from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom; reflecting, on its broad surface, the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend; and, reclining on its steep bank, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is nature! how lovely, even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence an hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow.

"Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise: but man, vile man, is a solecism in nature; the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious, ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the divine Creator! Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why, then, O Alla! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair?"

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety, when he perceived

a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

"Son of Adam," cried the genius, "stop thy rash purpose; the Father of the faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead. In me behold the Genius of Conviction, kept by the great Prophet to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise."

Asem now departed from the water-side in tranquillity; and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segastan, his native city, where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of affluence and ease. GOLDSMITH

48.—ON THE ENGLISH CLERGY, AND POPULAR PREACHERS.

It is allowed on all hands, that our English divines receive a more liberal education, and improve that education by frequent study, more than any others of this reverend profession in Europe. In general, also, it may be observed, that a greater degree of gentility is annexed to the character of a student in England than elsewhere; by which means our clergy have an opportunity of seeing better company while young, and of sooner wearing off those prejudices young men are apt to imbibes even in the best regulated universities, and which may be justly termed the vulgar errors of the wise.

Yet, with all these advantages, it is very obvious, that the clergy are nowhere so little thought of by the populace as here; and though our divines are foremost with respect to abilities, yet they are found last in the effects of their ministry; the vulgar, in general, appearing no way im-

pressed with a sense of religious duty. I am not for whining at the depravity of the times, or for endeavouring to paint a prospect more gloomy than in nature; but certain it is, no person who has travelled will contradict me, when I aver, that the lower orders of mankind, in other countries, testify, on every occasion, the profoundest awe of religion; while, in England, they are scarcely awakened into a sense of its duties, even in circumstances of the greatest distress.

This dissolute and fearless conduct, foreigners are apt to attribute to climate and constitution: may not the vulgar, being pretty much neglected in our exhortations from the pulpit, be a conspiring cause? Our divines seldom stoop to their mean capacities: and they who want instruction most, find least in our religious assemblies.

Whatever may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behaviour in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears.

Those who constitute the basis of the great fabric of society should be particularly regarded; for, in policy as in architecture, ruin is most fatal when it begins from the bottom.

Men of real sense and understanding prefer a prudent mediocrity to precarious popularity; and, fearing to outdo their duty, leave it half done. Their discourses from the pulpit are generally dry, methodical, and unaffecting, delivered with the most insipid calmness; insomuch, that should the peaceful preacher lift his head over the cushion, which he alone seems to address, he might discover his audience, instead of being awakened to remorse, actually sleeping over his methodical and laboured composition.

This method of preaching is, however, by some called an address to reason, and not to passions; this is styled the making of converts from conviction: but such are indifferently acquainted with human nature, who are not sensible, that men seldom reason about their faults till they are committed. Reason is but a weak antagonist, when headlong passion dictates: in all such cases, we should arm one passion against another; it is with the human mind as in nature, from the mixture of two opposites, the result is most

frequently neutral tranquillity. Those who attempt to reason us out of our follies, begin at the wrong end, since the attempt naturally presupposes us capable of reason ; but to be made capable of this, is one great point of the cure.

There are but few talents requisite to become a popular preacher ; for the people are easily pleased if they perceive any endeavours in the orator to please them : the meanest qualifications will work this effect, if the preacher sincerely sets about it. Perhaps little, indeed, very little more is required, than sincerity and assurance ; and a becoming sincerity is always certain of producing a becoming assurance. "If you wish me to weep, you must first weep yourself"—is so trite a quotation, that it almost demands an apology to repeat it ; yet, though all allow the justice of the remark, how few do we find put it in practice ! Our pulpit orators, with the most faulty bashfulness, seem impressed rather with an awe of their audience than with a just respect for the truths they are about to deliver : they, of all professors, seem the most bashful, who have the greatest right to glory in their commission.

GOLDSMITH.

49.—ON UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE.

THOUGH our effectual good offices can very seldom be extended to any wider society than that of our own country, our good-will is circumscribed by no boundary, but may embrace the immensity of the universe. We cannot form the idea of any innocent and sensible being, whose happiness we should not desire, or to whose misery, when distinctly brought home to the imagination, we should not have some degree of aversion. The idea of a mischievous, though sensible being, indeed, naturally provokes our hatred, but the ill-will, which, in this case, we bear to it, is really the effect of the sympathy which we feel with the misery and resentment of those other innocent and sensible beings, whose happiness is disturbed by its malice.

This universal benevolence, how noble and generous soever, can be the source of no solid happiness to any man who is not thoroughly convinced that all the inhabitants of the universe, the meanest as well as the greatest, are under the immediate care and protection of that great, benevolent,

and all-wise Being, who directs all the movements of nature ; and who is determined, by his own unalterable perfections, to maintain in it, at all times, the greatest possible quantity of happiness. To this universal benevolence, on the contrary, the very suspicion of a fatherless world, must be the most melancholy of all reflections ; from the thought that all the unknown regions of infinite and incomprehensible space may be filled with nothing but endless misery and wretchedness. All the splendour of the highest prosperity can never enlighten the gloom with which so dreadful an idea must necessarily overshadow the imagination ; nor, in a wise and virtuous man, can all the sorrow of the most afflicting adversity ever dry up the joy which necessarily springs from the habitual and thorough conviction of the truth of the contrary system.

The wise and virtuous man is at all times willing that his own private interest should be sacrificed to the public interest of his own particular order or society. He is at all times willing, too, that the interest of this order or society should be sacrificed to the greater interests of the state or sovereignty, of which it is only a subordinate part. He should, therefore, be equally willing that all those inferior interests should be sacrificed to the greater interests of the universe, to the interest of that great society of all sensible and intelligent beings, of which God himself is the immediate administrator and director. If he is deeply impressed with the habitual and thorough conviction, that this benevolent and all-wise Being, can admit into the system of his government no partial evil which is not necessary for the universal good, he must consider all the misfortunes which may befall himself, his friends, his society, or his country, as necessary for the prosperity of the universe, and therefore as what he ought, not only to submit to with resignation, but as what he himself, if he had known all the connexions and dependencies of things, ought sincerely and devoutly to have wished for.

Nor does this magnanimous resignation to the will of the great Director of the universe, seem in any respect beyond the reach of human nature. Good soldiers, who both love and trust their general, frequently march with more gayety and alacrity to the forlorn station, from which they never

expect to return, than they would to one where there was neither difficulty nor danger. In marching to the latter, they could feel no other sentiment than that of the dulness of ordinary duty ; in marching to the former, they feel that they are making the noblest exertion which it is possible for man to make. They know that their general would not have ordered them upon this station, had it not been necessary for the safety of the army, for the success of the war. They cheerfully sacrifice their own little systems for the prosperity of a greater system. They take an affectionate leave of their comrades, to whom they wish all happiness and success ; and march out, not only with submissive obedience, but often with shouts of the most joyful exultations, to that fatal, but splendid and honourable station to which they are appointed. No conductor of an army can deserve more unlimited trust, more ardent and zealous affection, than the great Conductor of the universe. In the greatest public as well as private disasters, a wise man ought to consider that he himself, his friends and countrymen, have only been ordered upon the forlorn station of the universe ; that had it not been necessary for the good of the whole, they would not have been so ordered, and that it is their duty, not only with humble resignation to submit to this allotment, but to endeavour to embrace it with alacrity and joy. A wise man should surely be capable of doing what a good soldier holds himself at all times in readiness to do.

The idea of that divine Being, whose benevolence and wisdom have, from all eternity, contrived and conducted the immense machine of the universe, so as at all times to produce the greatest possible quantity of happiness, is certainly of all the objects of human contemplation by far the most sublime. Every other thought necessarily appears mean in the comparison. The man whom we believe to be principally occupied in this sublime contemplation, seldom fails to be the object of our highest veneration ; and though his life should be altogether contemplative, we often regard him with a sort of religious respect much superior to that with which we look upon the most active and useful servant of the commonwealth. The meditations of Marcus Antoninus, which turn principally upon this subject, have contributed much, perhaps, to the general admiration of his character,

than all the different transactions of his just, merciful, and beneficent reign.

The administration of the great system of the universe, however, the care of the universal happiness of all rational and sensible beings, is the business of God and not of man. To man is allotted a much humbler department, but one much more suitable to the weakness of his powers, and to the narrowness of his comprehension; the care of his own happiness, of that of his family, his friends, his country: that he is occupied in contemplating the more sublime, can never be an excuse for his neglecting the more humble department; and he must not expose himself to the charge which Avidius Cassius is said to have brought, perhaps unjustly, against Marcus Antoninus, that while he employed himself in philosophical speculations, and contemplated the prosperity of the universe, he neglected that of the Roman empire. The most sublime speculation of the contemplative philosopher can scarce compensate the neglect of the smallest active duty.

DR ADAM SMITH.

50.—ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A WELL-CULTIVATED MIND.

IT is not without reason that those who have tasted the pleasures afforded by philosophy and literature, have lavished upon them the greatest eulogiums. The benefits they produce are too many to enumerate, valuable beyond estimation, and various as the scenes of human life. The man who has a knowledge of the works of God, in the creation of the universe, and his providential government of the immense system of the material and intellectual world, can never be without a copious fund of the most agreeable amusement. He can never be solitary; for in the most lonely solitude he is not destitute of company and conversation: his own ideas are his companions, and he can always converse with his own mind.

How much soever a person may be engaged in pleasures, or encumbered with business, he will certainly have some moments to spare for thought and reflection. No one who has observed how heavy the vacuities of time hang upon minds unfurnished with images, and unaccustomed to think, will be at a loss to make a just estimate of the advantages of

possessing a copious stock of ideas, of which the combinations may take a multiplicity of forms, and may be varied to infinity.

Mental occupations are a pleasing relief from bodily exertions, and that perpetual hurry and wearisome attention, which, in most of the employments of life, must be given to objects which are no otherwise interesting than as they are necessary. The mind, in an hour of leisure, obtaining a short vacation from the perplexing cares of the world, finds, in its own contemplations, a source of amusement, of solace, and pleasure. The tiresome attention that must be given to an infinite number of things, which, singly and separately taken, are of little moment, but collectively considered, form an important aggregate, requires to be sometimes relaxed by thoughts and reflections of a more general and extensive nature, and directed to objects of which the examination may open a more spacious field of exercise to the mind, give scope to its exertions, expand its ideas, present new combinations, and exhibit to the intellectual eye, images new, various, sublime, or beautiful.

The time of action will not always continue; the young ought ever to have this consideration present to their mind, that they must grow old, unless prematurely cut off by sickness or accident. They ought to contemplate the certain approach of age and decrepitude, and consider that all temporal happiness is of uncertain acquisition, mixed with a variety of alloy, and, in whatever degree attained, only of a short and precarious duration. Every day brings some disappointment, some diminution of pleasure, or some frustration of hope; and every moment brings us nearer to that period, when the present scenes shall recede from the view, and future prospects cannot be formed.

This consideration displays, in a very interesting point of view, the beneficial effects of furnishing the mind with a stock of ideas that may amuse it in leisure, accompany it in solitude, dispel the gloom of melancholy, lighten the pressure of misfortune, dissipate the vexations arising from baffled projects or disappointed hopes, and relieve the *tedium* of that season of life where new acquisitions can no more be made, and the world can no longer flatter and delude us with its illusory hopes and promises.

When life begins, like a distant landscape, gradually to disappear, the mind can then receive no solace but from its own ideas and reflections. Philosophy and literature will then furnish us with an inexhaustible source of the most agreeable amusements, as religion will afford it substantial consolation. A well-spent youth is the only sure foundation of a happy old age: no axiom of the mathematics is more true, or more easily demonstrated.

Old age, like death, comes unexpectedly on the unthinking and unprepared, although its approach be visible, and its arrival certain. Those who have, in the earlier part of life, neglected to furnish their minds with ideas, to fortify them by contemplation, and regulate them by reflection, seeing the season of youth and vigour irrecoverably past, its pleasing scenes annihilated, and its brilliant prospects left far behind, without the possibility of return, and feeling, at the same time, the irresistible encroachments of age with its disagreeable appendages, are surprised and disconcerted by a change, scarcely expected, or for which at least they had made no preparations. A person in this predicament, finding himself no longer capable of taking, as formerly, a part in the busy walks of life, of enjoying its active pleasures, and sharing its arduous enterprises, becomes peevish and uneasy, troublesome to others, and burdensome to himself. Destitute of the resources of philosophy, and a stranger to the amusing pursuits of literature, he is unacquainted with any agreeable method of filling up the vacuity left in his mind by his necessary recess from the active scenes of life.

All this is the consequence of squandering away the days of youth and vigour, without acquiring the habit of thinking. Excepting the case of the very lowest classes of society, to whom indigence has precluded the means of education, and continued labour has allowed no leisure for reflection, the period of human life, short as it is, is of sufficient length for the acquisition of a considerable stock of useful and agreeable knowledge; and the circumstances of the world afford a superabundance of subjects for contemplation and inquiry. The various phenomena of the moral as well as physical world, the investigation of sciences, and the information communicated by literature, are calculated to attract attention, exercise thought, excite reflection, and replenish the mind with an infinite variety of ideas.

The man of letters, when compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see; and if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies, and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away. A well-cultivated mind places its possessor beyond the reach of those trifling vexations and disquietudes, which continually harass and perplex those who have no resources within themselves; and, in some measure, elevates him above the smiles and frowns of fortune.

BIGLAND.

51.—ON THE FORMATION OF LANGUAGE.

CARRY your thoughts back to the first dawn of language among men. Reflect upon the feeble beginnings from which it must have risen, and upon the many and great obstacles which it must have encountered in its progress, and you will find reason for the highest astonishment on viewing the height which it has now attained. We admire several of the inventions of art; we plume ourselves in some discoveries which have been made in latter ages, serving to advance knowledge, and to render life comfortable; we speak of them as the boast of human reason. But certainly no invention is entitled to any such degree of admiration as that of language; which, too, must have been the product of the first and rudest ages, if, indeed, it can be considered as a human invention at all.

Think of the circumstances of mankind when language began to be formed. They were a wandering scattered race; no society among them except families; and the family society too very imperfect, as their method of living by hunting or pasturage must have separated them frequently from one another. In this situation, when so much divided, and their intercourse so rare, how could any one set of sounds, or words, be generally agreed on as the signs of their ideas? Supposing that a few, whom chance or necessity threw together, agreed by some means upon certain signs, yet by what authority could these be propagated among other tribes or families, so as to spread and grow up

into a language? One would think that, in order to any language fixing and extending itself, men must have been previously gathered together in considerable numbers; society must have been already far advanced; and yet, on the other hand, there seems to have been an absolute necessity for speech, previous to the formation of society. For, by what bond could any multitude of men be kept together, or be made to join in the prosecution of any common interest, until once, by the intervention of speech, they could communicate their wants and intentions to one another? So that, either how society could form itself previously to language, or how words could rise into a language previously to society formed, seem to be points attended with equal difficulty. And when we consider, farther, that curious analogy which prevails in the construction of almost all languages; and that deep and subtle logic on which they are founded, difficulties increase so much upon us on all hands, that there seems to be no small reason for referring the first origin of all language to divine teaching or inspiration.

But supposing language to have a divine original, we cannot, however, suppose that a perfect system of it was all at once given to man. It is much ~~more~~ more natural to think, that God taught our first parents only such language as suited their present occasions; leaving them, as he did in other things, to enlarge and improve it as their future necessities should require. Consequently, those first rudiments of speech must have been poor and narrow; and we are at full liberty to inquire in what manner, and by what steps, language advanced to the state in which we now find it.

If we should suppose a period before any words were invented or known, it is clear, that men could have no other method of communicating to others what they felt, than by the cries of passion, accompanied with such motions and gestures as were farther expressive of passion. For these are the only signs which nature teaches all men, and which are understood by all. One who saw another going into some place where he himself had been frightened or exposed to danger, and who sought to warn his neighbour of the danger, could contrive no other way of doing so, than by utter-

ing those cries, and making those gestures, which are the signs of fear ; just as two men, at this day, would endeavour to make themselves be understood by each other, who should be thrown together on a desolate island, ignorant of each other's language. Those exclamations, therefore, which by grammarians are called *interjections*, uttered in a strong and passionate manner, were, beyond doubt, the first elements or beginnings of speech.

When more enlarged communication became necessary, and names began to be assigned to objects, in what manner can we suppose men to have proceeded in this assignation of names, or invention of words ? Undoubtedly, by imitating, as much as they could, the nature of the object which they named, by the sound of the name which they gave to it. As a painter, who would represent grass, must employ a green colour ; so, in the beginnings of language, one giving a name to any thing harsh or boisterous, would of course employ a harsh or boisterous sound. He could not do otherwise, if he meant to excite in the hearer the idea of that thing which he sought to name. To suppose words invented, or names given to things, in a manner purely arbitrary, without any ground or reason, is to suppose an effect without a cause. There must always have been some motive which led to the assignation of one name rather than another ; and we can conceive no motive which would more generally operate upon men in their first effort towards language, than a desire to paint, by speech, the objects which they named, in a manner more or less complete, according as the vocal organs had it in their power to effect this imitation.

Whatever objects were to be named, in which sound, noise, or motion was concerned, the imitation by words was abundantly obvious. Nothing was more natural, than to imitate, by the sound of the voice, the quality of the sound or noise which any external object made ; and to form its name accordingly. Thus, in all languages, we find a multitude of words, that are evidently constructed upon this principle. A certain bird is termed the *cuckoo*, from the sound which it emits. When one sort of wind is said to *whistle*, and another to *roar* ; when a serpent is said to *hiss*, and a bee to *buzz*, and falling timber to *crash* ; when a stream is

said to *flow*, and hail to *rattle*; the analogy between the word and the thing signified is plainly discernible.

In the names of objects which address the sight only, where neither noise nor motion is concerned, and still more in the terms appropriated to moral ideas, this analogy appears to fail. Many learned men, however, have been of opinion, that though, in such cases, it becomes more obscure, yet it is not altogether lost; but that, throughout the radical words of all languages, there may be traced some degree of correspondence with the object signified. With regard to moral and intellectual ideas, they remark, that, in every language, the terms significant of them, are derived from the names of sensible objects to which they are conceived to be analogous; and, with regard to sensible objects pertaining merely to sight, they remark, that their most distinguishing qualities have certain radical sounds appropriated to the expression of them, in a great variety of languages. Stability, for instance, fluidity, hollowness, smoothness, gentleness, violence, &c. they imagine to be painted by the sound of certain letters or syllables, which have some relation to those different states of visible objects, on account of an obscure resemblance which the organs of voice are capable of assuming to such external qualities. By this natural mechanism, they imagine all languages to have been at first constructed, and the roots of their capital words formed.

BLAIR.

52.—ON THE SUBLIME IN WRITING.

It is, generally speaking, among the most ancient authors, that we are to look for the most striking instances of the sublime. The early ages of the world, and the rude unimproved state of society, are peculiarly favourable to the strong emotions of sublimity. The genius of men is then much turned to admiration and astonishment. Meeting with many objects, to them new and strange, their imagination is kept glowing, and their passions are often raised to the utmost. They think, and express themselves, boldly, and without restraint. In the progress of society, the genius and manners of men undergo a change more favourable to accuracy, than to strength or sublimity.

Of all writings, ancient or modern, the Sacred Scriptures

afford us the highest instances of the sublime. The descriptions of the Deity in them are wonderfully noble, both from the grandeur of the object, and the manner of representing it. What an assemblage, for instance, of awful and sublime ideas is presented to us, in that passage of the XVIIIth Psalm, where an appearance of the Almighty is described! "In my distress I called upon the Lord; he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills were moved; because he was wroth. He bowed the heavens and came down, and darkness was under his feet; and he did ride upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the sky." We see with what propriety and success the circumstances of darkness and terror are applied for heightening the sublime. So, also, the prophet Habakkuk, in a similar passage: "He stood, and measured the earth; he beheld, and drove asunder the nations. The everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting. The mountains saw thee, and they trembled. The overflowing of the water passed by. The deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high."

The noted instance, given by Longinus, from Moses, "God said, Let there be light, and there was light," is not liable to the censure, which was passed on some of his instances, of being foreign to the subject. It belongs to the true sublime; and the sublimity of it arises from the strong conception it gives of an exertion of power, producing its effect with the utmost speed and facility. A thought of the same kind is magnificently amplified in the following passage of Isaiah (chap. xlv. 24, 27, 28.) "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, and he that formed thee from the womb, I am the Lord that maketh all things, that stretcheth forth the heavens alone, that spreadeth abroad the earth by myself—that saith to the deep, Be dry, and I will dry up thy rivers; that saith of Cyrus, He is my Shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure; even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built; and to the temple, Thy foundations shall be laid." There is a passage in the Psalms, which de

serves to be mentioned under this head ; " God," says the Psalmist, " stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumults of the people." The joining together two such grand objects, as the raging of the waters, and the tumults of the people, between which there is such resemblance as to form a very natural association in the fancy, and the representing them both as subject, at one moment, to the command of God, produces a noble effect.

Homer is a poet, who, in all ages, and by all critics, has been greatly admired for sublimity ; and he owes much of his grandeur to that native and unaffected simplicity, which characterizes his manner. His description of hosts engaging ; the animation, the fire, the rapidity, which he throws into his battles, present to every reader of the Iliad frequent instances of sublime writing. His introduction of the gods tends often to heighten, in a high degree, the majesty of his warlike scenes. Hence Longinus bestows such high and just commendations on that passage, in the XVth Book of the Iliad, where Neptune, when preparing to issue forth into the engagement, is described as shaking the mountains with his steps, and driving his chariot along the ocean. Minerva arming herself for fight in the Vth Book ; and Apollo, in the XVth, leading on the Trojans, and flashing terror with his Ægis on the face of the Greeks, are similar instances of great sublimity added to the description of battles, by the appearance of those celestial beings. In the XXth Book, where all the gods take part in the engagement, according as they severally favour either the Grecians or the Trojans, the poet's genius is signally displayed, and the description rises into the most awful magnificence. All nature is represented as in commotion. Jupiter thunders in the heavens ; Neptune strikes the earth with his trident ; the ships, the city, and the mountains shake ; the earth trembles to its centre ; Pluto starts from his throne, in dread, lest the secrets of the infernal regions should be laid open to the view of mortals.

The works of Ossian abound with examples of the sublime. The subjects of which that author treats, and the manner in which he writes, are particularly favourable to it. He possesses all the plain and venerable manner of the ancient times. He deals in no superfluous or gaudy orna-

ments; but throws forth his images with a rapid conciseness, which enables them to strike the mind with the greatest force. Among poets of more polished times, we are to look for the graces of correct writing, for just proportion of parts, and skilfully connected narration. In the midst of smiling scenery and pleasurable themes, the gay and beautiful will appear, undoubtedly, to more advantage. But amidst the rude scenes of nature and of society, such as Ossian describes; amidst rocks, and torrents, and whirlwinds, and battles, dwells the sublime; and naturally associates itself with the grave and solemn spirit, which distinguishes the author of *Fingal*. "As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so towards each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet, and mix, and roar on the plain; loud, rough, and dark, in battle, met Lochlin and Innis-fail; chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man. Steel clanging sounded on steel. Helmets are cleft on high; blood bursts, and smokes around. As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven; such is the noise of battle. As roll a thousand waves to the rock, so Swaran's host came on; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Innis-fail met Swaran. Death raises all his voices around, and mixes with the sound of shields. The field echoes from wing to wing, as a hundred hammers that fall by turns on the red sun of the furnace. As a hundred winds on Morven; as the streams of a hundred hills; as clouds fly successive over the heavens; or, as the dark ocean assaults the shore of the desert; so roaring, so vast, so terrible, the armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath. The groan of the people spread over the hills. It was like the thunder of night, when the clouds burst on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind." Never were images of more awful sublimity employed to heighten the terror of battle.

BLAIR.

HISTORICAL

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL EXTRACTS.

1.—OUR NATURAL FONDNESS FOR HISTORY, AND ITS TRUE USE.

THE love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle in this instance carries us forward and backward, to future and to past ages. We imagine that the things which affect us must affect posterity; this sentiment runs through mankind, from Cæsar down to the parish-clerk in Pope's Miscellany. We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stones have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no farther back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in Runic songs, and the feats of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day: and long historical ballads of their hunting and wars are sung at all their funerals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us observe, that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally, as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read, and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorised romance: and even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the desire alone of relating what has

happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity is it, that even the best should speak to our understandings so seldom ! That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think : and what she has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful application of our minds.

Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds ; but she never intended it to be made the principal, much less the sole object of their application. The true and proper object of this application, is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men, and better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson ; and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the most learned, reap from the study of history : and yet the study of history seems to me, of all other, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

BOLINGBROKE.

§ ———

2.—ON BIOGRAPHY.

It is one great advantage of classical studies to those who are fortunate enough to enjoy them, that in acquiring the languages of Greece and Rome, we insensibly contract an acquaintance with some of the most illustrious characters of antiquity, and are partially admitted into their venerable society. We learn to accompany a *Solon* and a *Lycurgus* in their legislative labours ; we hear a *Plato* and a *Socrates* philosophize, a *Homer* and a *Virgil* sing. From a *Tully* we are early warmed by the glow of eloquence with the love of our country ; from a *Pliny* we imbibe sentiments that heighten the social and domestic affections, and endear man to man. At the contemplation of such monsters as the classic page sometimes portrays, the ingenuous mind revolts : a *Tiberius*, a *Nero*, or a *Sejanus*, rouses the indignant feelings of the soul ; and we learn to appreciate and execrate the sanguinary tyrant and the worthless minister.

amidst the splendour of usurped power, and the flattery of grovelling sycophants.

To a certain degree the virtues of the ancients ought to inspire emulation, and are worthy of being precedents to all posterity; but that soft charm which a pure religion and more liberal notions diffuse over Christian manners, that animating prospect which is now held out to encourage laudable endeavours, and those terrors which are denounced against nefarious actions, could not operate on classical ages, because they were unknown.

Biography is not only valuable as an example to imitate, but as a beacon to warn. The impartial distribution of posthumous fame or censure must have some effect on the most callous and unprincipled. The thought of being handed down to posterity in colours of infamy, must frequently repress the vicious machination, and forbid the atrocious deed. The love of reputation was implanted in our nature for the wisest and noblest ends. Few possess that unenviable magnanimity which can render them indifferent to public opinion; or are so sunk in the apathy of vice, as to feel no melody in the sound of deserved applause.

To praise desert can scarcely fail to be a stimulus to virtuous actions. Those who have benefited or enlightened mankind, should receive commendation with no niggardly hand. The flowers strewed on the grave of merit is the most grateful incense to living worth. How often has the sight of the monuments in Westminster Abbey inspired the martial enthusiasm, the flame of patriotism, or the emulation of genius in the youthful breast! There are generous passions in the soul of man, which frequently lie dormant till some exciting cause serves to wake their susceptibilities, and give impulse to their native direction. Even a well-written amiable life has tempted many to live well.

British Nepos.

3.—CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THERE are few personages in history, who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarce any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the

unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices ; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempted from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her enterprise from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care, nor equal success, from less infirmities ; the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over the people ; and while she merited all their esteem, by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections, by her pretended ones.

Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances ; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret of managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions, in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations. And, though her enemies were the most powerful princes in Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able, by her vigour, to make deep impressions on their state. Her own greatness, in the mean time, remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success ; but she

stead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They allowed their advancement to her choice. They were supported by her constancy; and with all their ability, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendancy over her.

In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat, which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolutions, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and of bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded in the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses, by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all these considerations, and to consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and admiration. HUME.

4.—CHARACTER OF MR PITT.

THE secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty itself. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made

a venal age unanimous'. France' sunk' beneath him. With one' hand he smote' the house of Bourbon', and wielded in the other' the democracy of England'. The sight of his mind' was infinite'; and his schemes were to affect, not England', not the present' age only, but Europe' and posterity'. Wonderful were the means' by which these schemes were accomplished'; always seasonable', always adequate', the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour', and enlightened by prophecy'.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent' were unknown' to him. No domestic difficulties', no domestic weakness' reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life', and unsullied by its intercourse', he came occasionally' into our system, to counsel' and to decide'.

A character' so exalted', so strenuous', so various', so authoritative', astonished' a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt' through all her classes of venality'. Corruption imagined', indeed, that she had found defects' in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory', and much of the ruin of the victories'; but the history of his country', and the calamities of the enemy', answered' and refuted' her.

Nor were his political' abilities his only' talents. His eloquence' was an art' in the senate, peculiar' and spontaneous', familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments' and instinctive wisdom'; not like the torrent of Demosthenes', or the splendid conflagration of Tully'; it resembled sometimes the thunder', and sometimes the music' of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation'; nor was he for ever on the rack of exertion'; but rather lightened' upon the subject, and reached the point' by the flashing, of the mind', which', like those of his eye', were felt', but could not be followed'.

Upon the whole', there was in this man something that could create', subvert', or reform'; an understanding', a spirit', and an eloquence', to summon mankind to society', or to break the bonds of slavery' asunder, and to rule the wildness of free' minds with unbounded authority', something that could establish' or overwhelm' empire, and strike a blow' in the world that should resound through the uni-

ROBERTSON.

5.—THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC, AND THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

THERE now remained but one grand and decisive blow to put all North America into the possession of the English; and this was the taking of Quebec, the capital of Canada, a city handsomely built, populous, and flourishing. Admiral Saunders was appointed to command the naval part of the expedition; the siege by land was committed to the conduct of General Wolfe, of whom the nation had great expectations. This young soldier, who was not yet thirty-five, had distinguished himself on many former occasions, particularly at the siege of Louisburg; a part of the success of which was justly ascribed to him, who, without being indebted to family or connexions, had raised himself by merit to his present command.

Indeed, when we consider the situation of Quebec, on the side of a great river, the fortifications with which it was secured, the natural strength of the country, the great number of vessels and floating batteries the enemy had provided for the defence of the river, the numerous bodies of savages continually hovering round the British army, there appears such a combination of difficulties as might discourage and perplex the most resolute commander. The general himself seemed perfectly sensible of the difficulty of the undertaking. After stating, in a letter to the ministry, the dangers they presented—"I know," said he, "that the affairs of Great Britain require the most vigorous measures. But then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only where there is some hope of a favourable event. At present the difficulties are so various, that I am at a loss how to determine." The only prospect of attempting the town with success, was by landing a body of troops in the night below the town, who were to clamber up the banks of the river, and take possession of the ground on the back of the city. This attempt, however, appeared particularly discouraging. The stream was rapid, the shore shelving, the banks above lined with sentinels, the landing place so narrow as to be easily missed in the dark, and the steepness of the ground such as hardly to be surmounted in the day-time. All these difficulties, however, were surmounted by the

conduct of the general, and the bravery of the men. Colonel Howe, with the light infantry and the Highlanders, ascended the woody precipices with admirable courage and activity, and dislodged a small body of troops that defended a narrow pathway up the bank: thus a few mounting, the general drew the rest up in order as they arrived.—Monsieur de Montcalm, the French commander, was no sooner apprised that the British had gained these heights, which he had confidently deemed inaccessible, than he resolved to hazard a battle; and a furious encounter quickly began. This was one of the most desperate engagements during the war. The French general was slain; the second in command shared the same fate. General Wolfe was stationed on the right, where the attack was warmest; as he stood conspicuous in the first line, he had been aimed at by the enemy's marksmen, and received a shot in his wrist, which, however, did not oblige him to quit the field. Having wrapped a handkerchief round his hand, he continued giving orders without the least emotion, and advanced at the head of the grenadiers with their bayonets fixed; but a second ball, more fatal, pierced his breast; so that, unable to proceed, he leaned on the shoulder of a soldier who was next him. Now struggling in the agonies of death, and just expiring, he heard a voice cry, "They run!" upon which he seemed for a moment to revive, and asking who ran, was informed the French. Expressing his surprise that they ran so soon, and unable to gaze any longer, he sunk on the soldier's breast, and his last words were, "I die happy." Perhaps the loss of the British that day was greater than the conquest of Canada was advantageous. But it is the lot of mankind only to know true merit on that dreadful occasion, when they are going to lose it.

The surrender of Quebec was the consequence of this victory; and with it soon after the total cession of all Canada. The French, indeed, the following season, made a vigorous effort to retake the city; but by the resolution of governor Murray, and the appearance of a British fleet under the command of Lord Colville, they were obliged to abandon the enterprise.

GOLDSMITH.

6.—THE CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

CÆSAR was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society: formed to excel in peace as well as in war; provident in counsel; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity; generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quintilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the polite arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wheresoever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging, that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition and love of pleasure; which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess; yet the first was always predominant; to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that, as Catō truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary to acquire and to support power—soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other;

with money therefore he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it: and as men shorten life by living too fast, so by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

• MIDDLETON.

7.—THE CHARACTER OF CATO.

IF we consider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man: a friend to truth, virtue, liberty; yet, falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the stoical rule, he was generally disappointed of the end which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was severe, morose, inexorable; banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion: in public affairs he was the same; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumstances, or even to a force that could control him; for, instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour; yet, from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal; which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy: when he could no longer be what he had been, or

when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying, he put an end to his life with a spirit and resolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praised, rather than imitated.

MIDDLETON.

8.—A COMPARISON OF CÆSAR WITH CATO.

As to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways; Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity; Cato for his unsullied integrity: the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato for his immoveable firmness; Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting: what he desired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous severity: he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factions; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so: so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him.

Sallust, by Mr ROSE.

9.—THE CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL being sent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamil-

car was revived and restored to them: they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father to contribute the least towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprise required vigour and valour in the performance, Asdrubal always chose him to command at the executing of it; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever showed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refectation of nature, not the pleasure of his palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest: and appropriated no time to sleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty; he never sought for a soft or a retired place of repose; but was often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier's cloak, amongst the sentinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time, he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army; ver the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. These shining qualities were however balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the sanctity of oaths, no sense of religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Asdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general.

LIVY.

10) —THE CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render

their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure, with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful addresses and important services, can justify her attachments to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her disposition; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

ROBERTSON.

PATHETIC EXTRACTS.

1.—REYNO AND ALPIN.

Reyno.—THE wind and rain are over. Calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hill, flies the inconstant sun. Red, through the stony vale, comes down the stream of the hill.—Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear.—It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, 'mourning for the dead—Bent i his head of age, and red his tearful eye.—Alpin, 'thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou as a blast in the wood—as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin.—My tears, O Reyno! are for the dead—my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill—fair among the sons of the plain. But thou shalt fall like Morar; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hill shall know thee no more. Thy bow shall be in the hall unstrung.—Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill—terrible as a meteor of fire.—Thy wrath was as the storm—thy sword, in battle, as lightning in the field.—Thy voice was like a stream after rain—like thunder on distant hills.—Many fell by thy arm—they wert consumed in the flames of thy wrath.—But when thou didst return from war how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain—like the moon in the silence of night—calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is hushed into repose.—Narrow is thy dwelling now—dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave. O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree, with scarce a leaf—long grass whistling in the wind—mark to the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar.—Morar! thou art low indeed: thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love; dead is she that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan.—Who, on his staff, is this? who this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are galled with tears, who quakes 't at thy step?—It is thy father, O Morar! the father of

no son but thee.—Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead—low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice—no more awake at thy call.—When shall it be worn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?—Farewell! thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field; but the field shall see thee no more; nor the gloomy wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel.—Thou hast left no son—but the song shall preserve thy name. OSSIAN.

2.—ON MILITARY GLORY.

“ You will grant me, however,” interposed Tiberius, “ that there are refined and sensible delights, in their nature proper for the gratification of a monarch, which are always sure to give rational enjoyment without the danger of disgusting by repetition?”—“ As for instance,” says Belisarius.—“ The love of glory, for instance,” replied the young man.—“ But what sort of glory?”—“ Why, of all the various classes of glory, renown in arms must hold the foremost place.”—“ Very well; that is your position and do you think the pleasure that springs from conquest has a sincere and lasting charm in it? Alas! when millions are stretched in mangled heaps upon the field of battle, can the mind in that situation taste of joy? I can make allowance for those who have met danger in all its shapes; they may be permitted to congratulate themselves, that they have escaped with their lives, but in the case of a king born with sensibility of heart, the day that spills a deluge of human blood, and bids the tears of natural affection flow in rivers round the land, that cannot be a day of true enjoyment. I have more than once traversed over a field of battle; I would have been glad to have seen a Nero in my place; the tears of humanity must have burst from him. I know there are princes who take the pleasure of a campaign, as they do that of hunting, and who send forth their people to the fray, as they let slip their dogs; but the rage of conquest is like the unrelenting temper of avarice, which torments itself, and is the last insatiable. A province has been invaded; it has been subdued; it lies contiguous to another not yet attempted; desire begins to kindle; invasion happens after invasion; ambition irri-

tates itself to new projects, till at length comes a reverse of fortune, which exceeds, in the mortification it brings, all the pride and joy of former victories. But to give things every flattering appearance, let us suppose a train of uninterrupted success: yet, even in that case, the conqueror pushes forward, like another Alexander, to the limits of the world, and then, like him, remeasures back his course, fatigued with triumphs, a burden to himself and mankind, at a loss what to do with the immense tracts which he has depopulated, and melancholy with the reflection that an acre of his conquests would suffice to maintain him, and a little pit-hole to hide his remains from the world. In my youth I saw the sepulchre of Cyrus; a stone bore this inscription: "I am Cyrus, he who subdued the Persian empire. Friend, whoever thou art, or wherever thy native country, envy me not the scanty space that covers my clay-cold ashes." "Alas!" said I, turning aside from the mournful epitaph, "is it worth while to be a conqueror?"

Tiberius interrupted him with astonishment: "Can these be the sentiments of Belisarius?"—"Yes, young man, thus thinks Belisarius: he is able to decide upon the subject. Of all the plagues which the pride of man has engendered the rage of conquest is the most destructive."

MARMONTEL.

3.—THE DEAD ASS.

AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to the child; but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead on the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust out of his wallet again, as if to eat it;—held it some

time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, while the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know, what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopped to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with his poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him.—The ass, he said, he was assured loved him—and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that neither had scarce eaten or drunk till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive—but now he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too

much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself—Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass—'twould be something.— STERNE.

4.—MARIA.—PART I.

—THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly.—'Tis Maria, said the postilion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty *sous* piece, when I got to Moulines.—

—And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postilion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted, and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them.—

He was going on, when Maria, who made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again—they were the same notes;—yet were ten times sweeter: It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—he has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postilion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where

Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ach, it was the moment I saw her.—

—God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postilion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself, but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postilion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat,—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately.

—Well, Maria, said I softly—what resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is, that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fall an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of misery, to be entitled to all the wit that Rabelais ever scattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapless damsel! some time but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe, with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

STERNE.

..—MARIA.—PART II

WHEN we had got within half a league of Moulins, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postilion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale-green ribband which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away, as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before; she said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had bent him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again. which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St Peter's once—and returned

back—that she found her way alone across the Appenines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it; and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I. I will dry it in my bosom, said she—it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said, to Moulines—Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever. STERNE.

SPECIMENS OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

1.—TRUE PLEASURE DEFINED.

WE are affected with delightful sensations, when we see the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior, as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness. SEED.

2.—RELIGION NEVER TO BE TREATED WITH LEVITY.

EXPRESS your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to

make light' of what the rest of mankind revere'. At the same' time, you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same' years ; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers' of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness' and affability'. It gives a native' unaffected ease' to the behaviour. It is social', kind', and cheerful'; far removed from that gloomy' and illiberal' superstition which clouds the brow', sharpens the temper', dejects the spirit', and teaches men to fit themselves for another' world, by neglecting the concerns of this'. Let your' religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life'. Of such' religion, discover, on every proper' occasion, that you are not ashamed'; but avoid making any unnecessary' ostentation of it before the world'.

BLAIR.

3.—THE CONDITION OF THE WICKED.

KNOWEST thou not this of old, since man was placed upon the earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment? Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds, yet he shall perish for ever. He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found ; yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night. The eye also which saw him shall see him no more ; they who have seen him, shall say, where is he ?—He shall suck the poison of asps ; the viper's tongue shall slay him. In the fulness of his sufficiency, he shall be in straits ; every hand shall come upon him. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of steel shall strike him through. A fire not blown shall consume him. The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him. The increase of his house shall depart. His goods shall flee away in the day of wrath. The light of the wicked shall be put out ; the light shall be darkened in his tabernacle. The steps of his strength shall be straitened, and his own counsel shall cast him down. For he is fast in a net, by his own feet. He walketh upon a snare. Terrors shall make him afraid on every side ; and the reb-

ber shall prevail against him. Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation. His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street. He shall be driven from light into darkness. They that come after him shall be astonished at his day. He shall drink of the wrath of the Almighty. *From the Book of Job.*

4.—ON CHARITY.

TRUE liberal charity is wisely divid'd amongst many, and proportioned to the objects upon which it rests. It is not, it cannot be confined to near relations, intimate friends, or particular favourites. These it will never neglect; nay, to these its first attentions are naturally directed. But whatever may be its partialities to those immediately connected with us, or who love and resemble us, it cannot remain under these restrictions. The principle which gave it birth, extends its influence in every possible direction. The objects which solicit the friendly aid of charity, are many and various. *Here* we find the afflicted body,—*there* the grieved mind. *Here* a mourning desolate widow,—*there* destitute orphans—Perhaps both together sitting in silent dejection, or agitated with all the violence of grief. At one time we hear the plaintive voice of the solitary mourner—at another, the united cries of a numerous starving family. Turn to the one hand, and feeble tottering age requests support—turn to the other hand, and the deserted infant, or neglected youth, requires a kind interposition. These, and many similar cases of urgent necessity, claim the attention and care of the compassionate and generous. On such occasions, how does the man of liberal charity feel and act? Is theatrical representation necessary to rouse his sensibilities? Must he learn from the fictitious tale of misery to compassionate *real* distress? Must his heart be taught by the tongue of the pathetic orator to move with sentiments of generous sympathy? No! well-attested facts are sufficient to call them forth to the most seasonable and effectual exertions; or he repairs to the house of the mourners, and seeing, with his own eyes, and hearing, with his own ears, he mingles his tears with theirs—his heart overflows with the tenderest emotions, and his hand readily administers ac-

according to his abilities. Amidst such various scenes of sorrow, that which overwhelms him most is, that he cannot extend his help to all. This, however, checks not the ardour of his charity, but prompts his wisdom and prudence to contrive how he may most usefully divide his labours of love. He cannot think of devoting them entirely to one, or a very few, because thus *they* might receive too much, and others too little. But while he cannot be confined within a very small circle, both prudence and charity forbid his taking too wide a range, lest he should defeat his own benevolent purposes; by extending thus too far, his means would prove unequal to the end. Much may be given away, and yet lose its effect, by being divided into so many small parts that almost none receive material benefit. He therefore considers who are the most needy, the most worthy, and what are their different resources, and he adapts his charity to their state and character. He clothes the naked, or feeds the hungry, or comforts the disconsolate, or educates the friendless youth, or administers counsel to the ignorant, the perplexed, and the unexperienced. Full of desire to answer all demands, when his own funds are insufficient, he thinks it not mean nor troublesome to ask assistance, and plead the cause of the destitute. He does not stop to inquire, who is my neighbour? By the ties of humanity he feels his heart knit to the whole human race. While he looks up with devotion and gratitude to the common Parent, he looks around him with kind and tender attachment, and says, "Are we not all his offspring?" These amiable and humane dispositions rise to a still more exalted benevolence, under the experienced influence of the divine Saviour's grace and benignity. In one affectionate embrace the Christian clasps the whole world. Even to enemies and strangers he wishes to stretch his relieving beneficent hand. Though no returns in kind should be made, nay, though acts of generosity or friendship should meet with insensibility and ingratitude; the ardour of his liberal charity cannot be damped, or diverted from the honourable pursuits of goodness and mercy. BALFOUR.

* 5.—RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE A SOURCE OF CONSOLATION.
WITHOUT the belief and hope afforded by divine revelation, the circumstances of man are extremely forlorn. He finds

himself placed here as a stranger in a vast universe, where the powers and operations of nature are very imperfectly known ; where both the beginnings and issues of things are involved in mysterious darkness ; where he is unable to discover, with any certainty, whence he sprung, or for what purpose he was brought into this state of existence ; whether he be subjected to the government of a mild, or of a wrathful ruler ; what construction he is to put on many of the dispensations of his providence ; and what his fate is to be when he departs hence. What a disconsolate situation to a serious, inquiring mind ! The greater degree of virtue it possesses, its sensibility is likely to be the more oppressed by this burden of labouring thought. Even though it were in one's power to banish all uneasy thoughts, and to fill up the hours of life with perpetual amusement ; life so filled up would, upon reflection, appear poor and trivial. But these are far from being the terms upon which man is brought into this world. He is conscious that his being is frail and feeble ; he sees himself beset with various dangers, and is exposed to many a melancholy apprehension, from the evils which he may have to encounter, before he arrives at the close of life. In this distressed condition, to reveal to him such discoveries of the Supreme Being as the Christian religion affords, is to reveal to him a father and a friend ; is to let in a ray of the most cheering light upon the darkness of the human estate. He who was before a destitute orphan, wandering in the inhospitable desert, has now gained a shelter from the inclement blast. He now knows to whom to pray, and in whom to trust ; where to unbosom his sorrows ; and from what hand to look for relief.

Upon the approach of death, specially, when, if a man thinks at all, his anxiety about his future interests must naturally increase, the power of religious consolation is sensibly felt. Then appears, in the most striking light, the high value of the discoveries made by the Gospel ; not only life and immortality revealed, but a Mediator with God discovered, mercy proclaimed, through him, to the frailties of the penitent and the humble ; and his presence promised to be with them when they are passing through the valley of the shadow of death, in order to bring them safe into unseen habitations of rest and joy. Here is ground for their leaving the world with comfort and peace. But in his severe

and trying period, this labouring hour of nature, how shall the unhappy man support himself who knows, or believes not, the hope of religion? Secretly conscious to himself, that he has not acted his part as he ought to have done, the sins of his past life arise before him in sad remembrance. He wishes to exist after death, and yet dreads that existence. The Governor of the world is unknown. He cannot tell whether every endeavour to obtain his mercy may not be in vain. All is awful obscurity around him; and in the midst of endless doubts and perplexities, the trembling, reluctant soul, is forced away from the body. As the misfortunes of life must, to such a man, have been most oppressive; so its end is bitter: his sun sets in a dark cloud; and the night of death closes over his head, full of misery. BLAIR.

6.—ON THE ENLARGEMENT OF OUR INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

FROM the right exercise of our intellectual powers, arises one of the chief sources of our happiness. The light of the sun is not so pleasant to the eye, as the light of knowledge to the mind. The gratifications of sense yield but a delusive charm compared with the intellectual joys of which we are susceptible. But these intellectual joys, however refined, are at present much interrupted. However wide the extent of human knowledge, however deep the researches of human wisdom, still it must be confessed, that in this life our faculties are exceedingly limited, and our views exceedingly confined. Light to us is every where mixed with darkness. Wherever we cast our eyes, or turn our thoughts, we are reminded of our ignorance, are liable to perpetual mistakes; and often fall into them even in our wisest pursuits. But when the day of immortality dawns, all this shall vanish; the encumbrance of flesh and blood shall no longer grieve us, nor the thick shades of ignorance ever more surround us. The happy spirit emancipated, and having left the spoils of mortality behind it, shall be able to comprehend, fully and at once, all the truths and objects which now either come but very partially within, or entirely escape its observation.—Here we are only children, but in heaven we shall arrive at the manhood of our being: and

therefore we may justly infer, that the strength and vigour of our intellectual powers *then*, will surpass, at least, as much what they are *now*, as the reason and judgment of a man exceed those of a child. But however this may be, certain we are, that the faculties with which we are at present blessed, and which are essential to our nature, shall be to a wonderful degree invigorated and improved. They shall be capable of taking in far more copious views, and abundantly larger emanations of God's excellence, nay, of tracing the hidden springs of his mysterious operations.—The volumes of nature, of providence, and of redemption, shall be revealed: all the records both of time and eternity shall be opened and explained.—We already know, in some measure, the charms of novelty, and feel the delight which arises from the contemplation of objects new, grand, and beautiful. Let us imagine then, if we can, the pleasing sensations we shall experience, the high transports we shall feel, when other and unseen worlds shall be disclosed to our view, and all the glories of the celestial paradise beam on our wondering eyes.—Such a felicity, even in prospect, enlarges the mind, and fills it with emotions which, while it feels, it cannot express. And that our intellectual powers, in a future state, shall really be thus amazingly enlarged, is not a matter of mere conjecture; it is what experience, and reason, and revelation lend their combined aid to confirm.—Experience teaches us that activity is essential to mind, and necessary to true enjoyment.—Reason tells us, that the acquisition of knowledge, particularly that which respects the works and the ways of the Most High, is the noblest exercise in which the active powers of the mind can be employed, and a source of the most refined enjoyment of which an intellectual being is capable.—And to confirm the dictates of reason, revelation assures us, that “now we know only in part, but that hereafter that which is in part shall be done away;—~~this~~ now we see through a glass darkly; but that then we shall see God face to face, and know him even as also we are known.”—Blissful perfection! most amazing exaltation! While the men of the world walk in a yagishaw, and tire themselves in folly,—O! let us expatiate wide in the fields of wisdom, explore the traces of infinite Beauty, the impressions of celestial Majesty,—lose ourselves in the

depths of unutterable grace,—the knowledge of the adorable Jesus, and thus taste in time the pleasures of eternity.

SAVILE.

7.—ON A FUTURE STATE.

THE idea of another and a better world seems to be congenial to the human mind. It has been generally entertained in every age. The philosophers of ancient times, who had nothing but the dim light of nature to direct them, cherished the ennobling notion of immortal existence. Even the untutored savage, flatters himself with the pleasing prospect of being one day transported into happier regions, and anticipates the pleasure which he will there enjoy in the company of his fathers. All feel within themselves the pleasing hope, the fond desire, of immortality. But though Nature has given to all her children some conceptions of immortality, still it must be acknowledged that her information is far from proving satisfactory. Hence we find the most eminent sages of the heathen world, even while desiring and hoping for such a state, confessing themselves unable to demonstrate its existence.—Doubtful and insecure were all their prospects. While towards futurity they bent their longing eyes, a thick cloud, impenetrable by unassisted reason, intercepted their view. But from this state of painful anxiety we, in these latter days, are happily relieved. To us immortal life is clearly revealed,—more clearly than it was even to those ancient worthies to whom God graciously revealed himself and committed his oracles. During the dispensation under which they lived, the prospect of a better world was afforded them; but by dark and distant allusions. The city of God was seen only from afar:—its glory was obscured by intervening shades. But by the gospel these shades are dispelled; the Sun of Righteousness has arisen: eternal objects brighten: heaven, with all its glory, opens to our eyes.—There we behold the “righteous,”—those who are justified by grace, and devoted to the service of their Saviour, adorned with all the holiness, filled with all the happiness, and clothed with all the honour, which can be conferred upon their nature.—Here they are as a city set upon a hill: they are the light of the world;

but all this is not worthy to be named, when we think of what they shall be when they "shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."—There sin and pain shall never enter: old things shall have passed away, and all things have become new. The happiness here enjoyed shall have every thing to increase, and nothing to diminish its value. In its nature, it shall be full and satisfactory; and as to its duration, it shall be lasting as eternity.

· SAVILE.

8.—ON THE WORKS AND ATTRIBUTES OF THE ALMIGHTY.

CONTEMPLATE the great scenes of nature, and accustom yourselves to connect them with the perfections of God. All vast and unmeasurable objects are fitted to impress the soul with awe. The mountain which rises above the neighbouring hills, and hides its head in the sky—the sounding, unfathomed, boundless deep—the expanse of heaven, where above and around no limit checks the wondering eye—these objects fill and elevate the mind—they produce a solemn frame of spirit, which accords with the sentiment of religion.—From the contemplation of what is great and magnificent in nature, the soul rises to the Author of all. We think of the time which preceded the birth of the universe, when no being existed but God alone. While unnumbered systems arise in order before us, created by his power, arranged by his wisdom, and filled with his presence—the earth and the sea, with all that they contain, are hardly felt amid the immensity of his works. In the boundless subject the soul is lost. It is he who sitteth on the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers. He weigheth the mountains in scales. He taketh up the isles as a very little thing. Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him!

The face of nature is sometimes clothed with terror. The tempest overturns the cedars of Lebanon, or discloses the secrets of the deep. The pestilence wastes—the lightning consumes—the voice of the thunder is heard on high. Let these appearances be connected with the power of God. There are the awful ministers of his kingdom. The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble. Who would not fear thee,

O King of nations! By the greatness of thy power thine enemies are constrained to bow. • MOODIE.

9.—ON THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

PAUSE for a while, ye travellers on the earth, to contemplate the universe in which you dwell, and the glory of him who created it. What a scene of wonders is here presented to your view! If beheld with a religious eye, what a temple for the worship of the Almighty! The earth is spread out before you, reposing amidst the desolation of winter, or clad in the verdure of the spring—smiling in the beauty of summer, or loaded with autumnal fruit;—opening to an endless variety of beings the treasures of their Maker's goodness, and ministering subsistence and comfort to every creature that lives. The heavens, also, declare the glory of the Lord. The sun cometh forth from his chambers to scatter the shades of night—inviting you to the renewal of your labours—adorning the face of nature—and, as he advances to his meridian brightness, cherishing every herb and every flower that springeth from the bosom of the earth. Nor, when he retires again from your view, doth he leave the Creator without a witness. He only hides his own splendour for a while to disclose to you a more glorious scene—to show you the immensity of space filled with worlds unnumbered, that your imaginations may wander, without a limit, in the vast creation of God.

What a field is here opened for the exercise of every pious emotion! and how irresistibly do such contemplations as these awaken the sensibility of the soul! Here is infinite power to impress you with awe—here is infinite wisdom to fill you with admiration—here is infinite goodness to call forth your gratitude and love. The correspondence between these great objects and the affections of the human heart, is established by nature itself; and they need only to be placed before us, that every religious feeling may be excited.

MOODIE.

10.—OBEDIENCE TO THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD WILL BE REWARDED.

THE heathen unsupported by those prospects which the Gospel opens, might be supposed to have sunk under every

trial; yet, even among them was sometimes displayed an exalted virtue,—a virtue, which no interest, no danger, could shake; a virtue, which could triumph amidst tortures and death,—a virtue, which, rather than forfeit its conscientious integrity, could be content to resign its consciousness for ever. And shall not the Christian blush to repine? the Christian from before whom the veil is removed? to whose eyes are revealed the glories of heaven? Your indulgent Ruler doth not call you to run in vain, or to labour in vain.—Every difficulty, and every trial that occurs in your path, is a fresh opportunity presented by his kindness, of improving the happiness after which he hath taught you to aspire. By every hardship which you sustain in the wilderness, you secure an additional portion of the promised land. What though the combat be severe? A kingdom,—an everlasting kingdom, is the prize of victory. Look forward to the triumph which awaits you, and your courage will revive.—Fight the good fight, finish your course, keep the faith: there is laid up for you a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give unto you at that day. What though, in the navigation of life, you have sometimes to encounter the war of elements? What though the winds rage, though the waters roar, and danger threatens around? Behold at a distance, the mountains appear.—Your friends are impatient for your arrival; already the feast is prepared, and the rage of the storm shall serve only to waft you sooner to the haven of rest.—No tempests assail those blissful regions which approach to view—all is peaceful and serene;—there you shall enjoy eternal comfort—and the recollection of the hardships which you now encounter shall heighten the felicity of better days.

MOODIE.

11.—THE BIRTH OF THE SAVIOUR ANNOUNCED.

When the Saviour of mankind was born in Judea, his birth was attended with no external splendour which could mark him out as the promised Messiah. The business of life was proceeding in its usual train. The princes of the world were pursuing their plans of ambition and vanity. The chief priests and the scribes, the interpreters of revelation.

were amusing the multitude with idle traditions. Jesus lay neglected in the stable of Bethlehem ; and the first rays of the Sun of Righteousness beamed unnoticed on the earth. But the host of heaven were deeply interested in this great event. They contemplated, with pleasure, the blessings which were about to be dispensed to men ; and from their high abode a messenger descended to announce the dawn of that glorious day, which the prophets had seen from afar, and were glad. The persons to whom these tidings of joy were first proclaimed, were not such, indeed, as the world would have reckoned worthy of so high a pre-eminence. They were not the wise, the rich, or the powerful of the earth. That which is highly esteemed among men, is often of little value in the sight of God. The rich and the poor are alike to him. He prefers the simplicity of a candid mind to all those artificial accomplishments which attract the admiration of the giddy multitude. It was to the shepherds of Bethlehem that the angel appeared,—to men obscure and undistinguished among their brethren, who, in the silence of the night, were following the duties of their peaceful occupation, far from the vices of courts, and the prejudices of the synagogue. But the manner in which the birth of the Messiah was announced, was suited to the dignity of so great an occasion. At midnight, these shepherds were tending their flocks, and all was dark and still in the fields of Bethlehem ; when, on a sudden, a light from heaven filled the plain, and the angel of the Lord stood revealed before them. So unusual an appearance struck them with awe : they knew not with what tidings this messenger might be charged. But the voice of the angel soon quieted their fears : it was a message of mercy with which he was intrusted. Behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.

MOODIE.

12.—THE TRUTH FREES US FROM THE SLAVISH FEAR OF DEATH.

From the bondage of 'fear', Christ has made his followers free. By making an atonement for their sins, he has dis-

armed death of his sting'; and by rising as the first fruits of them that sleep', he has secured to us the victory over the grave'. Discovering the reality' of a future world, and revealing its connexion with the present', he hath elevated our aims above the region of mortality', and given a new' aspect and importance to the events which befall us on earth'. Its joys lose their power to dazzle and seduce', when viewed through the glory that remains to be revealed'. Its employments cease to be a burden', because we see them leading to an endless recompense of reward'. And even its sorrows', can no longer overwhelm us' because, when compared with the whole' of our duration, they last but for a moment', and are the means appointed by our Father' to prepare us for our future' inheritance. How cheering' are these considerations under the severest trials to which we are exposed'! From how many perplexing', anxious', enslaving' terrors have they set us free'! What' is it, O child of sorrow, what is it that now wrings thy heart', and binds thee in sadness to the ground'? Whatever' it be, if thou knowest the truth', the truth shall give thee relief'. Have the terrors of guilt' taken hold of thee? Dost thou go all the day long mourning for thy iniquities', refusing to be comforted'? And on thy bed at night do visions of remorse' disturb thy rest, and haunt thee with the fears of a judgment' to come? Behold the Redeemer' hath borne thy sins in his own body on the tree'; and, if thou art willing to forsake' them, thou knowest with certainty that they shall not be remembered' in the judgment' against thee. Hast thou, with weeping' eyes, committed to the grave the child of thy affections', the virtuous friend of thy youth', or the tender partner whose pious attachment lightened the load of life'? Behold they are not dead. Thou knowest that they live in a better' region with their Saviour' and their God'; that still thou holdest thy place in their remembrance'; and that thou shalt soon meet' them again to part no more'. Dost thou look forward with trembling to the days of darkness that are to fall on thyself', when thou shalt lie on the bed of sickness', when thy pulse shall have become low'—when the cold damps' have gathered on thy brow—and the mournful looks of thy attendants have told thee that the hour of departure' has come? To the mere natural' man this

scene is awful and alarming. But if thou art a Christian—
—if thou knowest and obeyest the truth, thou needest fear
no evil. The shadows which hang over the valley of death
shall retire at thy approach; and thou shalt see beyond it
the spirits of the just, and an innumerable company of an-
gels, the future companions of thy bliss, bending from their
thrones to cheer thy departing soul, and to welcome thee
into everlasting habitations. Why then should slavish ter-
rors of the future disquiet thy soul in the days of this vain
life which passeth away like a shadow? The gospel hath
not given thee the spirit of fear, but of confidence and joy.
Even now there is no condemnation to them who are in
Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the
spirit: and when they die, (a voice from Heaven hath
proclaimed it) “Blessed are the dead, which die in the
Lord, from henceforth;” yea, saith the Spirit, that they
may rest from their labours, and their works do follow
them.”

FINLAYSON.

13.—ON THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

THE hope of immortality has been common to all the na-
tions of the earth. It is encouraged by the instincts of na-
ture, and supported by the deductions of reason. At the
same time we must observe, that the hope which rests on
these foundations is feeble and unsteady. Futurity is co-
vered with a thick veil, through which the eye of mortals
can scarcely penetrate. So dim indeed is our natural pros-
pect into the country beyond the grave, that we are unable
to distinguish the condition and employment of its inhabit-
ants. We are even perplexed, at times, with the discour-
aging thought that the scene which we paint to ourselves
may be nothing but a vision, which exists only in the de-
lusions of the fancy, and which the hand of death will dis-
sipate for ever.

The gospel, however, has lifted up the veil which covered
fatality from mortal eyes, and given us a clearer view of
the land of spirits. It has given us a complete assurance
that this land has a real existence; that the condition of its
inhabitants will be determined by the nature of their con-

duct in the present probationary state ; that, if they have been good, they shall be raised to a pure, and glorious, and delightful society ; that their employments shall be the most honourable and improving, and that their happiness shall be without interruption, and without end.

This information the gospel conveys to us both by explicit declarations and by symbolical representation. And besides these methods of instruction, the three apostles on the Mount of Transfiguration received a transient, but direct view of the celestial glory. They were introduced to the spirits of departed saints ; witnessed the perfection to which these spirits were now exalted ; and felt, in the influence of the scene around them, a passing foretaste of the happiness of heaven. Their feeble frame was overpowered by the rapturous emotions which it produced ; and in an ecstasy of joy they exclaimed, " It is good for us to be here !"

FINLAYSON.

14.—THE DEPARTED SPIRITS OF THE JUST ARE SPECTATORS OF OUR CONDUCT ON EARTH.

FROM what happened on the Mount of Transfiguration, we may infer not only that the separated spirits of good men live and act, and enjoy happiness, but that they take some interest in the business of this world, and even that their interest in it has a connexion with the pursuits and habits of their former life. The virtuous cares which occupied them on earth follow them into their new abode. Moses and Elias had spent the days of their temporal pilgrimage in promoting among their brethren the knowledge and the worship of the true God. They are still attentive to the same great object ; and, enraptured at the prospect of its advancement, they descend on this occasion to animate the labours of Jesus, and to prepare him for his victory over the powers of hell.

What a delightful subject of contemplation does this reflection open to the pious and benevolent mind ! what a spring does it give to all the better energies of the heart ! Your labours of love, your plans of beneficence, your swellings of satisfaction in the rising reputation of those whose virtues you have cherished, will not, we have reason to hope,

be terminated by the stroke of death. No! your spirits will still linger around the objects of their former attachment. They will behold with rapture even the distant effects of those beneficent institutions which they once delighted to rear; they will watch with a pious satisfaction over the growing prosperity of the country which they loved; with a parent's fondness, and a parent's exultation, they will share in the fame of their virtuous posterity; and, by the permission of God, they may descend at times as guardian angels, to shield them from danger, and to conduct them to glory.

Of all the thoughts that can enter the human mind, this is one of the most animating and consolatory. It scatters flowers around the bed of death. It enables us who are left behind, to support with firmness the departure of our best beloved friends; because it teaches us that they are not lost to us for ever. They are still our friends. Though they be now gone to another apartment in our Father's house, they have carried with them the remembrance and the feeling of their former attachments. Though invisible to us, they bend from their dwelling on high to cheer us in our pilgrimage of duty, to rejoice with us in our prosperity, and, in the hour of virtuous exertion, to shed through our souls the blessedness of heaven.

FINLAYSON.

15.—THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

THE hour in which our Saviour fell was an hour of terror, as well as an hour of love. Offended by iniquity, the Most High had risen on his throne: his right hand, red with vengeance, was lifted up to strike; and when the sword descended on the head of his beloved Son, all nature trembled in dismay. "There was darkness over the land, the rocks were rent, the veil of the temple was divided in the midst, the earth quaked, the people smote upon their breasts and returned." These were the awful signs of wrath; and though that wrath be averted in mercy from the penitent, it is still reserved in all its horrors for the hardened worker of iniquity. For him "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment, and of fiery indignation to devour the adversaries." Let the prospect of this indignation operate on our minds, and mingle

its influence with the gentler and more attractive influence of love, that we may abstain from all iniquity, and "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord."

FINLAYSON.

16.—ON CONTINUANCE IN WELL-DOING.

IN the path to glory, Christians, you are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, who are at once the spectators and the examples of your virtue. Look back to the saints recorded in the page of Scripture, and behold their patience in suffering, their steadfastness in the cause of God, and of their country, and their triumphant opposition to all the powers of iniquity. "Time would fail me to tell of all the patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, out of weakness were made strong, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Look to the glorious band of martyrs, and to the innumerable multitudes who, in every succeeding age, have held fast their integrity, and, amid all the corruptions of the times, have been witnesses for virtue and for God. Contemplate the ardour of their zeal, the warmth of their beneficence, the firmness of their resolution, and their invincible attachment to their duty; and you will feel a portion of their spirit rising in your bosom. For why should we despair of attaining the perfection which they have reached before us? We endure no trials to which they were not exposed, and we possess the same means of resistance and of victory. They trembled, like us, in the days of their pilgrimage: like us, they maintained a double conflict with the powers of sin: they advanced to the combat in much weakness and fear: but they resolved to conquer, and have marked with their footsteps the path in which we are called to struggle and overcome. Behold them now, all their labours past, in quiet possession of the prize, with crowns of glory on their heads, and palms of victory in their hands, singing hallelujahs to him who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever. Animated by this glorious prospect, "lift up the hands which hang down;" meet with courage the difficulties of your trial; resolve to reach the perfection you contemplate; and let nothing seduce you from your steadfastness.

FINLAYSON.

17.—ON THE GENERAL FAST, 1803, WHEN THE EXPECTATION OF INVASION WAS UNIVERSAL.

IN the mighty designs of Providence, the same valour which is called to defend our land, is the great means by which we can relieve the sufferings of the world around us. Amid that wreck which we have witnessed of social welfare—amid the dethronement of kings, and the subjugation of kingdoms,—amid the trembling neutrality of some, and the silent servility of others,—this country alone hath remained independent and undismayed,—and it is upon the valour of our arms, that Europe now reposes its last hope of returning liberty, and restored honour. Among the nations which surround us, whom either the force of the enemy has subdued, or their power intimidated, there is not one virtuous bosom that does not throb for our success,—the prayers of millions will follow our banners into the field, and the arm of the soldier will be blessed by innumerable voices, which can never reach his ear. If we fail,—if the ancient prowess and intrepidity of our people is gone,—there is then a long close to all the hopes and all the honours of humanity ; over the fairest portion of the civilized earth, the tide of military despotism will roll, and bury, in its sanguinary flood, alike the monuments of former greatness, and the promises of future glory. But,—if we prevail ; if the hearts of our people are exalted to the sublimity of the contest ; the mighty spell which has enthralled the world will be broken,—the spirit of nature and of liberty will rekindle :—and the same blow which prostrates the enemy of our land, will burst the fetters of nations, and set free the energies of an injured world.

The historian of future times, when he meditates on the affairs of men, will select for his fairest theme the record of our country ; and he will say,—Such is the glory of nations, when it is founded on virtue, when they scorn the vulgar “ devices of the human heart,” and follow only the “ counsel of the Lord ;” when they act from the high ambition of being the ministers of that “ Ancient of Days,” whose “ judgment is set” in nature, and before whom the “ books of the universe are open.”

• There is yet, in such hours, a greater consideration. If

there be something inexpressibly animating in seeing our country as the instrument of Heaven in the restoration of happiness to mankind ; if to us be given the sublime charge, of at once defending our own land, and guiding the destinies of human nature,—there is something also equally solemn in the remembrance of the duties which so high a commission involves. And there is an instinct which must teach all, that of our conduct in these trying hours we are finally to render an account. It is this exalted prospect which ought ever to be present to us, in the seasons of difficulty and alarm. It is now, in the midst of wars, and the desolation of nations, that we ought to fortify our hearts at the shrine of religion. It is now that we are to weigh the duties which are demanded of us by Heaven and earth ; and to consider whether, in that last day, we are to appear as cowards to our country and our faith, and as purchasing an inglorious safety, by the sacrifice of every duty, and every honour of man,—or as the friends of order, of liberty, and of religion, and allied to those glorious spirits who have been the servants of God, and the benefactors of mankind. Over the conflict which is to ensue, let it never be forgotten, that greater eyes than those of man will be present ; and let every man that draws the sword of defence remember that he is not only defending the liberties of his country, but the laws of his God.

Let, then, the young and the brave of our people go forth, with hearts inaccessible to fear, and undoubting of their cause. Let them look back into time, and see the shades of their ancestors rising before them, and exhorting them to the combat. Let them look around them, and see a subjugated world the witnesses of their contest, and the partners in their success. Let them look forward into futurity, and see posterity prostrated before them, and all the honours and happiness of man dependent upon the firmness of their hearts, and the vigour of their arms. Yes ! let them go forth, and pour around our isle a living barrier to injustice and ambition : and, when that tide of anarchy which has overflowed the world rolls its last waves to our shores, let them show to the foe as impenetrable a front, as the rocks of our land to the storms of the ocean.

ALISON.

18.—THE PROMISES OF RELIGION TO THE YOUNG.

IN every part of Scripture, it is remarkable with what singular tenderness the season of youth is always mentioned, and what hopes are afforded to the devotion of the young. It was at that age, that God appeared unto Moses when he fed his flock in the desert, and called him to the command of his own people.—It was at that age he visited the infant Samuel, while he ministered in the temple of the Lord, “in days when the word of the Lord was precious, and when there was no open vision.” It was at that age that his spirit fell upon David, while he was yet the youngest of his father’s sons, and when among the mountains of Bethlehem he fed his father’s sheep.—It was at that age, also, “that they brought young children unto Christ that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them: But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said to them, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

If these, then, are the effects and promises of youthful piety, rejoice, O young man, in thy youth!—rejoice in those days which are never to return. When religion comes to thee in all its charms, and when the God of Nature reveals himself to thy soul, like the mild radiance of the morning sun, when he rises amid the blessings of a grateful world. If already devotion hath taught thee her secret pleasures;—if, when Nature meets thee in all its magnificence or beauty, thy heart humbleth itself in adoration before the hand which made it, and rejoiceth in the contemplation of the wisdom by which it is maintained;—if, when revelation unveils her mercies, and the Son of God comes forth to give peace and hope to fallen man, thine eye follows with astonishment the glories of his path, and pours at last over his cross those pious tears which it is a delight to shed;—if thy soul accompanieth him in his triumph over the grave, and entereth on the wings of faith into that Heaven “where he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on High,” and seeketh the “society of angels and of the spirits of just men made perfect,” and listeneth to the “everlasting song which is sung before the throne:”—If such are the meditations in which thy youthful hours are passed, renounce

not, for all that life can offer thee in exchange, these solitary joys. The world which is before thee,—the world which thine imagination paints in such brightness,—has no pleasures to bestow which can compare with these. And all that its boasted wisdom can produce, has nothing so acceptable in the sight of Heaven, as this pure offering of thy infant soul.

In these days, “the Lord himself is thy shepherd, and thou dost not want. Amid the green pastures, and by the still waters” of youth, he now makes “thy soul to repose.” But the years draw nigh, when life shall call thee to its trials; the evil days are on the wing, when “thou shalt say thou hast no pleasure in them;” and, as thy steps advance, “the valley of the shadow of death opens,” through which thou must pass at last. It is then thou shalt know what it is to “remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.” In these days of trial or of awe, “his spirit shall be with you,” and thou shalt fear no ill; and, amid every evil which surrounds you, “he shall restore thy soul.—His goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life;” and when at last “the silver cord is loosed, thy spirit shall return to the God who gave it, and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.”

ALISON.

19.—ON AUTUMN.

LET the young go out, in these hours, under the descending sun of the year, into the fields of nature. Their hearts are now ardent with hope,—with the hopes of fame, of honour, or of happiness; and in the long perspective which is before them, their imagination creates a world where all may be enjoyed. Let the scenes which they now may witness, moderate, but not extinguish their ambition:—while they see the yearly desolation of nature, let them see it as the emblem of mortal hope:—while they feel the disproportion between the powers they possess, and the time they are to be employed, let them carry their ambitious eye beyond the world;—and while, in these sacred solitudes, a voice in their own bosom corresponds to the voice of decaying nature, let them take that high decision which becomes those who feel themselves the inhabitants of a greater world, and who look to a being incapable of decay.

Let the busy and the active go out, and pause for a time amid the scenes which surround them, and learn the high lesson which nature teaches in the hours of its fall. They are now ardent with all the desires of mortality ;—and fame, and interest, and pleasure, are displaying to them their shadowy promises :—and, in the vulgar race of life, many weak and many worthless passions are too naturally engendered. Let them withdraw themselves for a time from the agitations of the world ;—let them mark the desolation of summer, and listen to the winds of winter, which begin to murmur above their heads. It is a scene which, with all its power, has yet no reproach ;—it tells them, that such is also the fate to which they must come ;—that the pulse of passion must one day beat low ;—that the illusions of time must pass ;—and “ that the spirit must return to Him who gave it.” It reminds them, with gentle voice, of that innocence in which life was begun, and for which no propensity of vice can make any compensation ;—and that angel who is one day to stand upon the earth, and to “ swear that time shall be no more,” seems now to whisper to them, amid the hollow winds of the year, what manner of men ought they to be, who must meet that decisive hour.

There is an even-tide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous ; and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone, and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

If it be thus, you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of nature, it brings with it consolation more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. In the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen every day the shades

of the evening fall, and every year the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and in every succeeding year the spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven,—it mingles its voice with that of revelation,—it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation: and, while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those “green pastures, and those still waters,” where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

ALISON.

SPECIMENS

OF

MODERN ELOQUENCE.

I.—FUNERAL EULOGIUM ON DR FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN is dead.—The genius who freed America, and poured a copious stream of knowledge throughout Europe, is returned into the bosom of the Divinity.

The sage to whom two worlds lay claim, the man for whom science and politics are disputing, indisputably enjoyed an elevated rank in human nature.

The cabinets of princes have been long in the habit of notifying the death of those who were great only in their funeral orations. Long hath the etiquette of courts proclaimed the mourning of hypocrisy. Nations should wear mourning for none but their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to public homage, only those who have been the heroes of humanity.

The congress of America hath ordered, in the fourteen confederate states, a mourning of two months for the death

of Benjamin Franklin; and America is at this moment paying that tribute of veneration to one of the fathers of her constitution.

Were it not worthy of us, gentlemen, to join in the same religious act, to pay our share of that homage now rendered in the sight of the universe, at once to the rights of man, and to the philosopher who most contributed to extend the conquest of liberty over the face of the whole earth?

Antiquity would have raised altars to that vast and mighty genius, who, for the advantage of human kind, embracing earth and heaven in his ideas, *could tame the rage of thunder and of despotism*. France, enlightened and free, owes at least some testimony of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who ever served the cause of philosophy and of liberty.

MIRABEAU.

2.—GENERAL WOLFE TO HIS ARMY.

I CONGRATULATE you, my brave countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have executed this important part of our enterprise. The formidable heights of Abraham are now surmounted, and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in view before us. A perfidious enemy, who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or entrenchments to shelter them.

You know too well the forces which compose their army to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who, when fresh, were unable to withstand British soldiers, are their general's chief dependence. Those numerous companies of Canadians, insolent, mutinous, unsteady, and ill-disciplined, have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and as soon as their irregular ardour is damped by our firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs, and give you no farther trouble but in the pursuit. As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forest have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with the tomahawk and scalping-knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity

is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground ; you will now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a siege, which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valour must gain over such enemies, I have led you up to these steep and dangerous rocks ; only solicitous to show you the foe within your reach. The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die : and believe me, my friends, if your conquest could be bought with the blood of your general, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.

AIKIN.

3.—SPEECH OF MR HORACE WALPOLE, 1740, IN RETROOF
OF MR PITT.

SIR,—I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate, while it was carried on with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred answering the gentleman, who declaimed against the bill with such fluency and rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture ; who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed, with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and their ignorance.—Nor, Sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose, than to remind him how little the clamour of rage and petulancy of invective contribute to the end for which this assembly is called together ; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established, by pompous diction and theatrical emotion.

Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and unexperienced ; and perhaps the gentleman may have con-

tracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments.

If the heat of his temper, Sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to reason rather than declaim; and to prefer justness of argument and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets, and splendid superlatives; which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind. He would learn, Sir, that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory, are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of administration,) to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

4.—MR PITT'S REPLY.

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults.

Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation, who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, Sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.—A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language: and though I may perhaps have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings with it one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I *had* acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery.—I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

5.—LORD LYTTLETON'S SPEECH ON THE REPEAL OF THE ACT CALLED THE JEW BILL, A. D. 1753.

SIR,—It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his Majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a

settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted pleasures, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fear into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. The most impious wars ever made were those called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself not a Christian. Christianity, Sir, breathes love, and peace, and good-will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing Jews, has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

Sir, I trust and believe that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they should not lose that respect which is so justly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But if the departing from that measure should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and, there-

fore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakness in government: it might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorise it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the antichristian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is entrained, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care that they may never return.

6.—SIR JOHN ST AUBIN'S SPEECH FOR REPEALING THE
SEPTENNIAL ACT.

MR SPEAKER,—I am aware it may be said, that frequent new parliaments will produce frequent new expenses; but I think quite the contrary: I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy against the evils of bribery at elections, especially as you have provided so wholesome a law to co-operate upon these occasions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it arise? Not from country gentlemen; for they are sure of being chosen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt ministers, who have from time to time led weak princes into such destructive measures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural representation of the people. Long parliaments, Sir, first introduced bribery, because they were worth pur-

chasing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to serve, are unable to oppose it, especially if at any time the public treasure shall be unfaithfully squandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make some weak efforts, but as they generally prove unsuccessful, and the time of a fresh struggle is at so great a distance, they at last grow faint in the dispute, give up their country for lost, and retire in despair; despair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper disposition for slavery.—Ministers of state understand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections. They know that the spirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by constant action: that it is impossible to enslave this nation, while it is perpetually upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themselves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raise that zeal and spirit, which will at last get the better of those undue influences by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the several boroughs, have been able to supplant country gentlemen of great character and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood.—I do not say this upon idle speculation only: I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the House, to more out of it, (and who are so for this very reason) for the truth of my assertion. Sir, it is a sore which has been long eating into the most vital part of our constitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom. For if a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs, if he should keep a register of them in his closet, and, by sending down his treasury mandates, should procure a spurious representation of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and justify the most contradictory measures of his administration, and even to vote every crude indigested dream of their patron into law; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of parliamentary trust, by giving the king a discretionary liberty of taxing the people

without limitation or control; the last fatal compliment they can pay to the crown;—if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them.

Our disease, I fear, is of a complicated nature; and I think that this motion is wisely intended to remove the first and principal disorder. Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will restore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our constitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot express a greater zeal for his Majesty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this House, than by seconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

7.—PART OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLÉ'S REPLY.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were possible to influence, by such base means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain to choose such men as would probably give up their liberties, if it were possible to influence, by such means, a majority of the members of this House to consent to the establishment of arbitrary power, I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other side were just, and their inference true; but I am persuaded that neither of these is possible. As the members of this house generally are, and must always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it possible to suppose, that any one of them could, by a pension or a post, be influenced to consent to the overthrow of our constitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that, with respect to bribery, the price must be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it must likewise be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the spirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think them-

selves in any danger, there may be many of the electors who, by a bribe of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper spirit would, without doubt, arise in the nation; and in such a case, I am persuaded, that none, or very few, even of such electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate: no, not for ten times the sum.

There may, Sir, be some bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be some: but it is no proof of it, that strangers are sometimes chosen; for a gentleman may have so much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to choose any person he pleases to recommend; and if upon such recommendation they choose one or two of his friends, who are perhaps strangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred, that the two strangers were chosen their representatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To insinuate, Sir, that money may be issued from the public treasury for bribing elections, is really something very extraordinary, especially in those gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every shilling that can be issued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in ~~one~~ year for the public service of the nation, must always be accounted for the very next session, in this House, and likewise in the other, if they have a mind to call for any such account. And as to the gentlemen in office, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having something else to depend on besides their own private fortunes, they have likewise many disadvantages; they are obliged to live here in London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expense than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country: this lays them under a very great disadvantage, with respect to the supporting of their interest in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchasing the necessaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correspondence with them, without putting himself to any extraordinary charge; whereas a gentleman who lives in London has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correspondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a-

year, at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other business: so that we may conclude, a gentleman in office cannot, even in seven years, save much for distributing in ready money, at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly inquired into, it would appear, that the gentlemen in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other set of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often raising among the people without any just cause, is what I am surprised to hear controverted, since very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation towards the latter end of the late queen's reign? And it is well known what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at least confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation soon after his late Majesty's accession? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have had as fatal effects as the former; but, Sir, this was wisely provided against by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

As such ferments may hereafter often happen, I must think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reason, as far as I can see at present, I shall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the septennial bill.

8.—MR PULTENEY'S SPEECH ON THE MOTION FOR REDUCING THE ARMY.

SIR,—We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I always have been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing; whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle. The na-

tions around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means: by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties; it is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe *they* would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command: they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men, we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? *The* army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet *that* army enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on; by the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander; he must not consult his own inclinations: if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this House, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the Court of Request, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this House; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby; but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in this House, or in any House of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an English House of Commons, and from an English army: not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very House of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of parliament will always be submissive to them; if any army be so numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the parliament, they will be submissive as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general; but when that case happens, I am afraid that in place of the parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that parliament, or of that army, alter the case; for, with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the parliament dismissed by them was a legal parliament; they were an army raised and maintained according to law, and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Protestant succession, must be for continuing the army: for that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the Protestant succession in his Majesty's most illustrious House, nor any succession, can ever be safe, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary succession. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them wanted by the army, without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobbler, a gardeacer, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim, or mad frenzy of the soldiers?

We are told this army is desired to be continued, but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction! Is there any army in the world

continued for any term of years? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, where will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke? We are come to the *Rubicon*; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will: from his Majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad, we know there is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

3.—SPEECH OF LORD CHATHAM, IN THE HOUSE OF PEERS,
AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR, AND AGAINST EMPLOYING
THE INDIANS IN IT.

I CANNOT, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it: and display in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor as to do her reverence;—The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted

against us, supplied with every military store have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do nothing and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the *worst*. but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to over-run them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms. —*Never, never, never!*—

But, my Lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgrace and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife* of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my Lord, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means, which God and nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of ‘this

House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and nature, that noble Lord may entertain. I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that Right Reverend, and this most Learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the *genius of the constitution*. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties, and Inquisitorial practices, are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—your Protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these *horrible hounds of war*! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure, the indelible stigma of the Public Abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify

the country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have slept less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

10.—SPEECH OF THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, FEBRUARY 22, 1740, ON THE PENSION-BILL.

MY LORDS,—It is now so late, and so much has been said in favour of the motion for the second reading of the pension bill, by Lords much abler than I am, that I shall detain you but a very short while with what I have to say upon the subject. It has been said by a noble duke, that this bill can be looked on only as a bill for preventing a grievance that is foreseen, and not as a bill for remedying a grievance that is already felt; because it is not asserted, nor so much as insinuated, in the preamble of the bill, that any corrupt practices are now made use of, for gaining an undue influence over the other House. My Lords, this was the very reason for bringing in the bill. They could not assert, that any such practices are now made use of, without a proof, and the means for coming at this proof, is what they want, and what they propose to get by this bill. They suspect there are such practices, but they cannot prove it. The crime is of such a secret nature, that it can very seldom be proved by witnesses; and, therefore, they want to put it to the trial, at least, of being proved by the oath of one of the parties; which is a method often taken in cases that can admit of no other proof. This is, therefore, no argument of the grievance not being felt; for a man may very sensibly feel a grievance, and yet may not be able to prove it. That there is a suspicion of some such practices being now made use of, or that they will be made use of, the many remonstrances from all parts of the united kingdom are a sufficient proof. That this suspicion has crept into the other House, their having so frequently sent up this bill is a manifest demonstration, and a strong argument for its being necessary to have some such bill passed into a law. The other House

must be allowed to be better judges of what passes, or must pass, within their own walls, than we can pretend to be. It is evident, they suspect that corrupt practices have been, or soon may be, made use of, for gaining an undue influence over some of their measures; and they have calculated this bill for curing the evil if it is felt, for preventing it if it is only foreseen. That any such practices have actually been made use of, or are now made use of, is what I shall not pretend to affirm; but I am sure I shall not affirm the contrary. If any such are to be made use of, I will, with confidence, vindicate his Majesty. I am sure he knows nothing of them. I am sure he will disdain to suffer them, but I cannot pass such a compliment upon his ministers, nor upon any set of ministers that ever was or ever will be, in this nation; and, therefore, I think I cannot more faithfully, more effectually, serve his present Majesty, as well as his successors, than by putting it out of the power of ministers to gain any corrupt influence over either House of Parliament. Such an attempt may be necessary for the security of the minister; but never can be necessary for, must always be inconsistent with, the security of his master; and the more necessary it is for the minister's security, the more inconsistent it will always be with the king's, and the more dangerous to the liberties of the nation.

To pretend, my Lords, that this bill diminishes, or any way encroaches upon the prerogative, is something very strange. What prerogative, my Lords? Has the crown a prerogative to bribe; to infringe the law by sending its pensioners into the other House? To say so is destroying the credit, the authority of the crown, under the pretence of supporting its prerogative. If his Majesty knew that any man received a pension from him, or any thing like a pension, and yet kept his seat in the other House, he would himself declare it, or withdraw his pension, because he knows it is against law. This bill, therefore, no way diminishes or encroaches upon the prerogatives of the crown, which can never be exercised but for the public good. It diminishes only the prerogatives usurped by ministers, which are never exercised but for its destruction. The crown may still reward merit in the proper way, that is, openly. The bill is intended, and can operate only against

clandestine rewards or gratuities given by ministers. These are scandalous, and never were, nor will be, given, but for scandalous services.

It is very remarkable, my Lords, it is even diverting, to see such a squeamishness about perjury upon this occasion, amongst those, who, upon other occasions, have invented and enacted multitudes of oaths, to be taken by men who are under great temptations, from their private interest, to be guilty of perjury. Is not this the case of almost every oath that relates to the collection of the public revenue, or to the exercise of any office? Is not this perjury one of the chief objections made by the dissenters against the Test and Corporation Act? And shall we shew a less concern for the preservation of our constitution, than for the preservation of our church? The Reverend Bench should be cautious of making use of this argument; for if they will not allow us an oath for the preservation of the former, it may induce many people to think they ought not to be allowed an oath for the preservation of the latter.

By this time, I hope, my Lords, all the inconveniences pretended to arise from this bill have vanished; and, therefore, I shall consider some of the arguments brought to shew that it is not necessary. Here I must observe, that most of the arguments made use of for this purpose, are equally strong for a repeal of the laws we have already in being, against admitting pensioners to sit and vote in the other House. If 't be impossible to suppose, that a gentleman of great estate and ancient family can, by a pension, be influenced to do what he ought not to do; and if we must suppose, that none but such gentlemen can ever get into the other House, I am sure the laws for preventing pensioners from having seats in that House are quite unnecessary, and ought to be repealed. Therefore, if these arguments prevail with your Lordships to put a negative upon the present question, I shall expect to see that negative followed by a motion for the repeal of those laws; nay, in a few sessions, I shall expect to see a bill brought in for preventing any man's being a member of the other House but such as have some place or pension under the crown. As an argument for such a bill, it might be said, that his Majesty's most faithful subjects ought to be chosen Members of Parliament, and

that those gentlemen will always be most faithful to the king that receive the king's money. I shall grant, my Lords, that such gentlemen will be always the most faithful, and the most obedient to the ministers; but for this very reason, I should be for excluding them from Parliament. The king's real interest, however much he may be made by his ministers to mistake it, must always be the same with his people's; but the minister's interest is generally distinct from, and often contrary to both; therefore, I shall always be for excluding as much as possible, from Parliament, every man who is under the least inducement to prefer the interest of the minister to that of both king and people; and this I take to be the case of every gentleman, let his estate and family be what they will, that holds a pension at the will of the minister.

Those who say, they depend so much upon the honour, integrity, and impartiality of men of family and fortune, seem to think our constitution can never be dissolved as long as we have the shadow of a Parliament. My opinion, my Lords, is so very different, that if ever our constitution be dissolved, if ever an absolute monarchy be established in this kingdom, I am convinced, it will be under that shadow. Our constitution consists in the two Houses of Parliament being a check upon the crown, as well as upon one another. If that check should ever be removed, if the crown should, by corrupt means, by places, by pensions, and bribes, get the absolute direction of our two houses of Parliament, our constitution will, from that moment, be destroyed. There would be no occasion for the crown to proceed any further. It would be ridiculous to lay aside the forms of Parliament; for under the shadow our king would be more absolute, and might govern more arbitrarily, than he could do without it. A gentleman of family and fortune would not, perhaps, for the sake of a pension, agree to lay aside the forms of government; because, by his venal service there, he earns his infamous pension, and could not expect the continuance of it if these forms were laid aside; but a gentleman of family and fortune may, for the sake of a pension, whilst he is in Parliament, approve of the most blundering measure, consent to the most excessive and useless grants, enact the most oppressive laws, pass the most villanous accounts, acquit

the most heinous criminals, and condemn the most innocent persons, at the desire of that minister who pays him his pension. And if a majority of such House of Parliament consisted of such men, would it not be ridiculous in us to talk of our constitution, or to say we had any liberty left? This misfortune, this terrible condition, we may be reduced to by corruption: as brave, as free a people as we, the Romans, were reduced to it by the same means; and to prevent such a horrid catastrophe, is the design of this bill.

If people would at all think, if they would consider the consequences of corruption, there would be no occasion, my Lords, for making laws against it. It would appear so horrible, that no man would allow it to approach him. The corrupted ought to consider that they do not sell their vote, or their country only: these, perhaps, they may disregard; but they sell likewise themselves: they become the bond slaves of the corrupter, who corrupts them, not for their sakes, but for his own. No man ever corrupted another for the sake of doing him a service. And, therefore, if people would but consider, they would always reject the offer with disdain. But this is not to be expected. The histories of all countries, the history even of our own country, shews it is not to be depended on. The proffered bribe, people think, will satisfy the immediate cravings of some infamous appetite; and this makes them swallow the alluring bait, though the liberties of their country, the happiness of their posterity, and even their own liberty evidently depend upon their refusing it. This makes it necessary, in every free state, to contrive, if possible, effectual laws against corruption: and, as the laws we now have for excluding pensioners from the other House, are allowed to be ineffectual, we ought to make a trial, at least, of the remedy now proposed; for, though it should prove ineffectual, it will be attended with this advantage, that it will put us upon contriving some other remedy that may be effectual; and the sooner such a remedy is contrived and applied, the less danger we shall be exposed to of falling into the fatal distemper, from which no free state, where it has once become general, has ever yet recovered.

SPECIMENS

OF

ANCIENT ELOQUENCE.

1.—THE SPEECH OF A ROMAN OFFICER TO HIS SOLDIERS.

ROME was taken by Totila'. One of our brave officers', whose name was Paul', had sallied out of the city at the head of a small party', and entrenched himself on the eminence', where he was surrounded by the enemy'. Famine', it was not doubted, would soon reduce him to the necessity of surrendering'; and, in fact', he was in want of every' thing. In this exigence', he addressed himself to his soldiers':—"My friends'," said he, "we must either perish', or survive in slavery'. You', I know, will not hesitate' about the choice: but it is not enough to perish', we must perish nobly'. The coward may resign himself to be consumed by famine', he may linger in misery', and wait, in a dispirited condition, for the friendly hand of death'. But we', who have been schooled and educated in the field of battle', we are not now' to learn the proper use of our arms; we know how to carve' for ourselves an honourable' death. Yes, let us die', but not inglorious and unrevenged'; let us die' covered with the blood of our enemies', that our fall', instead of raising the smile of deliberate malice', may give them cause to mourn' over the victory that undoes us. Can we wish' to loiter a few years more' in life, when we know that a very few must bring us to our graves'?—The limits of human life cannot be enlarged by nature', but glory' can extend them, and give a second' life."

He finished' his harangue: the soldiery declared their resolution to follow' him. They began their march'; the intrepid countenance' with which they advanced soon denoted, to the enemy a design to give battle with all the courage of the last despair'. Without waiting', therefore, to receive' the attack of this illustrious band, the Goths thought proper to compound', by an immediate grant of life' and liberty'.

MARMONTEL.

2.—SPEECH OF CHARIDEMUS, AN ATHENIAN EXILE, TO DARIUS, WHO WAS MAKING WARLIKE PREPARATIONS AGAINST ALEXANDER.

PERHAPS your Majesty may not hear the truth from the mouth of a Grecian, and an exile: and if I do not declare it now, I never will, perhaps I may never have another opportunity.—Your Majesty's numerous army, drawn from various nations, and which unpeoples the East, may seem formidable to the neighbouring countries. The gold, the purple, and the splendour of arms, which strike the eyes of beholders, make a show which surpasses the imagination of all who have not seen it. The Macedonian army, with which your Majesty's forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, grim, and horrid of aspect, and clad in iron. The irresistible phalanx is a body of men who, in the field of battle, fear no onset, being practised to hold together, man to man, shield to shield, and spear to spear; so that a brazen wall might as soon be broken through. In advancing, in wheeling to right or left, in attacking, in every exercise of arms, they act as one man. They answer the slightest sign from the commander, as if his soul animated the whole army. Every soldier has a knowledge of war sufficient for a general. And this discipline, by which the Macedonian army is become so formidable, was first established, and has been all along kept up, by a fixed contempt of what your Majesty's troops are so vain of, I mean gold and silver. The bare earth serves them for beds. Whatever will satisfy nature, is their luxury. Their repose is always shorter than the night. Your Majesty may, therefore, judge, whether Thessalian, Acarnanian, and Ætolian cavalry, and the Macedonian phalanx—an army that has, in spite of all opposition, over-run half the world—are to be repelled by a multitude (however numerous) armed with slings, and stakes hardened at the points by fire. To be upon equal terms with Alexander, your Majesty ought to have an army composed of the same sort of troops: and they are no where to be had, but in the same countries which produce those conquerors of the world.—It is therefore my opinion, that, if your Majesty were to apply the gold and silver, which now so superfluously adorn your men, to the purpose of hiring an army from Greece, to contend with

Greeks, you might have some chance for success ; otherwise I see no reason to expect any thing else, than that your army should be defeated, as all the others have been who have encountered the irresistible Macedonians.

Q. CURTIUS.

3.—THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS TO ALEXANDER.

If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world itself would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe, you reach to Asia ; from Asia, you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things ? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour ? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb, to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on. The lion when dead, is devoured by ravens ; and rust consumes the hardness of iron. There is nothing so strong, but it is in danger from what is weak. It will, therefore, be your wisdom, to take care how you venture beyond your reach. Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you ? We have never invaded Macedon ; why should you attack Scythia ? We inhabit vast deserts, and pathless woods, where we do not want to hear of the name of Alexander. We are not disposed to submit to slavery ; and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation.—That you may understand the genius of the Scythians, we present you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We use these respectively in our commerce with friends, and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raise by the labour of our oxen. With the goblet we join with them in pouring drink-offerings to the gods ; and with arrows we attack our enemies. We have conquered those, who have attempted to tyrannize over us in our own country, and likewise the kings of the Medes and Persians, when they made unjust war upon us ; and we have opened to ourselves a way into Egypt. You

pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians; and attacked India. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? While you were subduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve no other purpose, than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the business of every conquest is twofold; to win, and to preserve. And though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect, that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible. For what people chooses to be under foreign dominion? If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business. Your army is loaded with the cumbrous spoils of many nations. You will find the Scythians, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp. For the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. Why should we put you in mind of the vastness of the country you will have to conquer? The deserts of Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and all the world knows, that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns, or plantations. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep with strict attention, what you have gained. Catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, That Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands, to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those, to whom she has been bountiful. You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Hammon. It suits the character of a god, to bestow favours on mortals; not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have

puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself. You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria, but the river Tanais : and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship.—Nations, which have never been at war, are on an equal footing. But it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people. There can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed. Even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is, not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom ; but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise ; but to perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous : for that those, who have no regard for the esteem of men, will not hesitate to offend the gods, by perjury. You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you, or to annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies, or for enemies.

Q. CURTIUS.

I.—THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST PHILIPPIC OF
DEMOSTHENES.

HAD we been convened, Athenians ! on some new subject of debate, I had waited till most of your usual counsellors had declared their opinions. If I had approved of what was proposed by them, I should have continued silent ; if not, I should then have attempted to speak my sentiments. But since those very points on which those speakers have often times been heard already, are at this time to be considered, though I have arisen first, I presume I may expect your pardon ; for if they on former occasions had advised the proper measures, you would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First then, Athenians ! however wretched the situation of our affairs at present seems, it must not by any means be thought desperate. What I am now going to advance may possibly appear a paradox ; yet it is a certain truth, that our past misfortunes afford a circumstance most favourable to our future hopes. And what is that ? even that our present difficulties are owing entirely to our total indolence and utter disregard of our own interest. For were we thus situated, in spite of every effort which our duty demanded, then indeed we might regard our fortunes as absolutely desperate. But now, Philip hath only conquered your supineness and inactivity ; the state he hath not conquered. You cannot be said to be defeated,; your force hath never been exerted.

If there is a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views on one hand the numerous armies which surround him, and, on the other, the weakness of our state, despoiled of so much of its dominions, I cannot deny that he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this, there was a time, Athenians ! when we possessed Pydna, Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round ; when many of the states, now subjected to him, were free and independent, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. If Philip, at that time weak in himself, and without allies, had desponded of success against you, he would never have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success, nor could have raised himself to that pitch of grandeur at which you now behold him. But he knew well that the strongest places are only prizes laid between the combatant, and ready for the conqueror. He knew that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field ; the possessions of the inactive, to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments, he overturns whole nations. He either rules universally, as a conqueror, or governs as a protector. For mankind naturally seek confederacy with such, as they see resolved and preparing not to be wanting to themselves.

If you, my countrymen, will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments ; if each of you be disposed to approve himself an useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities enable him ; if the rich will be ready to

contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those hopes which every single person entertains, that the active part of public business may lie upon others, and he remain at his ease; you may then, by the assistance of the gods, recall those opportunities which your supineness hath neglected, regain your dominions, and chastise the insolence of this man.

But when, O my countrymen! will you begin to exert your vigour? Do you wait till roused by some dire event? till forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To free men, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each inquiring of the other, 'What new advices?' Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? 'Is Philip dead?' 'No—but he is sick.' Pray, what is it to you whether Philip is sick or not? Supposing he should die, you would raise up another Philip, if you continue thus regardless of your interest.

Many, I know, delight more in nothing than in circulating all the rumours they hear as articles of intelligence. Some cry, Philip hath joined with the Macedæmonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes. Others assure us, he hath sent an embassy to the king of Persia; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several tales. I do believe, indeed, Athenians! that he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary projects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him. But I cannot be persuaded that he hath so taken his measures, that the weakest among us (for the weakest they are who spread such rumours) know what he is next to do. Let us disregard their tales. Let us only be persuaded of this, that he is our enemy; that we have long been subject to his insolence; that whatever we expected to have been done for us by others, hath turned against us; that all the resource left us is in ourselves; and that if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we should be forced to engage him at home. Let us be persuaded of these things, and then we shall come to a proper determination, and be no longer

guided by rumours. We need not be solicitous to know what particular events are to happen. † We may be well assured that nothing good can happen, unless we give due attention to our affairs, and act as becomes Athenians.

5.—HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left ;—not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone ; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage.—Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune which has laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are these ? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia ; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours ; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompense of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there, wherein they may stand in competition with you ? For (to say nothing of your service

in war for twenty years together with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer, an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general; shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves, shall I compare myself with this half-year captain? A captain before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul? I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men, strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.—First they demand me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them: next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you—you are not to observe the

limits which yourselves have fixed. Pass not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntine; is Saguntum upon the Iberus? move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa! Will pass, did I say? This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors.

LIVY.

6.—SCIPIO TO THE ROMAN ARMY.

WERE you, soldiers, the same army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear saying any thing to you at this time. For what occasion could there be, to use exhortation to a cavalry, that had so signally vanquished the squadrons of the enemy, upon the Rhone? or to legions, by whom that same enemy, flying before them, to avoid a battle, did, in effect, confess themselves conquered? but as these troops, having been enrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auspices (as was the will of the senate and people of Rome,) I, that you might have a consul for your captain against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myself for this war. You, then, have a new general; and I a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unseasonable.

That you may not be unapprized of what sort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very same, whom, in a former war, you vanquished both by land and sea; the same, from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia; and who have been, these twenty years, your tributaries. You will not, I presume, march against these men with only that courage with which you are

wont to face other enemies; but, with a certain anger and indignation, such as you would feel, if you saw your slaves, on a sudden, rise up in arms against you. Conquered and enslaved, it is not boldness, but necessity, that urges them to battle; unless you can believe, that those who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loss of two-thirds of their horse and foot in the passage of the Alps.

But you have heard, perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of stout hearts and robust bodies, heroes of such strength and vigour, as nothing is able to resist.—Merc effigies! nay, shadows of men! wretches emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold! bruised and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs; their weapons broken; and their horses weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and such the infantry, with which you are going to contend: not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquished by the Alps, before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it should be so: and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themselves, without man's help, should begin the war, and bring it to a near conclusion; and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, should happily finish what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear, that you should suspect me of saying these things, merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different sentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province; where I should have had the less dreaded Asdrubal, not Hannibal, to deal with. But hearing, as I passed along the coast of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, sent the horse forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could use in so long a voyage by sea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps. Was it then my inclination to avoid a contest with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares?

or am I come on purpose to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try, whether the earth, within these twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or, whether they be the same sort of men who fought at the Egates; and whom, at Eryx, you suffered to redeem themselves at eighteen denarii per head: whether this Hannibal, for labours and journeys, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vassal, a slave of the Roman people. Did not the consciousness of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him, and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Amilcar's own hand. We might have starved him in Eryx: we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet, and, in a few days, have destroyed Carthage. At their last supplication, we pardoned them; we released them, when they were closely shut up, without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them, when they were conquered. When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them, we treated them, as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all these favours? Under the conduct of a hair-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our state, and lay waste our country.—I could wish, indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in, concerned only our glory, and not our preservation. But the contest at present is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia but of Italy itself. Nor is there behind us another army, which, if we should not prove the conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for the victors to pass, which might give us leisure to call in foreign forces. No, soldiers; here you must make your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants. Yet, let not private considerations alone possess our minds; let us remember, that the eyes of the senate and people of Rome are upon us; and that, as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city, and of the Roman empire.

HOOKER.

RULES FOR READING VERSE.

On the Slides or Inflections of Verse.

1. THE first general rule for reading verse is, that we ought to give it that measured harmonious flow of sound which distinguishes it from prose, without falling into a bombastic, chanting pronunciation, which makes it ridiculous.

2. It will not be improper, before we read verse with its poetical graces, to pronounce it exactly as if it were prose: this will be depriving verse of its beauty, but will tend to preserve it from deformity: the tones of voice will be frequently different, but the inflections will be nearly the same.

3. Though an elegant and harmonious pronunciation of verse will oblige us to adopt different inflections from those we use in prose, it may still be laid down as a good general rule, that verse requires the same inflections as prose, though less strongly marked, and more apt to long to monotonous.

Wherever a sentence, or member of a sentence, would necessarily require the falling inflection in prose, it ought always to have the same inflection in poetry; for though, if we were to read verse prosaically, we should often place the falling inflection where the style of verse would require the rising, yet in those parts where a portion of perfect sense, or the conclusion of a sentence, necessarily requires the falling inflection, the same inflection must be adopted both in verse and prose.

In the same manner, though we frequently suspend the voice by the rising inflection in verse, where, if the composition were prose, we should adopt the falling, yet, wherever in prose the member or sentence would necessarily require the rising inflection, this inflection must necessarily be adopted in verse.

4. It may be observed, indeed, that it is in the frequent use of the rising inflection, where prose would adopt the falling, that the song of poetry consists; familiar, strong, argumentative subjects naturally engage the language with the falling inflection, as this is naturally expressive of activity, force, and precision; but grand, beautiful, and plaintive subjects slide naturally into the rising inflection, as this is expressive of awe, admiration, and melancholy, where the mind may be said to be passive; and it is this general tendency of the plaintive tone to assume the rising inflection, which inclines injudicious readers to adopt it at those pauses where the falling inflection is absolutely necessary, and for want of which the pronunciation degenerates into the whine, so much and so justly disliked; for it is very remarkable, that if, where the sense includes, we are careful to preserve the falling inflection, and let the voice drop into the natural sinking one, the voice may be suspended in the rising inflection on any other part of the verse, with very little danger of falling into the chant of bad readers.

On the Accent and Emphasis of Verse.

IN verse, every syllable must have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis, as in prose.

In words of *two* syllables; however, when the poet transposes the accent from the *second* syllable to the *first*, we may comply with him, without occasioning any harshness in the verse;—but when, in such words, he changes the accent from the *first* to the *second* syllable, every reader who has the least delicacy of feeling will certainly preserve the common accent of these words on the *first* syllable.

In misaccented words of *three* syllables, perhaps the least offensive method to the ear of preserving the accent, and not entirely violating the quantity, would be to place an accent on the syllable immediately preceding that on which the poet has misplaced it, without dropping that which is so misplaced.

The same rule seems to hold good where the poet has placed the accent on the first and last syllable of a word, which ought to have it on the middle syllable.

Where a word admits of some diversity in placing the accent, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the verse ought in this case to decide.

But when the poet has with great judgment contrived that his numbers shall be harsh and grating, in order to correspond with the ideas they suggest, the common accentuation must be preserved.

How the Vowels e and o are to be pronounced, when apostrophized.

THE vowel *e*, which in poetry is often cut off by an apostrophe in the word *the* and in unaccented syllables before *r*, as *dan'gerous*, *gen'rous*, &c. ought always to be preserved in pronunciation, because the syllable it forms is so short as to admit of being sounded with the succeeding syllable, so as not to increase the number of syllables to the ear, or at least to hurt the melody.

The same observations, in every respect, hold good in the pronunciation of the preposition *to*, which ought always to be sounded long, like the adjective *two*, however it may be printed.

On the Pause or Cæsura of Verse.

ALMOST every verse admits of a pause in or near the middle of the line, which is called the Cæsura: this must be carefully observed in reading verse, or much of the distinctness, and almost all the harmony, will be lost.

Though the most harmonious place for the capital pause is after the fourth syllable, it may, for the sake of expressing the sense strongly and suitably, and even sometimes for the sake of variety, be placed at several other intervals.

The end of a line in verse naturally inclines us to pause; and the words that refuse a pause so seldom occur at the end of a verse, that we often pause between words in verse where we should not in prose, but where a pause would by no means interfere with the sense. This, perhaps, may be the reason why a pause at the end of a line in poetry is supposed to be in compliment to the verse, when the very same pause in prose is allowable, and perhaps eligible, but neglected as unnecessary: however this be, certain it is, that if we pronounce many lines in Milton, so as to make the equality of impressions on the ear distinctly perceptible at the end of every line; if, by making this pause, we make the pauses that mark the sense less perceptible, we exchange a solid advantage for a childish rhythm, and, by endeavouring to preserve the name of verse, lose all its meaning and energy.

On the Cadence of Verse.

IN order to form a cadence at a period in rhyming verse, we must adopt the falling inflection with considerable force in the *cæsura* of the last line but one.

How to pronounce a Simile in Poetry.

A SIMILE in poetry ought always to be read in a lower tone of voice than that part of the passage which precedes it.

This rule is one of the greatest embellishments of poetic pronunciation, and is to be observed no less in blank verse than in rhyme.

General Rules.

WHERE there is no pause in the sense at the end of a verse, the last word must have exactly the same inflection it would have in prose.

Sublime, grand, and magnificent description in poetry requires a lower tone of voice, and a sameness nearly approaching to a monotone.

When the first line of a couplet does not form perfect sense, it is necessary to suspend the voice at the end of the line with the rising slide.

This rule holds good even where the first line forms perfect sense by itself, and is followed by another, forming perfect sense likewise, provided the first line does not end with an emphatic word which requires the falling slide.

But if the first line ends with an emphatical word requiring the falling slide, this slide must be given to it, but in a higher tone of voice than the same slide in the last line of the couplet.

When the first line of a couplet does not form sense, and the second line, either from its not forming sense, or from its being a question, requires the rising slide; in this case, the first line must end with such a pause as the sense requires, but without any alteration in the tone of the voice.

In the same manner, if a question requires the second line of the couplet to adopt the rising slide, the first ought to have a pause at the

end, but the voice, without any alteration, ought to carry on the same tone to the second line, and to continue this tone almost to the end.

The same principles of harmony and variety induce us to read a *triplet* with a sameness of voice, or a monotone, on the end of the first line, the rising slide on the end of the second, and the falling on the last.

This rule, however, from the various sense of the triplet, is liable to many exceptions.—But, with very few exceptions, it may be laid down as a rule, that a *quatrain* or *stanza* of four lines of alternate verse, may be read with the monotone ending the first line, the rising slide ending the second and third, and the falling the last.

The plaintive tone, so essential to the delivery of elegiac composition, greatly diminishes the slides, and reduces them almost to monotones; nay, a perfect monotone, without any inflection at all, is sometimes very judiciously introduced in reading verse.

On Scanning.

A CERTAIN number of syllables connected form a foot. They are called *feet*, because it is by their aid that the voice, as it were, steps along through the verse, in a measured pace.

All feet used in poetry consist either of two or of three syllables, and are reducible to eight kinds; four of two syllables, and four of three, as follows:

The hyphen — marks a long, and the breve ˘ a short syllable.

<i>Disyllable.</i>		<i>Trisyllable.</i>	
A Trochee	— ˘	A Dactyl	— ˘ ˘
An Iambus	˘ —	An Amphibrach	˘ — ˘
A Spondee	— —	An Anapaest	˘ ˘ —
A Phrynic	˘ ˘	A Tribraeh	˘ ˘ ˘

POETRY.

1.—THE PATRIOT.

SWELL', swell' the shrill trumpet clear sounding afar',
Our sabres flash splendour' around ;
For Freedom has summon'd her sons to the war',
Nor Britain' has shrunk from the sound.

Let plunder's' vile thirst the invaders' inflame ;
Let slaves' for their wages be bold ;
Shall valour' the harvest of avarice' claim ?
Shall Britons' be barter'd for gold ?

No ! free' be our aid, independent' our might,
Proud honour' our guerdon alone :
Unbought' be the hand that we raise in the fight,
And the sword' that we brandish our own'.

And all that we love to our thoughts' shall succeed,
Their image each labour shall cheer' ;
For them we will conquer', for them we will bleed',
And our pay be a smile' or a tear'.

And oh ! if returning' triumphant' we move,
Or sink' on the land that we save—
Oh ! blest by his country', his kindred', his love',
How vast' the reward of the brave' ! R. HEBER.

2.—EULOGY ON PITT.

If hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
The sky if no longer dark tempests deform ;
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep ?
No—here's to the pilot that weather'd the storm.

At the footstool of Power let Flattery fawn,
Let Fashion her idols extol to the skies ;
To virtue in humble retirement withdrawn,
Unblamed may the accent of gratitude rise.

And shall not his mem'ry to Britons be dear,
Whose example with envy all nations behold ;
A statesman unbiass'd by interest or fear,
By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold ?

Who, when terror and doubt through the universe reign'd,
 While rapine and treason their ensigns unfurl'd,
 The heart and the hopes of his country maintained,
 And one kingdom preserved 'midst the wrecks of the world

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,
 While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine ;
 When he sinks into twilight with fondness we gaze,
 And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So, PITT ! when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
 Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall !
 Now justly we praise thee, whom lost we deplore,
 Admired in thy zenith, beloved in thy fall !

O ! take then, for dangers by wisdom repell'd,
 For evils by courage and constancy braved ;
 O ! take, for a throne by thy counsels upheld,
 The thanks of a people thy firmness has saved.

And oh ! if again the rude whirlwind should rise,
 The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform ;
 The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wise,
 Shall turn to the pilot that weather'd the storm. CANNING.

3.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring laggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

I thought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track ;
 'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

CAMPBELL.

4.—THE FEMALE EXILE.

Ye hills of my country, soft fading in blue;
 The seats of my childhood, for ever adieu!
 Yet not for a brighter your skies I resign,
 When my wandering footsteps revisit the Rhine:
 But sacred to me is the roar of the wave,
 That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave;
 Where the blasts of the trumpets for battle combine,
 And the heart was laid low that gave rapture to mine.

Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguiled,
 Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild;
 For nature is nought to the eye of despair,
 But the image of hopes that have vanish'd in air;
 Again, ye fair blossoms of flower and of tree,
 Ye shall bloom to the morn, though ye bloom not for me;
 Again your lone wood-paths that wind by the stream,
 Be the haunt of the lover—to hope—and to dream.

But never to me shall the summer renew
 The bowers where the days of my happiness flew;
 Where my soul found her partner, and thought to bestow
 The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe!
 Too faithful recorders of times that are past,
 The Eden of Love that was ever to last!
 Once more may soft accents your wild echoes fill,
 And the young and the happy be worshippers still.

To me ye are lost!—but your summits of green
 Shall charm through the distance of many a scene,
 In woe, and in wandering, and deserts, return
 Like the soul of the dead to the perishing urn!

Ye hills of my country ! farewell evermore,
 As I leave the dark waves of your rock-rugged shore,
 And ask of the hovering gale if it come
 From the oak-towering woods on the mountains of home.

BANNERMAN.

5.—THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow ;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden shew'd another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet-sound array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade ;
 And furious every charger neigh'd,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven ;
 And volleying like the bolts of Heaven,
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

And redder still these fires shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of purpled snow ;
 And bloodier still shall be the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
 When furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout 'mid their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens : On, ye brave !
 Who rush to glory and the grave.
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners' war,
 And charge with all thy chivalry.

Oh ! few shall part where many meet ;
 The snow shall be your winding-sheet ;
 And every turf beneath your feet
 Shall mark the soldier's cemetery.

CAMPBELL.

6.—THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.

BEYOND Busaco's mountains dun,
When far had roll'd the sultry sun,
And night her pall of gloom had thrown
O'er nature's still convexity !

High on the heath our tents were spread,
The cold turf was our cheerless bed,
And o'er the hero's dew-chill'd head
The banners flapp'd incessantly.

The loud war-trumpet woke the morn,
The quiv'ring drum, the pealing horn,
From rank to rank the cry is borne,
"Arouse for death or victory !"

The orb of day, in crimson dye,
Began to mount the morning sky ;
Then, what a scene for warrior's eye
Hung on the bold declivity.

The serried bay'nets glitt'ring stood,
Like icicles, on hills of blood ;
An aerial stream, a silver wood,
Reel'd in the flick'ring canopy.

Like waves of ocean rolling fast,
Or thunder-cloud before the blast,
Massena's legions stern and vast,
Rush'd to the dreadful revelry.

The pause is o'er ; the fatal shock
A thousand thousand thunders woke ;
The air grows sick ; the mountains rock ;
Red ruin rides triumphantly.

Light boil'd the war-cloud to the sky,
In phantom towers and columns high,
But dark and dense their bases lie,
Prone on the battle's boundary.

The Thistle waved her bonnet blue,
The Harp her wildest war-notes threw,
The Red Rose gain'd a fresher hue,
Busaco in thy heraldry.

Hail, gallant brothers ! Woe befall
The foe that braves thy triple wall !
Thy sons, O wretched Portugal !
Roused at their feats of chivalry.

Anonymous.

7.—THE VISIONS OF FANCY.

Oh ! yet, ye dear, deluding visions, stay !
 Fond hopes of innocence and fancy born !
 For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away,
 For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah ! no : the sunshine o'er each object spread
 By flattering hope, the flowers that blew so fair ;
 Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
 And vanish'd from the powerful rod of care.

So the poor pilgrim, who, in rapturous thought,
 Plans his dear journey to Loretto's shrine,
 Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
 Sees aiding angels favour his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
 By those fresh founts on Eden's happy plain,
 And Sharon's roses all his passage strew :
 So fancy dreams ; but fancy's dreams are vain.

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
 His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
 Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
 And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning-landscape gild with orient light,
 Where hope and joy and fancy hold their reign,
 The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling bright,
 The blithe hours dancing round Hyperion's wain,

In radiant colours youth's free hand pours, trays,
 Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye ;
 Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
 Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence fancy, conquer'd by the dart of pain,
 And wandering far from her Platonic shade,
 Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,
 Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly,
 Their fairy race that fill'd her festive train ;
 Joy rears his wreath, and hope inverts her eye,
 And folly wonders that her dream was vain.

LANGHORNE.

8.—CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
 Made every region please ;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes
 Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
 In all its horrors rise !

Confusion dwelt in every face,
 And fear in every heart,
 When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free ;
 While in the confidence of prayer
 My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee. ADDISON.

9.—BOADICEA, AN ODE.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sat beneath a spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
 Every burning word he spoke,
 Full of rage and full of grief:

Princess! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt ;
 Perish hopeless and abhorr'd,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 Tramples on a thousand states,
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

Other Romans shall arise,
 Hatedless of a soldier's name,
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew,
 Thy posterity shall sway,
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow,
 Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
 Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due,
 Empire is on us bestow'd,
 Shame and ruin wait for you.

COWPER.

10.—HOPE, THE FRIEND OF THE BRAVE.

FRIEND of the brave! in peril's darkest' hour,
 Intrepid Virtue' looks to thee for power';
 To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
 On stormy floods', and carnage-cover'd fields,
 When front to front the banner'd hosts' combine,
 Halt ere they close', and form the dreadful line'.
 When all is still' on Death's devoted soil,
 The march-worn soldier' mingles for the toil';
 As rings his glittering tube', he lifts on high
 The dauntless brow', and spirit-speaking eye',
 Hails in his heart the triumph' yet to come,
 And hears the stormy music' in the drum'!

And such' thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
 The hardy Byron' to his native shore—
 In horrid' climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
 Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep',
 'Twas his' to mourn misfortune's rudest' shock,
 Scourged by the winds', and cradled on the rock
 To wake each joyless' morn, and search again
 The famish'd haunts of solitary' men;
 Whose race' unyielding as their native storm',
 Knows not a trace' of Nature but the form';
 Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued',
 Pale, but intrepid', sad', but unsubdued',
 Pierced the deep woods', and, hailing from afar,
 The moon's pale planet, and the northern star';
 Passed at each dreary cry', unheard before',
 Hyænas' in the wild', and mermaids' on the shore':

Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime',
 He found a warmer' world, a milder' clime,
 A home' to rest', a shelter' to defend',
 Peace' and repose', a Briton' and a friend' ! (CAMPBELL.

11.—THE MORAL CHANGE ANTICIPATED BY HOPE.

HOPE ! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
 The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
 Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
 The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;
 I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
 And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
 Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
 On Eric's banks, where tigers steal along,
 And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
 Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
 And bathe in brains the murd'rous tomahawk ;
 There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
 And shepherds dance at summer's op'ning day ;
 Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen
 Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
 And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
 The village curfew as it tolls profound.—

Where barb'rous hordes on Scythian mountains roam
 Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home ;
 Where'er degraded nature bleeds and pines,
 From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
 Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
 And light the dreadful features of despair.—
 Hark ! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
 And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd !
 Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
 And, as the slave departs, the man returns. (CAMPBELL.

12 —ON THE DOWNFAL OF POLAND.

Oh ! sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased a while,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
 Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,

Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height survey'd,
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
 Oh! Heaven! he cried,—my bleeding country save!
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
 Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow men! our country yet remains!
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
 And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
 Low, murmur'ing sounds along their banners fly,
 Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply;
 Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—
 Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
 Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career:—
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there.
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
 On Praga's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
 His blood-dyed waters murmur'ing far below;
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
 Hark! as the smould'ring piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
 Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
 Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?

Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! Where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN!

CAMPBELL.

13.—THE ANTICIPATIONS OF HOPE.

TYRANTS! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No:—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand;—
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must there live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sydney died?—

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valour tuned, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wand'ring thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!

See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
 And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell !
 Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
 Hath Valour left the world—to live no more ?
 No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
 And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ?
 Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
 Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls ?
 Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
 The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ?

Yes ! in that generous cause for ever strong,
 The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
 Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
 Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay !

Yes ! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,
 Who slumber yet in uncreated dust,
 Ordain'd to fire the adoring sons of earth
 With every charm of wisdom and of worth ;
 Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
 The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
 Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
 And rival all but Shakespeare's name below !

CAMPBELL.

14.—THE INFLUENCE OF HOPE, AT THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

UNFADING Hope ! when life's last embers burn,
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
 Heav'n to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
 Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day,—
 Then, then, the triumph, and the trance begin !
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
 Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !
 Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun !
 Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
 From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres.
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, Song and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
 While Nature hears with terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
 The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb,
 Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
 Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of heav'n undazzled by the blaze,
 On heav'nly winds that waft her to the sky,
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
 Wild as the hallow'd anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
 When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
 Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill !

CAMPBELL.

—ON THE EFFECTS OF TIME AND CHANGE.

Of chance or change O let not man complain,
 Else shall he never never cease to wail ;
 For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
 Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
 All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale ;
 Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;
 Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
 And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
 And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
 Nor search the ancient records of our race,
 To learn the dire effects of time and change,
 Which in ourselves, alas ! we daily trace.
 Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
 Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
 But spare, O time, whate'er of mental grace,
 Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
 Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

BEATTIE.

16.—ON TRUE DIGNITY.

HAIL, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
 And woo the weary to profound repose;
 Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
 And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
 Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
 And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
 O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
 When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
 Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire?
 Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
 To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
 It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
 To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid?
 They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
 To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
 Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
 Behold what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
 Virtue has raised above the things below,
 Who, ev'ry hope and fear to Heav'n resign'd,
 Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her dreadful blow.
 This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow
 In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
 And from embattled clouds emerging slow
 Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
 And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar. BEATTIE.

17.—FOX AND PITT.

WITH more than mortal powers endowed,
 How high they soared above the crowd!
 Theirs was no common party, race,
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
 Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
 Shook realms and nations in its jar:
 Beneath each banner proud to stand,
 Look'd up the noblest of the land,
 Till through the British world were known
 The names of Pitt and Fox alone.
 Spells of such force no wizard grave
 E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,

Though his could drain the ocean dry,
 And force the planets from the sky.
 These spells are spent, and spent with these,
 The wine of life is on the lees.
 Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
 For ever tombed beneath the stone,
 Where,—taming thought to human pride!—
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
 Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
 'Twill trickle to his rival's hier;
 O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
 And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
 The solemn echo seems to cry,—
 "Here let their discord with them die;
 "Speak not for those a separate doom,
 "Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb,
 "But search the land of living men,
 "Where wilt thou find their like again?" SCOTT.

18.—THE FIRST TWO VERSES OF MARMION; A TALE OF
FLODDEN FIELD.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,
 And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
 And Cheviot's mountains lone:
 The battled towers, the Donjon Keep,
 The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
 The flanking walls that round it sweep,
 In yellow lustre shone.
 The warriors on the turrets high,
 Moving athwart the evening sky,
 Seem'd forms of giant height:
 Their armour, as it caught the rays,
 Flash'd back again the western blaze,
 In lines of dazzling light.

St George's banner, broad and gay,
 Now faded, as the fading ray
 Less bright, and less, was hung;
 The evening gale had scarce the power
 To wave it on the Donjon tower,
 So heavily it hung.
 The shouts had parted on their search.
 The castle gates were barr'd;

Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering-song.

SCOTT.

19.—THE DEATH OF MARMION.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to staunch the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—STANLEY!—was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!"
"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

SCOTT.

20.—SONG FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hail',
 Hands unseen' thy couch are strewing',
 Fairy strains of music' fall,
 Every sense in slumber' dewing.
 Soldier, rest' ! thy warfare o'er',
 Dream of fighting fields no more' ;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking',
 Morn of toil', nor night of waking'.

No rude' sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang', or war'-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here',
 Mustering clan', or squadron' tramping.
 Yea' the lark's' shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak from the fallow',
 And the bittern' sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow'.
 Ruder' sounds shall none' be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here',
 Here's no war'-steed's neigh and champing',
 Shouting clans' or squadrons stamping .

Huntsman, rest' ! thy chase is done',
 While our slumbrous spells assail' ye,
 Dream not with the rising sun',
 Bugles here shall sound reveillie'.
 Sleep' ! the deer is in his den' ;
 Sleep' ! thy hounds' are by thee lying .
 Sleep' ! nor dream in yonder glen',
 How thy gallant steed lay dying'.
 Huntsman, rest' ! thy chase is done ,
 Think not of the rising sun',
 For at dawning to assail' ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveillie'.

SCOTT

21.—ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL
 TO ASSIST THE NATIVES IN EXPELLING THE FRENCH

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight !
 The billows foamed beneath a thousand oars,
 Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,
 Legions on legions brightening all the shores
 Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,
 Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
 Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,

And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean come !

A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksman light ;
Far glance the lines of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead,
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For you fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.
Her's their bold port, and her's their martial frown,
And her's their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And free-born thoughts, which league the soldier with the Laws.

And O ! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land !
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave !
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave ;
But ne'er in battle-field throb'd heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid,
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe, that for such onset staid !

Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee :
Boast, Erin, boast them ! tameless, frank, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough Nature's children, humorous as she :
And he, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle !—the Hero is thine own. SCOTT.

22.—FROM THE BRIDE OF ARYDOS.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Ase emblems of deeds that are done in their clime.

Where the rage of the vulture—the love of the turtle—
 Now melt into sorrow—now madden to crime?—
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine?
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
 Where the light wings of zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul* in her bloom;
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
 Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
 And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye;*
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine—
 'Tis the clime of the East—'tis the land of the Sun—
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?†
 Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

BYRON.

23.—ON ANCIENT GREECE.

CLIME of the forgotten brave!—
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave—
 Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave—
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 Oh servile offspring of the fæd—
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
 These scenes—their story not unknown—
 Arise, and make again your own;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires,
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear,
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a faith,
 They too will rather die than shame;

* The Rose.

† "Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
 "With whom Revenge is virtue." * *YOUNG'S Revenge.*

For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
 Though baffled oft is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
 Attest it many a deathless age ;
 While kings in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy heroes—though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,
 A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land !
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
 The graves of those that cannot die !
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
 Each step from splendour to disgrace,
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell,
 Yes, Self-abasement paved the way
 To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

BYRON.

 24.—SARPEDON TO GLAUCUS.

- Why boast we, Glaucus, our extended reign,
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain ?
 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purpled harvest yield,
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
 Our feasts enhanced with music's sprightly sound ?
 Why on these shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admired as heroes and as gods obey'd ?
 • Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above :
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
 Whom those that envy dare not imitate.
 Could all our care clude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave.
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war :
 But since, alas ! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom,
 The life which others pay let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe !
 • Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
 • Or let us glory gain, or glory give. •

POPE'S Homer

25.—ALEXANDER THE GREAT. FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

DISDAINING what his father won before,
Aspiring still, and restless after more,
He left his home ; while fortune smooth'd his way,
And o'er the fruitful East enlarged his sway.
Red Slaughter mark'd his progress, as he past ;
The guilty sword laid human nature waste,
Discolour'd Ganges' and Euphrates' flood,
With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.
He seem'd in terror to the nations sent,
The wrath of Heaven, a star of dire portent,
And shook, like thunder, all the continent !

Nor yet content, a navy he provides,
To seas remote his triumphs now he guides,
Nor winds nor waves his progress could withstand ;
For Liby's scorching heat, and desert land,
Nor rolling mountains of collected sand.
Had Heaven but giv'n him line, he had outrun
The farthest journey of the setting sun,
March'd round the poles, and drank discover'd Nile
At his spring-head.—But winged fate the while
Comes on with speed, the funeral hour draws near ;
Death only could arrest his mad career,
Who to his grave the world's sole empire bore,
With the same envy 'twas acquired before ;
And wanting a successor to his reign,
Left all to suffer conquest once again. HUGHES.

26.—LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLE-
SHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower.
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree ;
And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
 By the dhal-stone aged and green,
 One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
 To mark where a garden had been.
 Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
 All wild in the silence of Nature, it drew,
 From each wandering sunbeam, a lonely embrace ;
 For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place
 Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all
 That remains in this desolate heart !
 The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall ;
 But patience shall never depart !
 Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
 In the days of delusion by fancy combined
 With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
 Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
 And leave but a desert behind.

Be lush'd, my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns
 When the faint and the feeble deplore ;
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
 A thousand wild waves on the shore !
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowls of disdain,
 May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate !
 Yea ! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain,
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again ;
 To bear, is to conquer our fate. CAMPBELL.

27.—PART OF A POEM ON THE FEAR OF GOD.

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood,
 Heaven those that love their foes, and do them good.
 It is terrestrial honour to be crown'd
 For strewing men, like rushes, on the ground.
 True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
 Without the advantage taken by their fall.
 He that in fight diminishes mankind,
 Does no addition to his stature find ;
 But he that does a noble nature shew,
 Obliging others, still does higher grow ;
 For virtue practised such an habit gives,
 That among men he like an angel lives :

Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,
 Loved and admired by those he does excel.
 Fools anger show, which politicians hide ;
 Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
 The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
 Refers revenge to whom it doth belong :
 Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
 Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.
 Placed on a rock, vain men he pities, tost
 On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
 The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,
 Still keep that order which they first begun :
 They their first lesson constantly repeat,
 Which their Creator as a law did set.
 Above, below, exactly all obey ;
 But wretched men have found another way.
 Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,
 (That vain persuasion !) keeps them still accurst !
 The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,
 Slaves they become to luxury and pride.

WALLER

 28.—THE LAST SPEECH OF CYRUS.—FROM XENOPHON.

FEAR NOT when I depart ; nor therefore mourn
 I shall be no where, or to nothing turn ;
 That soul which gave me life was seen by none,
 Yet by the actions it design'd was known ;
 And though its flight no mortal eye shall see,
 Yet know, for ever it the same shall be ;
 That soul which can immortal glory give,
 To her own virtues must for ever live.
 Can you believe that man's all-knowing mind
 Can to a mortal body be confined ?
 Though a foul foolish prison her immure
 On earth, she (when escaped) is wise and pure.
 Man's body, when dissolved, is but the same
 With beasts, and must return from whence it came ;
 But whence into our bodies reason flows,
 None sees it when it comes, or where it goes.
 Nothing resembles death so much as sleep,
 Yet then our minds themselves from slumber keep.
 When from their fleshly bondage they are free,
 Then what divine and future things they see !
 Which makes it most apparent whence they are,
 And what they shall hereafter be, declare.

DENHAM.

29.—A LADY'S SALUTATION TO HER GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY.

WELCOME, fair scene ; welcome, thou loved retreat,
 From the vain hurry of the bustling great.
 Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bower,
 Wrap'd in calm thought, improve each fleeting hour.
 My soul, while nature's beauties feast mine eyes,
 To nature's God contemplative shall rise.

What are ye now, ye glittering, vain delights,
 Which waste our days, and rob us of our nights ?
 What your allurements ? what your fancied joys ?
 Dress, equipage, and show, and pomp, and noise ?
 Alas ! how tasteless these, how low, how mean,
 To the calm pleasures of this rural scene.

Come then, ye shades, beneath your bending arms
 Enclose the fond admirer of your charms ;
 Come then, ye bowers, receive your joyful guest,
 Glad to retire, and in retirement blest ;
 Come, ye fair flowers, and open ev'ry sweet !
 Come, little birds, your warbling songs repeat :
 And O descend to sweeten all the rest,
 Soft smiling peace, in white-robed virtue drest
 Content unenvious, ease with freedom join'd,
 And contemplation calm, with truth refined ;
 Deign but in this fair scene with me to dwell,
 All noise and nonsense, pomp and show, farewell.

DOWSON

30.—A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

Ere the foundations of the world' were laid ;
 Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
 Thou wert ; and when the subterraneous flane
 Shall burst its prison, and devour' this frame,
 From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flie,
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
 Thou still shalt be ; still as thou wert before,
 And know no change, when time shall be no more.
 O endless thought ! divine Eternity !
 Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee !
 For thou wert present when our life began,
 When the warm dust' shot up in breathing man.

Ah ! what is life ? with ills' encompass'd round,
 Amidst our hopes', fate strikes the sudden wound':
 'To-day' the statesman of new' honour dreams,
 'To-morrow' death destroys' his airy schemes.
 Is mouldy treasure' in thy chest confined ?
 Think all' that treasure thou must leave behind';
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse',
 And all thy hoards' with lavish hand disperse'.
 Should certain fate th' impending blow delay',
 Thy mirth will sicken', and thy bloom decay';
 Then feeble age' will all thy nerves disarm',
 No more thy blood' its narrow channels warm'.
 Who then would wish to stretch' this narrow span,
 To suffer' life beyond' the date of man ?

The virtuous' soul pursues a nobler' aim,
 And life' regards but as a fleeting dream':
 She longs to wake', and wishes to get free',
 To launch from earth' into eternity'.
 For while the boundless theme extends' our thought,
 'Ten thousand' thousand' rolling years are nought'. GAY.

31.—DAVID'S TRUST IN GOD.

THE warrior thus in song his deeds express'd,
 Nor vainly boasted what he but confess'd ;
 While warlike actions were proclaim'd abroad,
 That all their praises should refer to God.
 And here, to make this bright design arise,
 In fairer splendour to the nation's eyes,
 From private valour he converts his lays,
 For yet the public claim'd attempts of praise ;
 And public conquests where they jointly fought,
 Thus stand recorded by reflecting thought :
 God sent his Samuel from his holy seat
 To bear the promise of my future state,
 And I, rejoicing, see the tribes fulfil
 The promised purpose of Almighty will ;
 Subjected Sichem, sweet Samaria's plain,
 And Succoth's valleys, have confess'd my 'reign ;
 Remoter Gilcad's hilly tracts obey,
 Manasseh's parted sands accept my sway :
 Strong Ephraim's sons and Ephraim's ports are mine,
 And mine the throne of princely Judah's line :

Then since my people with my standard go,
 To bring the strength of adverse empire low,
 Let Moab's soil, to vile subjection brought,
 With groans declare how well our ranks have fought,
 Let vanquish'd Edom bow its humbled head,
 And tell how pompous on its pride I tread:
 And now, Philistia, with thy conquering host,
 Dismay'd and broke, of conquer'd Israel boast;
 But if a scer or Rabbah yet remain
 On Johemaa'n's hill, or Amon's plain,
 Lead forth our armies, Lord, regard our prayer;
 Lead, Lord of battles, and we'll conquer there.
 As this the warrior spake, his heart arose,
 And thus, with grateful turn, perform'd the close;
 Though men to men their best assistance lend,
 Yet men alone will but in vain befriend;
 Through God we work exploits of high renown,
 'Tis God that treads our great opposers down.

Hear now the praise of well-disputed fields,
 The best return victorious honour yields;
 'Tis common good restored, when lovely peace
 Is join'd with righteousness in strict embrace:
 Hear, all ye victors, what your sword secures;
 Hear, all ye nations; for the cause is yours;
 And when the joyful trumpets loudly sound,
 When groaning captives in their ranks are bound,
 When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,
 And broken shafts and batter'd armour bear;
 When painted arches acts of war relate,
 When slow processions' pomps augment the state,
 When fame relates their worth among the throng,
 Thus take from David their triumphant song:
 Oh, clap your hands together! oh, rejoice
 In God with melody's exalted voice;
 Your sacred psalm within his dwelling raise.
 And, for a pure oblation, offer praise;
 For the rich goodness plentifully shows
 He prospers our designs upon our foes.
 Then, hither, all ye nations, hither run,
 Behold the wonders which the Lord has done;
 Behold, with what a mind, the heap of slain,
 He spreads the sanguine surface of the plain;
 He makes the wars, that mad confusion hurl'd,
 Be spent in victories, and leave the world.

He breaks the bended bows, the spears of ire,
 And burns the shatter'd chariots in the fire,
 And bids the realms be still, the tumults cease,
 And know the Lord of war, for Lord of peace.

PARNELL.

32.—THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Lo ! the wide theatre, whose ample space
 Must entertain the whole of human race,
 At Heaven's all-powerful edict is prepared,
 And fenced around with an immortal guard.
 Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
 The mighty plain, and deluge all below :
 And every age, and nation, pours along ;
 Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng :
 Adam salutes his youngest son ; no sign
 Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
 Not as it mends the life, and guides the heart !
 What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent
 To fix a hero's birth-day or descent ?—
 What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
 To see the glorious race of ancient days ?
 To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
 Illustrious on record before the flood ?
 Alas ! a nearer care your soul demands,
 Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse ! not in number more,
 The waves that break on the resounding shore ;
 The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
 The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above.
 Those overwhelming armies, whose command
 Said to one empire, Fall ; another, Stand :
 Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
 Roused the broad front, and call'd the battle on ;
 Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
 Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
 Immortal Blenheim, famed Ramillia's host,
 They all are here, and here they all are lost :
 Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
 Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air :
 " For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare !"

" O Thou ! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
 " Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
 " Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
 " That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;
 " Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
 " And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.
 " May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd.
 " To bring the eternal Author to my mind !
 " When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
 " May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance shake my soul !
 " When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
 " Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine !" YOUNG.

33.—THE BENEDICTE PARAPHRASED.

YE works of God, on him alone,
 In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
 Be all your praise bestow'd ;
 Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim,
 Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
 And hail'd the Eternal King,
 Again proclaim your Maker's praise ;
 Again your thankful voices raise,
 And touch the tuneful string.

Praise him, ye bless'd æthereal plains,
 Where, in full majesty, he deigns
 To fix his awful throne :
 Ye waters that about him roll
 From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
 O make his praises known !

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
 And heave your summits to the skies,
 Revere his awful nod ;
 Think how you once affrighted fled,
 When Jordan sought his fountain-head,
 And own'd the approaching God.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
 Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
 And gave it power to move :

Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
 From age to age successive tell
 The wonders of his love.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
 Till angels listen to the song,
 And bend attentive down ;
 Let wonder seize the heavenly train,
 Pleased while they hear a mortal strain
 So sweet, so like their own.

MERRICK

34.—THE CROW AND THE OTHER BIRDS: CONTAINING A
 USEFUL HINT TO THE CRITICS.

IN ancient times, tradition says,
 When birds like men would strive for praise ;
 The bulfinch, nightingale, and thrush,
 With all that chant from tree to bush,
 Would often meet in song to vie ;
 The kinds that sing not, sitting by.
 A knavish crow, it seems, had got
 The knack to criticise by rote ;
 He understood each learned phrase,
 As well as critics now-a-days :
 Some say, he learn'd them from an owl,
 By list'ning where he taught a school.
 'Tis strange to tell, this subtle creature,
 Though nothing musical by nature,
 Had learn'd so well to play his part,
 With nonsense couch'd in terms of art.
 As to be own'd by all at last
 Director of the public taste.
 Then puff'd with insolence and pride,
 And sure of numbers on his side,
 Each song he freely criticised ;
 What he approved not, was despised :
 But one false step in evil hour
 For ever stript him of his power.
 Once when the birds assembled, sat
 All list'ning to his formal chat ;
 By instinct nice he chanced to find
 A cloud approaching in the wind,
 And ravens hardly can refrain
 From croaking when they think of rain :

His wonted song he sung : the blunder
 Amazed and scared them worse than thunder ;
 For no one thought so harsh a note
 Could ever sound from any throat ;
 They all at first with mute surprise
 Each on his neighbour turn'd his eyes :
 But scorn succeeding soon took place,
 And might be read in every face.
 All this the raven saw with pain,
 And strove his credit to regain.

Quoth he, the solo which ye heard
 In public should not have appear'd :
 My voice, that's somewhat rough and strong,
 Might chance the melody to wrong,
 But, tried by rules, you'll find the grounds
 Most perfect and harmonious sounds.
 He reason'd thus ; but to his trouble,
 At every word the laugh grew double :
 At last, o'ercome with shame and spite,
 He flew away quite out of sight.

W. D. H. L.

35.—THE TWO OWLS AND THE SPARROW.

Two formal Owls together sat,
 Conferring thus in solemn chat :
 How is the modern taste decay'd !
 Where's the respect to wisdom paid ?
 Our worth the Grecian sages knew ;
 They gave our sires the honour due :
 They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
 And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
 Athens, the seat of learned fame,
 With general voice revered our name :
 On merit title was conferr'd,
 And all adored the Athenian bird.

Brother, you reason well, replies
 The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes ;
 Right, Athens was the seat of learning,
 And truly wisdom is discerning.
 Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
 The type and ornament of wit ;
 But now, alas ! we're quite neglected,
 And a pert Sparrow's more respected.

A Sparrow, who was lodged beside,
 O'erhears them sooth each other's pride,
 And thus he nimbly vents his heat :
 Who meets a fool must find conceit.
 I grant, you were at Athens graced,
 And on Minerva's helm were placed ;
 But every bird that wings the sky,
 Except the Owl, can tell you why.
 From hence they taught their schools to know
 How false we judge by outward show ;
 That we should never looks esteem,
 Since fools as wise as you might seem.
 Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
 Let your vain-glory be destroy'd :
 Humble your arrogance of thought,
 Pursue the ways by nature taught ;
 So shall you find delicious fare,
 And grateful farmers praise your care. (TAY.)

36.—COURAGE IN POVERTY.

IN Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold :
 Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night
 He slept, poor dog ! and lost it, *every mite*.
 This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd.
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scaled a castle-wall,
 Tore down a standard, took the Fort and all.
 " Prodigious well !" his great Commander cried.
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleased his Excellence a town to batter ;
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter).
 " Go on, my Friend, (he cried), see yonder walls,
 " Advance and conquer ! go, where glory calls !
 " More honours, more rewards attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave ?
 " D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a sot ?
 " Let him take castles, who has ne'er a groat." (POPE.)

37.—PROLOGUE TO CATO ; 1713.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art ;
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ;

To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
 For this the tragic muse first trode the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through every age ;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns, by vulgar springs, to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
 In pitying love we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its wo.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes ;
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys :
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state !
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
 Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
 Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state :
 As her dead father's reverend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd and the day o'ercast ;
 The triumph ceased—tears gush'd from every eye :
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;
 Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
 Britons attend : be worth like this approved.
 And show you have the virtue to be moved.
 With honest scorn the first famed Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued ;
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On French translation, and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
 Such plays alone should please a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

POPE.

38.—EPILOGUE BY MR GARRICK, ON QUITTING THE STAGE :
JUNE 1776.

A VETERAN see ! whose last act on the stage
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age ;
Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind ;
A fellow-feeling makes one wond'rous kind ;
Might we but hope your zeal would not be less,
When I am gone, to patronize distress ;
That hope obtain'd, the wish'd-for end secures,
To sooth their cares, who oft have lighten'd yours.
Shall the great heroes of celestial line,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine,
Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his nectar !
Shall they who govern fortune, cringe and court her.
Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter ?
Like Belisarius, tax the pitying street,
With *dote obolum* to all they meet ?
Shan't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in gore ;
Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more ;
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain ;
Shan't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain ?
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men who slew me, and the men I slew :
I must, I will this happy project seize,
That those, too old to die, may live with ease.
Suppose the babes I smother'd in the Tower,
By chance, or sickness, lose their acting power,
Shall they, once princes, worse than *afi* be serv'd !
In childhood murder'd, and when murder'd, starv'd !
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
Behold, O horrible ! my father's ghost,
With grisly beard, pale cheek—stalk up and down.
And he, the Royal Dane, want half-a-crown ?
Forbid it, ladies ; gentlemen, forbid it ;
Give joy to age, and let 'em say—You did it :
To you, ye gods !* I make my last appeal ;
You have a right to judge, as well as feel ;
Will your high wits to our scheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts, may dine ?
Olympus shakes !—that omen all secures ;
May every joy you give be ten-fold yours !

GARRICK.

* To the Upper Gallery.

39.—AWFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE DEITIES ENGAGED IN COMBAT.

BUT when the powers descending swell'd the fight,
 Then tumult rose ; fierce rage and pale affright
 Varied each face ; then discord sounds alarms,
 Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
 Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
 And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
 Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds
 In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds :
 Now through the Trojan heart he fury pours,
 With voice divine from Ilion's topmost towers,
 Now shoots to Simois, from her beauteous hill ;
 The mountains shook, the rapid stream stood still.
 Above, the sire of gods his thunder rolls,
 And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
 Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground ;
 The forests wave, the mountains nod around :
 Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
 And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
 Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain,
 And the tossed navies beat the heaving main.
 Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
 Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
 Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay.
 His dark dominions open to the day,
 And pour its light on Pluto's drear abodes,
 Abhor'd by men, and dreadful even to gods.

POPE'S *Homer's Iliad*.

40.—THE ART OF CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing, or in judging ill ;
 But, of the two, less dangerous is th' offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense :
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this ;
 Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.
 A fool might once himself alone expose ;
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
 True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share :

Both' must alike from Heaven' derive their light ;
 These' born to judge', as well as those' to write'.
 Let such teach others' who themselves' excel,
 And censure' freely, who have written' well.
 Authors' are partial to their wit', 'tis true ;
 But are not Critics' to their judgment' too ?

Yet, if we look more closely', we shall find
 Most have the seeds' of judgment in their mind :
 Nature affords at least a glimmering' light ;
 The lines, though touch'd' but faintly, are drawn' right.
 But as the slightest skêch, if jústly traced,
 Is by ill-colouring' but the more disgraced',
 So by false learning' is good sense' defaced :
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools',
 And some made coxcombs' Nature meant for fools'.
 In search of wit' these lose their common sense',
 And then turn Critics' in their own defence'.
 All fools have still an itching to deride',
 And fain would be upon the laughing' side.
~~W~~ ~~h~~ ~~a~~ ~~n~~ ~~d~~ ~~s~~ ~~c~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~b~~ ~~b~~ ~~e~~ in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge' still worse than he can write.
 Some have, at first, for Wits', then Poets' past,
 Turn'd Critics' next, and proved plain fools' at last.
 Some neither can for Wits' nor Critics' pass,
 As heavy mules' are neither horse' nor ass'.

Poet

41.—HARMONY OF EXPRESSION.

BUT most, by numbers judge a poet's song ;
 And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong :
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please the ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there :
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And then low words oft creep in one dull line ;
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes :
 Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line it " whispers through the trees ;"

If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
 Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance;
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness give offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

POPE

42.—ON MAN.

LET us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man;
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
 A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield!
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the Manners living as they rise;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
 But vindicate the ways of God to Man.
 Say first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know?
 Of Man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer?

Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What varied Being peoples every star,
 May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
 But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
 Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less.
 Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
 Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade;
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
 That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must fall, or not coherent be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be somewhere such a rank as Man:
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
 In God's, one single can its end produce;
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;

When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God ;
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end ;
Why doing, suffer'ing, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault ;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought ;
His knowledge measured to his state and place ;
His time a moment, and a point his space. POPE.

43.—UNIVERSAL ORDER.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same.
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame ;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent ;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns :
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name :
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point : This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear :
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see ;
All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
All partial Evil, universal Good :
And, spite of pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right. POPE.

44.—SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Know thou thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is Man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great ;
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast ;
 In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer ;
 " Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much :
 Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confused ;
 Still by himself abused or disabused ;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd ;
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !
 " O, wond'rous creature ! mount where Science guides ;
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun ;
 Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
 Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
 And, quitting sense, call imitating God ;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !

POPE.

45.—VICE AND VIRTUE.

Fools but too oft into the notion fall,
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black, blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black, or white ?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

" Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

But where the **Extreme** of Vice, was ne'er agreed :
 Ask where's the North ? at York, 'tis on the Tweed ;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or I know not where.
 No creature owns it in the First degree,
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he ;
 E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own :
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every Man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree ;
 The rogue and fool by fits are fair and wise ;
 And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ;
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still ;
 Each individual seeks a several goal ;
 But Heaven's great view is One, and that the Whole.

POPE.

46.—ON THE PLAIN OF MARATHON.

WHERE'ER we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground,
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould !
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon :
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone :
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

The sun—the soil—but not the slave the same,
 Unchanged in all except its foreign lord,
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame,
 The battle-field—where Persia's victim horde
 First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
 As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
 When Marathon became a magic word—
 Which utter'd—to the hearer's eye appear
 The camp—the host—the fight—the conqueror's career

The flying Mede—his shaftless broken bow,
 The fiery Greek—his red purging spear,

Mountains above—Earth's—Ocean's plain below,
 Death in the front—destruction in the rear !
 Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ?
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?—
 The rifled urn—the violated mound—
 The dust—thy courser's hoof; rude stranger ! spurns around.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past,
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
 Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
 Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;
 He that is lonely hither let him roam,
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth ;
 But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

BYRON.

47.—ON THE PRESENT STATE OF ATHENS.

ANCIENT of days ! august Athena ! where,
 Where are thy men of might ? thy grand in soul ?
 Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were,
 First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
 They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole ?
 A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour !
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mould'ring tower,
 Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the shade of power.

Sor of the morning, rise ! approach you here !
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn :
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre !
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
 Even gods must yield—religions take their turn :

'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds ;
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
 Is't not enough, unhappy thing—to know
 Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
 That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
 On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and wo?
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies ;
 That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

(Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound ;
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps :
 He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around ;
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
 Nor warlike-worshipper his vigil keeps
 Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
 Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps—
 Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
 Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell !

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul !
 Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
 And Passion's host, that never brook'd control :
 Can all, saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son !
 " All that we know is, nothing can be known."
 Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
 Each has his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
 With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
 Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best ;
 Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :
 There no forced banquet claims the satiate guest,
 But Silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome rest.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore,

To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
 And Sophists, madly vain of dubious lore ;
 How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labours light !
 To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more !
 Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
 The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right.
BYRON.

48.—THE LYRE.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
 Down the green, retiring vale,
 Poor, forlorn Alcæus wander'd,
 Pale with thought, serenely pale :
 Timeless sorrow o'er his face
 Breathed a melancholy grace,
 And fix'd on every feature there
 The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his Lyre neglected,
 Once his dear companion, hung,
 And, in spirit deep dejected,
 Thus the pensive poet sung ;
 While, at midnight's solemn noon,
 Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
 And all the stars, around his head,
 Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

“ Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
 Solace of my bleeding heart !
 Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure,
 We must ever, ever part :
 For in vain thy poet sings ;
 Woos in vain thy heavenly strings ;
 The muse's wretched sons are born
 To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

“ That which ALEXANDER sigh'd for,
 That which CÆSAR's soul possess'd,
 That which heroes, kings have died for,
 Glory animates my breast.
 Hark ! the charging trumpets' throats
 Pour their death-defying notes :
 To arms ! they call : to arms I fly,
 Like WOLFE to conquer, and like WOLFE to die !

" Soft ! the blood of murder'd legions
 Summons vengeance from the skies ;
 Flaming towns, and ravaged regions,
 All in awful judgment rise !

O then, innocently brave,
 I will wrestle with the wave ;
 Lo ! Commerce spreads the daring sail,
 And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

" Blow, ye breezes !—gently blowing,
 Waft me to that happy shore,
 Where, from fountains ever flowing,
 Indian realms their treasures pour ;
 Thence returning, poor in health,
 Rich in honesty and wealth,
 O'er thee, my dear paternal soil,
 I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

" Then shall Misery's sons and daughters
 In their lonely dwellings sing :
 Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
 Undiscover'd as their spring,
 I will scatter o'er the land,
 Blessings with a sacred hand :
 For such angelic tasks design'd,
 Give the Lyre and sorrow to the wind.
 On an oak, whose branches hoary,
 Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
 Sigh'd, and told the simple story
 Of the patriarch of trees ;
 High in air his harp he hung,
 Now no more to rapture strung ;
 Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
 He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.
 Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
 Hark !—the Lyre enchants the wind ;
 Fond Alcæus listens, lingers,
 Lingering, list'ning, looks behind.
 Now the music mounts on high,
 Sweetly swelling through the sky,
 To every tune, with tender heat,
 His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.
 Now the strains to silence stealing,
 Soft in ecstasies expire ;
 Oh ! with what romantic feeling
 Poor Alcæus grasps the Lyre !

Lo ! his furious hand he flings,
 In a tempest o'er the strings ;
 He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
 'Tis Jove that scatters lightning from a cloud !

" Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
 Solace of my bleeding heart ;
 Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure,
 We will never, never part !—
 Glory, Commerce, now in vain
 Tempt me to the field, the main ;
 The Muses' sons are blest, though born
 To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

" What, though all the world neglect me,
 Shall my haughty soul repine ?
 And shall poverty deject me,
 While this hallow'd Lyre is mine ?
 Heaven—that o'er my helpless head
 Many a wrathful vial shed,—
 Heaven gave this Lyre !—and thus decreed,
 Be thou a *bruised*, but not a *broken* reed !"

MONTGOMERY.

49.—A SKETCH OF THE FIELD OF BATTLE AFTER THE
 VICTORY AT VITTORIA.

BUT who shall paint the various grief,
 Where none was near to yield relief ;
 The cutting thoughts that crowd the mind,
 (For wives and children left behind,)
 Of those whom Hope had left a prey
 To dark Suspense, and pale Dismay ?
 Who, fighting for their country's weal,
 Had fallen beneath a despot's steel ?
 Who, conscious of their fate, discern'd
 Their worldly prospects all o'erturn'd—
 Their children crush'd beneath the storm
 That clouds their azure sky ;
 And, weltering in the carnage warm,
 Unheard, unpitied, die !
 Say, who shall paint that various scene—
 The horrors of Vittoria's green ?
 Who tell the woes where many fought,
 And glory with their life-blood bought ;

The wreath? adorn'd with every charm,
 That nerves the Warrior's potent arm?
 Who shall describe the falling gloom,
 Suspended o'er the Warrior's tomb,
 When, sword to sword, the Champions met,
 And sabre clash'd with bayonet?
 When, round the field, the cymbal clang,
 In wild and wilder echoes rang—
 The moans, the cries, the fires that swept
 The shatter'd forms of those who slept—
 The sleep that never ends;—
 Where Courage long and loudly wept,
 And still her awful vigil kept,
 Amidst her slaughter'd friends?

GWILLIAM

50.—THE BEAUTIFUL, BUT STILL AND MELANCHOLY
 ASPECT, OF THE ONCE BUSY AND GLORIOUS SHORES OF
 GREECE.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
 Ere the first day of death is fled;
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress;
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.)
 And mark'd the mild angelic air—
 The rapture of repose that's there—
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 • The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—
 And but for that chill changeless brow,
 Whose touch thrills with mortality,
 And curdles to the gazer's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
 Yes—but for these and these alone,
 Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
 So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd
 The first—last look—by death reveal'd!
 Such is the aspect of this shore—
 'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start—for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
 Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
 Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

BYRON

51.—THE TURKISH LADY.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
 Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
 And the star that faded slowly
 Left to dew the freshen'd air.
 Day her sultry fires had wasted,
 Calm and sweet the moonlight rose,
 Even a captive's spirit tasted
~~Self~~ oblivion of his woes.
 Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
 Came an eastern lady bright:
 She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
 Saw and loved an English knight.
 Tell me, captive, why in anguish
 ' Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
 ' Where poor Christians, as they languish,
 ' Hear no sound of sabbath bell?'—
 'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,
 ' When the crescent shone afar,
 ' Like a pale disastrous planet
 ' O'er the purple tide of war—
 ' In that day of desolation,
 ' Lady, I was captive made;
 ' Bleeding for my Christian nation,
 ' By the walls of high Belgrade.'
 ' Captive! could the brightest jewel
 ' From my turban set thee free?'—
 ' Lady, no!—the gift were cruel,
 ' Ransom'd, yet 'st if rest of thee.'

' Say, fair princess ! would it grieve thee
 ' Christian climes should we behold ?'—
 ' Nay, bold knight ! I would not leave thee
 ' Were thy ransom paid in gold !'

Now in heaven's blue expansion
 Rose the midnight star to view,
 When to quit her father's mansion,
 Thrice she wept, and bade adieu !

Fly we then, while none discover !
 ' Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride !'
 Soon at Rhodes the British lover

Clasp'd his blooming eastern bride. CAMPBELL

52.—A SHIP SINKING.

HER giant-form,
 O'er wrothful surge, through blackening storm
 Majestically calm, would go
 Mid the deep darkness white as snow !
 But gently now the small waves glide
 Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
 So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
 The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
 Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast !
 —Hush ! hush ! thou vain dreamer ! this hour is her last
 Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
 Are hurried o'er the deck ;
 And fast the miserable ship
 Becomes a lifeless wreck.
 Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
 Her planks are torn asunder,
 And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
 And a hideous crash like thunder.
 Her sails are draggled in the brine
 That gladdened late the skies,
 And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moonshine
 Down many a fathom lies.
 Her beautiful sides, whose rainbow hues
 Gleamed softly from below,
 And flung a warm and sunny flash
 O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
 To the coral rocks are hurrying down
 To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh ! many a dream was in the ship
 An hour before her death ;
 And sights of home with sighs disturb'd
 The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
 Instead of the murmur of the sea,
 The sailor heard the humming tree
 Alive through all its leaves,
 The hum of the spreading sycamore
 That grows before his cottage door,
 And the swallow's song in the eaves.
 His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
 Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy
 To the dangers his father had pass'd ;
 And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
 As she look'd on the father of her child
 Return'd to her heart at last,
 —He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
 And the rush of waters is in his soul.—

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
 Unbroken as the floating air ;
 The ship hath melted quite away,
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.
 No image meets my wandering eye
 But the new-risen sun, and the sunny sky.
 Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull
 Bedims the waves so beautiful ;
 While a low and melancholy moan
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

WILSON.

53.—BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line :

It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death ;
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
 To anticipate the scene ;
 And her van the fleetest rush'd
 O'er the deadly space between.
 ' Hearts of oak ! ' our captains cried, when each gun
 From its adamantine lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
 And the havock did not slack,
 'Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back ;—
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
 ' Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
 ' And we conquer but to save :—
 ' So peace instead of death let us bring,
 ' But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 ' With the crews, at England's feet,
 ' And make submission meet
 ' To our king.—

Then Denmark blest our chief,
 'That he gave her wounds repose ;
 And the sounds of joy and grief,
 From her people wildly rose ;
 As Death withdrew his shades from the day.
 While the sun look'd smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.—

Now joy, Old England, raise !
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 While the wine-cup shines in light ;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !—

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,—
 With the gallant good Riou :
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave ;
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !—

CAMPBELL

54.—THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

" MACGREGOR, Macgregor, remember our foemen,
 The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond,
 The clans are impatient and chide thy delay ;
 Arise ! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away."—

Stern scowled the Macgregor, then silent and sullen,
 He turned his red eye to the braes of S'rathfillan ;
 " Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed ;
 The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest."—

" Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying
 Three days, round the hills of M'Nab and Glen-Lyon ;
 Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
 We must meet them at home else they'll quickly be here."

" The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him
 And haughty M Nab, with his giants behind him ;
 This night I am bound to relinquish the tray,
 And do what it freezes my vitals to say.
 Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind ;
 Thou knowest in the strife I was never behind,
 No' ever recoiled a foot from the van,
 Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man

But I've sworn by the cross, by my God, and by all!
 An oath which I cannot, and dare not recall,—
 Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,
 To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

“ Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,
 I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,
 When entered a lady, with visage so wan,
 And looks, such as never were fastened on man.
 I knew her, O brother! I knew her full well!
 Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell
 As would thrill thy bold heart; but how long she remained,
 So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,
 I knew not—but ages seemed short to the while.
 Though proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle.
 With length of existence no man can enjoy,
 The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly!
 The thrice-threatened pangs of last night to forego,
 Macgregor would dive to the mansions below.
 Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
 The present to shun, and some respite to find,
 I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile,
 To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

“ She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a stone
 The glory and name of Macgregor was gone:
 That the pine, which for ages had shed a bright halo,
 Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
 Should wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon,
 Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun:
 That a feast on Macgregors each day should be common
 For years, to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

“ A parting embrace, in one moment, she gave:
 Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave!
 Then flitting elusive, she said, with a frown,
 “ The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own!”—

“ Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind;
 The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind.
 Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field,—
 See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield!
 Ay, that was M'Nab, in the height of his pride,
 When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.
 This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue;
 Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood will glue
 Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
 When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring.”—

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night,
 Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light :
 It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed,—
 ' No ! not for the universe ! ' low he replied.

Away went Macgreger, but went not alone ;
 To watch the dread rendezvous, Malcolm has gone.
 They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene !
 And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene !
 O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
 And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching ;
 The moon the blue zenith already was touching ;
 No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
 No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill ;
 Young Malcolm at distance, couched, trembling the while,—
 Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream,
 A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem ;
 Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
 The glow-worm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom .
 A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
 Like wold-fire, at midnight, that glares on the waste.
 Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
 No torrent, no rock, her velocity staid ;
 She wimpled her water to weather and lee,
 And heaved her borne on the waves of the sea.
 Mute Nature was hushed in the bounds of the glen ;
 The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,
 Flew panting away, over river and isle,
 Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.

The fox fled in terror, the eagle awoke,
 As slumbering he dozed in the shelve of the rock ;
 Astonished, to hide in the moon-beam he flew,
 And screwed the night-heaven till lost in the blue.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
 The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
 He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
 As begging for something he could not obtain .
 She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
 Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

(Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
 Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side ;

"Macgregor! Macgregor!" he bitterly cried;
 "Macgregor! Macgregor!" the echoes replied.
 He struck at the lady, but strange though it seem,
 His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream;
 But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
 Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.—
 They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away,
 Macgregor is vanished for ever and aye!

Hogg

55.—THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

PART I.

ON the wide prospect as I gazed around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore;
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
 The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile Time subdued;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And poets once had promised they should last.
 Some fresh engraved appear'd of wits renown'd;
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own with labour, in their place;
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt the approaches of too warm a sun;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by Envy than excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of Heaven could feel,
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel.
 The rock's high summit, in the Temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade;
 Their names inscribed unnumber'd ages past,
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last
 These, ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.
 So Zembla's rocks (the hauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast.

Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky :
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years :
 On this foundation Fame's high temple stands :
 Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd ;
 Four faces had the dome, and every face
 Of various structure, but of equal grace ;
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the different quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled Chiefs, in darker ages born,
 Or Worthies old, whom arts or arms adorn,
 Who cities raised, or tamed a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace ;
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And Legislators seem to think in stone.

PART II.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield :
 There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds the Hesperian spoil :
 Here Orpheus sings ; trees, moving to the sound,
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
 Amphion there the loud'creating lyre
 Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire !
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall :
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend.
 The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
 The growing bowers like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With diamonds flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame.
 And the great founder of the Persian name :
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
 Grave Zoroastér waves the circling wand :

The sage Chaldeans^r robed in white appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods revered :
 These stopp'd the Moon, and call'd the unbody'd shades
 To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades ;
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the power,
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But, on the South, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
 Who measured earth, described the starry spheres,
 And traced the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
 Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew.
 His hands a bow and painted javelin hold ;
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues Obelisks were placed,
 And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics graced.

PART III.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
 There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And Runic characters were graved around.
 There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
 And youths that died to be by Poets sung.
 These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
 In ranks admired the temple's outward face ;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies.
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
 For thus romantic fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
 Raised on a thousand pillars wreathed around
 With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd :

Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
 The friezes gold, and gold the capitals :
 As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows.
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate
 The sage historians in white garments wait :
 Graved o'er their seats, the form of Time was found,
 His scythe reversed, and both his pinions bound.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire :
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
 Hold the chief honours, and the Fane command.
 High on the first the mighty Homer shone ;
 Eternal adamant composed his throne :
 Father of verse ! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast :
 Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen ;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
 Motion and life did every part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and proved the master's fire .
 A strong expression most he seem'd to affect,
 And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.

PART IV.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
 Finished the whole, and labour'd every part.
 With patient touches of unwearied art :
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
 Composed his posture, and his look sedate :
 On Homer still he fix'd a reverend eye,
 Great without pride in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latin wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;
 Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre ;
 Æneas bending with his aged Sire ;
 Troy flamed in burning gold ; and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden ciphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
 With heads advanced, and pinions stretch'd for flight :

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
 The figured games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang, o'er their chariots as they run;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
 The champions in distorted postures threat;
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tuned the Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire;
 Pleased with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
 The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace;
 A work outlasting monumental brass.
 Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
 The Julian star, and great Augustus here:
 The Doves, that round the infant Poet spread
 Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
 Sate, fix'd in thought, the mighty Stagyrite:
 His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
 And various animals his sides surround:
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone;
 The Roman rostra deck'd the Consul's throne:
 Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
 Behind, Rome's Cæsar waits with civic crowns,
 And the great Father of his country owns.

PART V.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies.
 Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
 So large it spreads, and swell'd to such a height.
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blazed magnificently great:
 The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
 The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream
 And lucid-amber casts a golden gleam.

With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ;
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
 But swell'd to larger size the more I gazed,
 Till to the roof her towering front she raised :
 With her the Temple every moment grew,
 And ampler vistas open'd to my view :
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
 Such was her form as ancient Bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order ranged, the tuneful Nine
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string :
 With Time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
 And last eternal, through the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook ;
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall :
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
 Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
 Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend :
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
 And boasting youth, and narrative old age,
 Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same ;
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgraced, and some with honours crown'd ,
 Unlike successes equal merits found
 Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
 And undiscerning scatter'd crowns and chains.

PART VI.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their prayer :
 Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
 With studies pale, and midnight vigils blind ;
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne :
 On Wit and Learning the just prize bestow ;
 For Fame is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bid the Muses raise
 The Golden Trumpet of eternal praise :
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound
 That fills the circuit of the world around ;
 Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud,
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :
 By just degrees they every moment rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
 At every breath were balmy odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread .
 Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
 Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these, the good and just, an awful train
 Thus on their knees address the sacred fane :
 Since living virtue is with envy cursed,
 And the best men are treated like the worst,
 Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
 And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.—
 Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
 (Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd :
 Let fuller notes the applauding world amaze,
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
 Prefer the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
 The constant tenor of whose well-spent days,
 No less deserved a just return of praise.
 But straight the direful Trump of Slander sounds ;
 Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report through every region flies,
 In every ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on every tongue.
 From the black Trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke ;

The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

PART VII.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dared, thy inspiration own ;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools ! (the Queen replied and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight.
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
Great Idol of Mankind ! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame ;
But safe in deserts from the applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we lived unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite
O let us still the secret joy partake,
'To follow Virtue e'en for Virtue's sake.

And live there men who slight immortal Fame ?
Who then with incense shall adore our name ?
But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise ! Muses, rise ! add all your tuneful breath ;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said : in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ,
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
E'en list'ning Angels lean from heaven to hear.
To furthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne ;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd ;

Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
 Of crooked councils, and dark politics ;
 Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
 And beg to make the immortal treasons known.
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
 With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
 At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
 And startled Nature trembled with the blast. POPE.

56.—FROM THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

THOU, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd,
 Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
 'To thine own noble heart must owe
 More than the meed she can bestow.
 For not a people's just acclaim,
 Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
 Thy prince's smiles, thy state's decree,
 The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
 Not these such pure delight afford
 As that, when, hanging up thy sword,
 Well may'st thou think, " This honest steel
 Was ever drawn for public weal ;
 And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
 Ne'er sheathed unless with victory ! "

Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
 Ere from the field of fame we part ;
 Triumph and Sorrow border near,
 And joy oft melts into a tear.
 Alas ! what links of love that morn
 Has War's rude hand asunder torn !
 For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
 And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
 Here piled in common slaughter sleep
 Those whom affection long shall weep ;
 Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
 His orphans to his heart again ;
 The son, whom, on his native shore,
 The parent's voice shall bless no more ;
 The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
 His blushing consort to his breast ;
 The husband, whom through many a year
 Long love and mutual faith endear.
 Thou can'st not name one tender tie
 But here dissolved its reliques lie !
 O when thou see'st some mourner's veil
 Shroud her thin form and visage pale,

Or mark'st the Matron's bursting tears
Stream when the stricken drum she hears ;
Or see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd,
Is labouring in a father's breast,—
With no inquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on Waterloo!

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close !—
Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claims !
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubted PICTON's soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of PONSONBY could die—
DE LANCY change Love's bridal wreath,
For laurels from the hand of Death—
Saw'st gallant MILLER's failing eye
Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
And CAMERON, in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel ;
And generous GORDON, 'mid the strife,
Fell while he watch'd his leader's life.—
Ah ! though her guardian angel's shield
Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own !

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay !
Who may your names, your numbers, say ?
What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
To each the dear-earn'd praise assign,
From high-born chiefs of martial fame
To the poor soldier's lowlier name ?
Lightly ye rose that dawning day,
From your cold couch of swamp and clay,
To fill, before the sun was low,
The bed that morning cannot know.—
Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
And sacred be the heroes' sleep, '

Till Time shall cease to run ;
And ne'er beside their noble grave,
May Briton pass and fail to give
A blessing on the fallen brave

Who fought with Wellington ! SCOTT.

BLANK VERSE.

1.—AGAINST SUICIDE.

YET die ev'n thus', thus' rather perish still,
Ye Sons of Pleasure, by the Almighty' strick'n,
Than ever dare' (though oft', alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves' the murd'rous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice
And be your own' avengers! Hold', rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st ranged
Through every' region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening' of thy days;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void',
Guilt at thy heels', before thy face despair';
Yet gay this' scene, and light this' load of woe,
Compared with thy hereafter. Think', O think',
And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss',
Pause on the verge' a while, look down' and see
Thy future' mansion. Why that start of horror'?
From thy slack hand' why drops th' uplifted steel'?
Didst thou not think' such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh' about him,
Rushes irreverent, unprepared', uncalled',
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain his choicest' gift?

Live' then, while Heav'n in pity' lends thee life.
And think it all too short' to wash away
By penitential tears' and deep contrition'
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest' to thy soul, so unappall'd' shalt meet
Death when he comes', not wantonly invite'
His ling'ring stroke. Be it thy sole' concern
With innocence' to live, with patience wait'
Th' appointed hour; too soon' that hour will come
Tho' Nature run' her course. But Nature's God'.
If need' require, by thousand various' ways,
Without thy' aid, can shorten that short' span,
And quench' the lamp of life.

POPE.

2.—VARIOUS MODES OF PUNISHMENT.

O WHEN He comes,
 Roused by the cry of wickedness extreme
 To Heav'n ascending from some guilty land,
 Now ripe for vengeance ; when He comes array'd
 In all the terrors of Almighty wrath ;
 Forth from his bosom plucks his ling'ring arm,
 And on the miscreants pours destruction down,
 Who can abide his coming ? Who can bear
 His whole displeasure ? In no common form
 Death then appears, but starting into size
 Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
 The astonish'd Earth, and from his looks throws round
 Unutterable horror and dismay.
 All Nature lends her aid. Each Element
 Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven ;
 The fountains of the deep their barriers break ;
 Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
 And drown Creation ; or in floods of fire
 Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
 An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems peace,
 Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
 Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
 Whelms the proud wooden world ; full many a youth
 Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept
 On some sad desert shore ! At dead of night
 In sullen silence stalks forth PESTILENCE ;
 CONTAGION close behind taints all her steps
 With poisonous dew ; no smiting hand is seen,
 No sound is heard, but soon her secret path
 Is mark'd with desolation ; heaps on heaps
 Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near ;
 All, all, is false and treacherous around,
 All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is DEATH.
 But, ah : what means that ruinous roar ? why fail
 These tott'ring feet ? Earth to its centre feels
 The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
 Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
 Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave
 Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,
 The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
 Of gen'ral devastation, millions find
 One common grave ; not even a widow left

To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,
 Entombs its master; and the faithless plain,
 If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
 Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious Heaven,
 O snatch me from destruction! If this globe,
 This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made
 So firm and sure, if this, my steps betray;
 If my own mother Earth from whence I sprung
 Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
 Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
 Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee,
 Almighty Father! Save, O save thy suppliant
 From horrors such as these! at thy good time
 Let death approach; I reck not—let him but come
 In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
 Too much for man to bear.

PORTEUS.

3.—THE IDEAS OF THE DIVINE MIND, THE ORIGIN OF EVERY QUALITY PLEASING TO THE IMAGINATION.

Ere the radiant sun,
 Sprung from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
 The moon suspended her serene lamp;
 Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorned the globe,
 Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore,
 Then lived the Almighty One: then deep retired
 In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
 The forms eternal of created things;
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
 The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
 And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first,
 Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
 His admiration: till in time complete,
 What he admired and loved, his vital smile
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
 Of life informing each organic frame;
 Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves;
 Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
 And clear autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
 And all the fair variety of things.
 But not alike to every mortal eye
 Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
 Of social life, to different labours urge

The active powers of man ; with wise intent
 The hand of nature on peculiar minds
 Imprints a different bias, and to each
 'Decrees its province in the common toil.
 'To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
 'The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
 'The golden zones of heaven : to some she gave
 'To weigh the moment of eternal things,
 'Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
 'And will's quick impulse : others by the hand
 'She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
 'What healing virtue swells the tender veins
 'Of herbs and flowers ; or what the beams of morn
 'Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind
 'In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
 'Were destined ; some within a finer mould
 'She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
 'To these the Sire omnipotent unfolds
 'The world's harmonious volume, there to read,
 'The transcript of himself

AKENSIDE.

4.—ON SLAVERY.

OH for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more ! My ear is pain'd,
 My soul is sick with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
 It does not feel for man. That natural bond
 Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not colour'd like his own, and, having power
 T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey !
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations, who had else
 Like kindred drops been mingled in one.
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
 And, worse than all, and most to be deplored.

As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes that mercy with a bleeding heart
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast!
 Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush
 And hang his head, to think himself a man?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble while I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
 No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation prized above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
 We have no slaves at home,—then why abroad?
 And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
 That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
 Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through every vein
 Of all your empire, that where Britain's power
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

COWPER

5.—THAT PHILOSOPHY, WHICH STOPS AT SECONDARY
 CAUSES, REPROVED.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employ'd
 In all the good and ill that chequer life!
 Resolving all events, with their effects
 And manifold results, into the will
 And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
 Did not his eye rule all things, and intent
 The least of our concerns, (since from the least
 The greatest oft originate,) could chance
 Find place in his dominion, or dispose
 One lawless particle to thwart his plan,
 Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen
 Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
 The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
 This truth, philosophy, though eagle-eyed

In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks,
 And having found his instruments, forgets
 Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
 Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims
 His hot displeasure against foolish men
 That live an atheist life; involves the heaven
 In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
 And gives them all their fury; springs his mines,
 And desolates a nation at a blast.
 Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
 Of homogeneal and discordant springs
 And principles; of causes, how they work
 By necessary laws their sure effects,
 Of action and re-action. He has found
 The source of the disease that Nature feels,
 And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
 Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
 Suspend th' effect or heal it? Has not God
 Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
 And did he not of old employ his means
 To drown it? What is his creation less
 Than a capacious reservoir of means
 Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
 Go, lass thine eyes with eye-salve, ask of him,
 Or ask of whosoever he has taught,
 And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

COWPER.

6.—THE GOOD PREACHER AND THE CLERICAL COXCOMB.

WOULD I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
 In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
 And plain in manner. Decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture. Much impress'd
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious, mainly, that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.
 Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?

The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again : pronounce a text,
Cry, here ! and, reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation : 'tis my perfect scorn ;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What !—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mien
And pretty face, in presence of his God ?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life ?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore, avaunt ! all attitude and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass.
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine ; and all beside,
Though learn'd with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious.

COWPER.

7.—CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH TO CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard ; say then I taught thee
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me :
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then

(The image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
 And, pray thee, lead me in——
 There take an inventory of all I have;
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell! Cromwell!
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies! SHAKESPEARE

8.—CHARACTER OF TERIBAZUS.

AMID the van of Persia was a youth
 Nannak-Teribazus, not for golden stores,
 Not for wide pastures traversed o'er with herds.
 With bleating thousands, or with bounding steeds
 Nor yet for power, nor splendid honours, famed.
 Rich was his mind in every art divine,
 And through the paths of science had he walk'd
 The votary of wisdom. In the years
 When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
 He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
 Of Zoroaster; then his tower'ing soul
 High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd
 And from the lofty Babylonian fane
 With learned Chaldeans traced the mystic sphere
 There number'd o'er the vivid fires, that gleam
 Upon the dusky bosom of the night.
 Nor on the sands of Ganges were unheard
 The Indian ages from sequester'd bowers,
 While, as attention wander'd, they disclosed
 The powers of nature; whether in the woods
 The fruitful glebe or flower, or healing plant
 The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
 Or in the purer element of fire.
 The fertile plains where great Scythia reign'd,
 Mysterious Egypt, next the youth survey'd,
 From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile
 Precipitates his waters to the sea.

Which far below receives the sevenfold stream.
 Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd, nor pass'd
 Miletus by, which once enraptured heard
 The tongue of Thales, nor Priene's walls,
 Where wisdom dwelt with Bias, nor the seat
 Of Pittacus along the Lesbian shore.
 Here too melodious numbers charm'd his ears,
 Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,
 And thee, O father of immortal verse,
 Mæonides, whose strains through every age
 Time with his own eternal lip shall sing.
 Back to his native Susa then he turn'd
 His wand'ring steps.

GLOVER'S *Leonidas*.

9.—A SEATONIAN PRIZE POEM, ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THY justice, heavenly King ! and that great day,
 When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
 Shall raise her pensive head ; and Vice, that erst
 Raged unreprieved and free, shall sink appall'd ;
 I sing advent'rous.—But what eye can pierce
 The vast immeasurable realms of space,
 O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car,
 To that bright region, where enthroned he sits
 First-born of heaven, to judge assembled worlds,
 Clothed in celestial radiance ! Can the Muse,
 Her feebleaving all damp with earthly dew,
 Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
 Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
 Hymn hallelujahs, and in concert loud
 Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise ?—

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,
 (That trump which once in heav'n, on man's revolt,
 Convoked the astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
 Th' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.
 Then shall th' assembled nations of the earth
 From ev'ry quarter at the judgment-seat
 Unite ; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
 Parthians ; and they who dwell on Tyber's banks,
 Names famed of old : or who of later age,
 Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
 Tenant the wide terrene ; and they who pitch
 Their tents on Niger's banks ; or, where the sun
 Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,

Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise,
 Whom distant ages to each other's sight
 Had long denied : before the throne shall kneel
 Some great Progenitor, while at his side
 Stand his descendants through a thousand lines.
 Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
 Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
 With equal eye the God of All shall see,
 And judge with equal love.—Where now the works
 Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now
 Th' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
 Trophies and pillars?—Where is Egypt's boast,
 Those lofty pyramids, which high in air
 Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
 Of Memphian pride a lasting monument?—
 Tell me where Athens raised her towers?—Where Thebes
 Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
 Stood sea-girt Albion?—Where imperial Rome,
 Propt by seven hills, sat like a sceptred queen,
 And awed the tributary world to peace?—
 Shew me the rampart which o'er many a hill,
 Through many a valley, stretch'd its wide extent,
 Raised by that mighty monarch to repel
 The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
 'Gainst Pekin's towers he bent th' unerring bow.
 But what is mimic art? Even Nature's works,
 Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring streams,
 And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
 No more shall Teneriffe, cloud-piercing height!
 O'erhang th' Atlantic surge; nor that famed cliff,
 Through which the Persian steers with many a sail,
 Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
 O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where are now
 The Alps that confined with unnumber'd realms,
 And from the Black Sea to the Ocean stream
 Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Ararat,
 That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
 Which seven long months had voyaged o'er its top,
 First rested, when the earth with all her sons,
 As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
 Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
 Are vanish'd and dissolved; no trace remains,
 No mark of vain distinction : Heav'n itself,
 That azure vault, with all those radiant orbs,
 Sinks in the universal ruin lost.—

No more shall planets round their central sun
 Move in harmonious dance; no more the moon
 Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd stars,
 Spangling the golden canopy of night,
 Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
 Call'd from their wondrous height, to read their names
 And magnitude, some winged minister
 Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth
 Is lost) shall rend from heaven the mystic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous day,
 Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
 Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
 Through night's dark gloom.—

——“ Power Supreme!

“ O everlasting King! to thee I kneel,
 “ To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
 “ Melt, all ye elements! and thou, high heaven,
 “ Shrink like a shrivell'd scroll! But think, O Lord,
 “ Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
 “ Think on thine own bright image! Think on Him
 “ Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
 “ And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember man!”

DR GLYNN.

10.—ON THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME TO MAN.

NIGHT, sable goddess! from her ébon thrône,
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
 Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue.
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours.
 Where are they? with the years beyond the flood.
 It is the signal that demands despatch:
 How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—On what! a fathomless abyss:
 A dread eternity! How surely mine!

And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man?
 How passing wonder HE, who made him such?
 Who centred in our make, such strange extremes?
 From different natures marvellous mixt,
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!
 A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
 Though sullied, and dishonoured, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
 Helpless immortal! insect infirmité!
 A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distressed! what joy, what dread!
 Alternately transported, and alarmed!
 What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

YOUNG.

II.—ON DEATH.

WHERE the prime actors of the last year's scene,
 Their port so proud, their buskin and their plume?
 How many sleep who kept the world awake
 With lustre and with noise! Has death proclaimed
 A truce, and hung his sated lance on high?
 'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present year
 Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
 Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought:
 Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,
 Though in a style more florid, full as plain
 As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
 What are our noblest ornaments but deaths
 Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
 The well-stained canvass, or the featured stone?
 Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene:
 Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

Truest *diversions* : cannot these escape ?
 Far from it : these present us with a shroud,
 And talk of death like garlands o'er a grave,
 As some bold plunderers for buried wealth,
 We ransack tombs for pastime ; from the dust
 Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread
 The scene for our amusement : How like gods
 We sit ; and, wrapp'd in immortality,
 Shed generous tears on wretches born to die ;
 Their fate deploring, to forget our own !
 Where is the dust that has not been alive ?
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors :
 From human mould we reap our daily bread.
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep ;
 While buried towns support the dancer's heel.
 Nor man alone ; his breathing bust expires ;
 His tomb is mortal : empires die. Where, now,
 The Roman ? Greek ? They stalk an empty name ;
 Yet few regard them in this useful light,
 Though half our learning is their epitaph.—
 When down thy vale, unflock'd by midnight thought
 That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
 O death, I stretch'd my view,—what visions rise !
 What triumphs, toils imperial, arts divine,
 In wither'd laurels glide before my sight !
 What lengths of far-famed ages, bellow'd high
 With human agitation, roll along
 In unsubstantial images of air !—
 The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
 Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
 With penitential aspect as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
 The wisdom of the wise and prancings of the great.

YOUNG.

 12.—ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

DESIRE ;—the world shut out ;—thy thoughts call home !
 Imagination's airy wing repress ;—
 Lock up thy senses ;—let no passion stir ;—
 Wake all to Reason ;—let her reign alone ;
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,

As I have done ; and shall inquire no more.
 In Nature's channel, thus the questions run.
 What am I ? and from whence ?—I nothing know
 But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude
 Something Eternal : had there e'er been nought.
 Nought still had been : eternal there must be.
 But what eternal ?—Why not human race ;
 And Adam's ancestors without an end ?—
 That's hard to be conceived ; since every link
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail ;
 Can every part depend, and not the whole ?
 Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;
 I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the shore.
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs ?—eternal too ?—
 Grant matter was eternal ; still these orbs
 Would want some other father ; much design
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes ;
 Design implies intelligence, and art :
 That can't be from themselves—or man ; that art
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow
 And nothing greater, yet allowed, than man.—
 Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight
 Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
 Has matter innate motion ? then each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form an universe of dust.
 Has matter none ? Then whence these glorious forms
 And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed ?
 Has matter more than motion ? Has it thought,
 Judgment, and genius ? Is it deeply learned
 In mathematics ? Has it framed such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal ?—
 If so, how each safe atom laughs at me,
 Who think a clod inferior to a man !
 It sits, to form ; and counsel, to conduct ;
 And that with greater far than human skill,
 Resides not in each block ;—a GODHEAD reigns —
 And, if a God there is, that God how great ! YOUNG.

13.—ON THE WONDERS OF REDEMPTION

THOU most indulgent, most tremendous Power !
 Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love !

That arms, with ~~awe~~ more awful, thy commands ;
 And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night.
 How our hearts tremble at thy love immense !
 In love immense, inviolably just !
 Thou, rather than thy justice should be stained,
 Didst stain the cross ; and work of wonders far
 The greatest, that thy dearest ~~far~~ might bleed.

Bold thought ! Shall I dare speak it, or repress ?
 Should man more exetrate, or boast, the guilt
 Which roused such vengeance ? which such love inflamed
 (O'er guilt how mountainous !) with outstretched arms,
 Stern Justice, and soft-smiling Love, embrace,
 Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
 When ~~seemed~~ its majesty to need support,
 Or that, or man, inevitably lost.
 What, but the fathomless of thought divine,
 Could labour, such expedient from despair,
 And rescue both ! both rescue ! both exalt !
 O how are both exalted by the deed !
 The wondrous deed ! or shall I call it more ?
 A wonder in Omnipotence itself !

A mystery, no less to gods than men !

Ye brainless wits ! ye baptized infidels !
 Ye worse for mending ! washed to fouler stains ! • •
 The ransom was paid down ; the fund of heaven,
 Heaven's inexhaustible exhausted fund,
 Amazing, and amazed, poured forth the price,
 All price beyond ; though curious to compute.
 Archangels failed to cast the mighty sum : •
 Its value vast ungrasped by minds create,
 • For ever hides, and glows, in the Supreme.

And was the ransom paid ? It was : and paid
 (What can exalt the bounty more ?) for you.
 The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
 Drove back his chariot : midnight veiled his face ;
 Not such as this ; not such as Nature makes ;
 A midnight, Nature shuddered to behold ;
 A midnight new ! a dread eclipse (without
 Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown !
 Sun ! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain ? or start
 At the enormous load of human guilt,
 Which bowed his blessed head, o'erwhelmed his cross.
 Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble womb.
 With pangs, strange pangs ! delivered of her dead ?
 Hell howled ; and Heaven that hour let fall a tear ;

Heaven wept, that man might smile ! Heaven bled, that man
Might never die !—

And is devotion virtue ? 'tis compelled ;
What heart of stone, but glows at thoughts like these ?
Such contemplations mount us ; and should mount
The mind still higher ; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptured, uninflamed.—Where roll my thoughts,
To rest from wonders ? other wonders rise ;
And strike where'er they roll : my soul is caught :
Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from the cross,
Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze !—In his blest life
I see the path, and in his death the price,
And in his great ascent, the proof supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise ?
Hear, O ye nations ! hear it, O ye dead !
He rose ! he rose ! he burst the bars of death.

The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain ?
Oh the burst gates ! crushed sting ! demolished throne !
Last gasp of vanquished Death ! Shout, earth and heaven
This sum of good to man : whose nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb !
Then, then, I rose ; then, first, humanity
Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest !) and seized eternal youth ;
Seized in our name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was, then, transferred to death ; and heaven's duration
Unalienably sealed to this frail frame,
This child of dust. Man, all immortal ! hail ;
Hail, Heaven ! all lavish of strange gifts to man !
Thine all the glory ; man's the boundless bliss ! YOUNG.

DIALOGUES.

I.—LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Wizard. LOCHIEL ! Lochiel ! beware of the day
—When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight :

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
 We, woe to the riders that trample them down !
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
 'Tis thine, oh Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
 A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
 Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead :
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
 Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thy death-telling seer !
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight !
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard. Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
 Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
 From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?
 Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
 Ah ! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
 Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast,
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his cyr, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 • Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
 Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely, return !
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan :
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;

When her bonnetted chieftains to victory c owd,
 Cfanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
 All plaided and plumed in their artan array——

Wizard. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight
 Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores:
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
 Ah no! 'or a darker departure is near;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier.
 His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

Lochiel.——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame

CAMPBELL.

2.—VANOC AND VALENS, IN THE TRAGEDY OF THE BRITON.

Van. Now, tribune!—

Val. Health to Vanoc.

Van. Speak your business.

Val. I come not as a herald, but a friend :
And I rejoice that Didius chose out me
To greet a prince in my esteem the foremost.

Van. So much for words.—Now to your purpose, tribune.

Val. Sent by our new lieutenant, who in Rome
And since from me has heard of your renown,
I come to offer peace ; to reconcile
Past enemies ; to strike perpetual league
With Vanoc ; whom our emperor invites
To terms of friendship ; strictest bonds of union.

Van. We must not hold a friendship with the Romans.

Val. Why must you not ?

Van. Virtue forbids it.

Val. Once
You thought our friendship was your greatest glory.

Van. I thought you honest.—I have been deceived.—
Would you deceive me twice ? No, tribune ; no !
You sought for war,—maintain it as you may.

Val. Believe me, prince, your vehemence of spirit ;
Prone ever to extremes, betrays your judgment.
Would you once coolly reason on our conduct——

Van. O, I have scann'd it thoroughly—Night and day
I think it over, and I think it base ;

Most infamous ! let who will judge—but Romans.

Did not my wife, did not my menial servant,

Seducing each the other, both conspire

Against my crown, against my fame, my life ?

Did they not levy war and wage rebellion ?

And when I would assert my right and power

As king and husband, when I would chastise

Two most abandon'd wretches—who but Romans

Opposed my justice and maintain'd their crimes ?

Val. At first the Romans did not interpose,
But grieved to see their best allies at variance.

Indeed, when you turned justice into rigour,

And even that rigour was pursued with fury,

We undertook to mediate for the queen,

And hoped to moderate——

Van. To moderate!——

What would you moderate?—my indignation,

The just resentment of a virtuous mind? "
 To mediate for the queen!—you undertook?—
 Wherein concern'd it you? but ~~is~~ you love
 To exercise your insolence! Are you
 To arbitrate my wrongs? Must I ask leave,
 Must I be taught, to govern my own household?
 Am I then void of reason and of justice?
 When in my family offences rise,
 Shall strangers, saucy intermeddlers, say,
 Thus far, and thus you are allow'd to punish?
 When I submit to such indignities;
 When I am tamed to that degree of slavery—
 Make me a citizen, a senator of Rome,
 To watch, to live upon the smile of Claudius;
 To give my wife and children to his pleasures,
 To sell my country with my voice for bread.

Val. Prince, you insult upon this day's success,
 You may provoke too far—but I am cool—
 I give your answer scope.

Van. Who shall confine it?—
 The Romans?—Let them rule their slaves—I blush
 That, dazzled in my youth with ostentation,
 The trappings of the men seduced my virtue.

Val. Blush rather that you are a slave to passion;
 Subservient to the wildness of your will;
 Which, like a whirlwind, tears up all your virtues,
 And gives you not the leisure to consider.
 Did not the Romans civilize you?—

Van. No. They brought new customs and new vices over,
 Taught us more arts than honest men require,
 And gave us wants that nature never knew.

Val. We found you naked—

Van. And you found us free.—

Val. Would you be temperate once, and hear me out—

Van. Speak things that honest men may hear with temper
 Speak the plain truth, and varnish not your crimes.
 Say, that you once were virtuous—long ago
 A frugal hardy people, like the Britons,
 Before you grew thus elegant in vice,
 And gave your luxuries the name of virtues.
 The civilizers!—the disturbers, say;—
 The robbers. the corrupters of mankind,
 Proud vagabonds!—who make the world your home
 And lord it where you have no right.
 What virtue have you taught?

Val. Humanity?

Van. Oh! Patience!

Val. Can you disown a truth confessed by all?
A praise, a glory known in barbarous climes?
Far as our legions march, they carry knowledge,
The arts, the laws, the discipline of life.
Our conquests are indulgencies, and we
Not masters, but protectors of mankind.

Van. Prevaricating, false—most courteous tyrants;—
Romans! Rare patterns of humanity!
Came you then thus far through waves to conquer,
To waste, to plunder out of mere compassion?
Is it humanity that prompts you on
To ravage the whole earth, to burn, destroy?
To raise the cry of widows and of orphans?
To lead in bonds the generous free-born princes,
Who spurn, who fight against your tyranny?
Happy for us, and happy for you spoilers,
Had your humanity ne'er reached our world—
It is a virtue—(so it seems you call it)
A Roman virtue that has cost you dear:
And dearer shall it cost if Vanoc lives.—
Or if we die, we shall leave those behind us
Who know the worth of British liberty.

PHILIPS.

3.—CORIN AND EMMA'S HOSPITALITY.—THOMSON.

Emma. SHEPHERD, 'tis he. Beneath yon aged oak,
All on the flowery turf he lays him down.

• *Corin.* Soft: let us not disturb him. Gentle Emma,
My pity waits with reverence on his fortune.
Modest of carriage, and of speech most gracious,
• As if some saint, or angel in disguise,
Had graced our lowly cottage with his presence,
He steals, I know not how, into the heart,
And makes it pant to serve him. Trust me, Emma,
• He is no common man.

Em. Some lord, perhaps,
Or valiant chief, that from our deadly foe,
The haughty, cruel, unbelieving Dane,
Seeks shelter here.

Cor. And shelter he shall find.
Who loves his country, is my friend and brother.
Behold him well. Fair virtue in his aspect,

Even through the homely russet that conceals him,
Shines forth, and proves him noble. Seest thou, Emma,
Yon western clouds? The sun they strive to hide
Yet darts his beams around.

Em. Your thought is mine ;
He is not what his present fortunes speak him.
But, ah ! the raging foe is all around us ;
We dare not keep him here.

Cor. Content thee, wife :
This island is of strength. Nature's own hand
Hath planted round a deep defence of woods,
The sounding ash, the mighty oak ; each tree
A sheltering grove ; and choked up all between
With wild encumbrance of perplexing thorns,
And horrid brakes. Beyond this woody verge
Two rivers broad and rapid hem us in.
Along their channel spreads the gulfy pool,
And trembling quagmire, whose deceitful green
Betrays the foot it tempts. One path alone
Winds to this plain, so roughly difficult,
This single arm, poor shepherd as I am,
Could well dispute it with twice twenty Danes.

Em. Yet think, my Coriu, on the stern decree
Of that proud foe : " Who harbours or relieves
" An English captain dies the death of traitors :
" But who his haunt discovers, shall be safe,
" And high rewarded."

Cor. Now, just Heaven forbid,
A British man should ever count for gain
What villany must earn. No : are we poor ?
Be honesty our riches. Are we mean,
And humbly born ? The true heart makes us noble :
These hands can toil, can sow the ground, and reap
For thee and thy sweet babes. Our daily labour
Is daily wealth ; it finds us bread and raiment :
Could Danish gold give more ? And for the death
These tyrants threaten, let me rather meet it,
Than e'er betray my guest.—

Em. Alas the while,
That loyal faith is fled from hall and bower
To dwell with village swains !

Cor. Ah look ! behold ~
Where, like some goodly tree by wintry winds
Torn from the roots and withering, our sad guest
Lies on the ground diffused.

Em. I weep to see it.

Cor. Thou hast a heart sweet pity loves to dwell in.
Dry up thy tears; and lean on this just hope:
If yet to do away his country's shame,
To serve her bravely on some blest occasion,
If for these ends this stranger sought our cottage,
The heavenly hosts are hovering here unseen,
To watch and to protect him. But, oh! when—
My heart burns for it—shall I see the hour
Of vengeance on these Danish infidels,
That war with Heaven and us?

Em. Alas, my love!

These passions are not for the poor man's state;
To Heaven, and to the rulers of the land,
Leave such ambitious thoughts. Be warn'd, my Corin,
And think our little all depends on thee. *Alfred.*

4.—CORIOLANUS AND AUFIDIUS.—SHAKESPEARE.

Cor. I plainly, Tullus, by your looks perceive,
You disapprove my conduct.

Auf. I mean not to assail thee with the clamour
Of loud reproaches, and the war of words;
But, pride apart, and all that can pervert
The light of steady reason, here to make
A candid, fair proposal.

Cor. Speak, I hear thee.

Auf. I need not tell thee, that I have perform'd
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected;
Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish;
Thy wounded pride is heal'd, thy dear revenge
Completely sated; and to crown thy fortune,
At the same time, thy peace with Rome restored.
Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman:
Return, return; thy duty calls upon thee
Still to protect the city thou hast saved;
It still may be in danger from our arms:
Retire: I will take care thou may'st with safety.

Cor. With safety?—Heavens!—and think'st thou Coriolanus
Will stoop to thee for safety?—No! my safeguard
Is in myself, a bosom void of fear.—
O, 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness,
To seize the very time my hands are fetter'd
By the strong chain of former obligation,

The safe, sure moment to insult me.—Gods!
 Were I now free, as on that day I was
 When at Corioli I tamed thy pride,
 This had not been.

Auf. Thou speak'st the truth: it had not.
 O, for that time again! propitious gods,
 If you will bless me, grant it! Know, for that,
 For that dear purpose, I have now proposed
 Thou should'st return: I pray thee, Marcius, do it;
 And we shall meet again on nobler terms.

Cor. Till I have clear'd my honour in your council,
 And proved before them all, to thy confusion,
 The falsehood of thy charge; as soon in battle
 I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
 As quit the station they've assign'd me here.

Auf. Thou canst not hope acquittal from the Volscians.

Cor. I do:—Nay, more, expect their approbation,
 Their thanks. I will obtain them such a peace
 As thou durst never ask; a perfect union
 Of their whole nation with imperial Rome,
 In all her privileges, all her rights;
 By the just gods, I will.—What would'st thou more?

Auf. What would I more, proud Roman? This I would—
 Fire the cursed forest, where these Roman wolves
 Haunt and infest their nobler neighbours round them;
 Extirpate from the bosom of this land
 A false, perfidious people, who, beneath
 The mask of freedom, are a combination
 Against the liberty of human kind,—
 The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.

Cor. The seed of gods.—'Tis not for thee, vain boaster,—
 'Tis not for such as thou,—so often spared
 By her victorious sword, to speak of Rome,
 But with respect, and awful veneration.—
 Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
 There is more virtue in one single year
 Of Roman story, than your Volscian annals
 Can boast through all their creeping, dark duration.

Auf. I thank thy rage:—This full displays the traitor.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou think
 I'll grace thee with that robbely, thy stol'n name
 Coriolanus, in Corioli?

You lords, and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,—
I say, your city,—to his wife and mother ;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting
Counsel o' the war : but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory ;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering at each other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars ?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it.—Boy !—
Cut me to pieces, Volscians ; men and lads,
Stand all your edges on me.—Boy !—
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dovecot, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli ;
Alone I did it :—Boy !—But let us part ;
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
My cooler thought forbids.

Auf. I court

The worst thy sword can do ; while thou from me
Hast nothing to expect, but sore destruction ;
Quit then this hostile camp : once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.

Cor. O, that I had thee in the field,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, thy tribe,
To use my lawful sword.— *Coriolanus.*

5.—LADY RANDOLPH AND DOUGLAS.—HOME.

L. Ran. My son ! I heard a voice—

Doug. The voice was mine.

L. Ran. Didst thou complain aloud to Nature's ear,
That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
By stealth the mother and the son should meet ?

Doug. No : on this happy day, this better birth-day,
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

L. Ran. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast, with hope and joy.
Now hear what I advise.

Doug. First let me tell
What may the tenor of your counsel change.

L. Ran. My heart forebodes some evil !

Doug. 'Tis not good—

At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval, in the grove, o'erheard
Their conversation: oft they mentioned me,
With dreadful threat'nings; you they sometimes named.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

L. Ran. Defend us, gracious God! we are betray'd!
They have found out the secret of thy birth;
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own;
And he will be revenged. Perhaps ev'n now,
Arm'd and prepared for murder, they but wait
A darker, and more silent hour, to break
Into the chamber, where they think thou sleep'st.
This moment, this, Heaven hath ordain'd to save thee!
Fly to the camp, my son!

Doug. And leave you here?
No: to the castle let us go together,
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread;
Then tell them loudly, that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men, one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,—
Some in your cause will arm: I ask but few,
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

L. Ran. O Nature, Nature! what can check thy force?
Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!
But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm;
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river;
Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
Which, running eastward, leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas;
Show him these jewels, which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
Which I, by certain proof, will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me and obey: but yet my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay,
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wond'rous deeds, by one bold hand achieved.
Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

L. Ran. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
Thy father's memory, think of this no more.
One thing I have to say before we part :
Long wert thou lost ; and thou art found, my child,
In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets ;
'To-day I've found thee.' Oh ! my long-lost hope !
If thou to giddy valour givest the rein,
'To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,
Sustain'd my life, when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
In this waste world ! My son, remember me !

Doug. What shall I say ? how can I give you comfort ?
'The God of battles of my life dispose,
As may be best for you ! for whose dear sake,
I will not bear myself as I resolved.
But yet consider, as no vulgar name
That which I boast, it sounds 'mongst martial men :
How will inglorious caution suit my claim ?
The post of fate, unshrinking, I maintain.
My country's foes must witness who I am ;
On the invaders' heads I'll prove my birth,
Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
Who, if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

L. Ran. I will not utter what my bosom feels.
Too well I love that valour which I warn.
Farewell, my son ! my counsels are but vain ;
And as high Heav'n hath will'd it, all must be.

Tragedy of Douglas.

6.—ALBERTO'S EXCULPATION.—HOME.

King. ART thou the chief of that unruly band,
Who broke the treaty and assail'd the Moors ?

Youth. No chief, no leader of a band am I.
The leader of a band insulted me,
And those he led basely assail'd my life ;
With bad success indeed. If self-defence
Be criminal, O king ! I have offended.

King. With what a noble confidence he speaks !
See what a spirit through his blushes breaks !
Observe him, Hamet :

Hamet. I am fix'd upon him.

King. Didst thou alone engage a band of Moors,
And make such havoc? Sure it cannot be.
Recall thy scatter'd thoughts. Nothing advance
Which proof may overthrow.

Youth. —What I have said

No proof can overthrow. Where is the man,
Who speaking from himself, not from reports
And rumours idle, will stand forth and say,
He was not single when the Moors attack'd me?

Hamet. I will not let that man, though I confess,
That I came hither to accuse thee, youth,
And to demand thy punishment.—I brought
The tale our soldiers told.

Youth. The tale was false.

Hamet. I thought it true; but thou hast shook my faith.
The seal of truth is on thy gallant form,
For none but cowards lie.

King. Thy story tell,
With every circumstance which may explain
The seeming wonder; how a single man
In such a strife could stand?

Youth. 'Twill cease to be

A wonder, when thou hear'st the story told.
This morning, on my road to Oviedo,
A while I halted near a Moorish post.
Of the commander I inquired my way,
And told my purpose, that I came to see
The famous combat. With a scornful smile,
With taunting words and gestures he replied,
Mocking my youth; advised me to return
Back to my father's house, and in the ring
To dance with boys and girls. He added too
That I should see no combat: That no knight
Of Spain durst meet the champion of the Moors.
Incensed, I did indeed retort his scorn.
The quarrel grew apace, and I defied him
To a green hill, which rose amidst the plain,
An arrow's flight, or farther from his post.
Alone we sped: alone, we drew, we fought.
The Moorish captain fell. Enraged, his men
Flew to revenge his death. Secure they came
Each with his utmost speed. Those who came first
Single, I met and slew. More wary grown,
The rest together join'd, and all at once

Assail'd me. Then I had no hopes of life.
 But suddenly a troop of Spaniards came
 And charged my foes, who did not long sustain
 The shock, but fled, and carried to their camp
 That false report which thou, O king ! hast heard.

King. Now by my sceptre and my sword I swear
 Thou art a noble youth. An angel's voice
 Could not command a more implicit faith
 Than thou from me hast gain'd. What think'st thou, Hamet,
 Is he not greatly wrong'd ?

Hamet. ———By Allah ! yes.
 The voice of truth and innocence is bold,
 And never yet could guilt that tone assume.
 I take my leave, impatient to return,
 And satisfy my friends that this brave youth
 Was not the aggressor.—

King. I expect no less from generous Hamet. [*Exit HAMET.*]
 ———Tell me, wondrous youth !

For much I long to know, what is thy name ?
 Who are thy parents ? Since the Moor prevail'd,
 The cottage and the cave have oft conceal'd
 From hostile hate the noblest blood of Spain ;
 Thy spirit speaks for thee. Thou art a shoot
 Of some illustrious stock, some noble house,
 Whose fortunes with their falling country fell.

Youth. Alberto is my name. I draw my birth
 From Catalonia ; in the mountains there
 My father dwells, and for his own domains
 Pays tribute to the Moor. He was a soldier.
 Oft I have heard him of your battles speak,
 Of Cavadonga's and Olat's field.

But ever since I can remember aught,
 His chief employment and delight have been
 To train me to the use and love of arms :
 In martial exercise we past the day ;
 Morning and evening, still the theme was war.
 He bred me to endure the summer's heat,
 And brave the winter's cold ; to swim across
 The headlong torrent, when the shoals of ice
 Drove down the stream ; to rule the fiercest steed
 That on our mountains run. No savage beast
 The forest yields that I have not encounter'd.
 Meanwhile my bosom beat for nobler game ;
 I long'd in arms to meet the foes of Spain.
 Oft I implored my father to permit me,

Before the truce was made, to join the host.
He said it must not be, I was too young
For the rude service of these trying times.

King. Thou art a prodigy, and fill'st my mind
With thoughts profound and expectation high.
When in a nation, humbled by the will
Of Providence, beneath a haughty foe,
A person rises up, by nature rear'd,
Sublime, above the level of mankind;
~~That~~ ^{That} right ~~of~~ ^{from} the hand of the most High
Bends in the wat'ry cloud: He is the sign
Of prosperous change and interposing Heav'n.

Alonso.

7.—ALFRED, AND DEVON RETURNED SUCCESSFUL.—
THOMSON.

Alf. My friend returned!
O welcome, welcome! but what happy tidings
Smile in thy cheerful countenance?—

Dev. My liege,
Your troops have been successful.—But to Heaven
Ascend the praise! For sure the event exceeds
The hand of man.

Alf. How was it, noble Devon?

Dev. You know my castle is not hence far distant.
Thither I sped; and, in a Danish habit,
The trenches passing, by a secret way
Known to myself alone, emerged at once
Amid my joyful soldiers. There I found
A generous few, the veteran, hardy gleapings
Of many a hapless fight. They with a fierce
Heroic fire inspirited each other;
Resolved on death, disdaining to survive
Their dearest country.—“If we fall,” I cried,
“Let us not tamely fall like cowards!”
“No: let us live—or let us die, like men!”
“Come on, my friends: to Alfred we will cut
“Our glorious way; or, as we nobly perish,
“Will offer to the genius of our country
“Whole hecatombs of Danes.”—As if one soul
Had moved them all, around their heads they flash'd
Their flaming faulchions.—“Lead us to those Danes!”
“Our country!—vengeance!”—was the general cry.
Straight on the careless drowsy camp we rush'd,
And rapid, as the flame devours the stubble,

Bore down the heartless Danes. With this success
Our enterprise increased. Not now contented
To hew a passage through the flying herd ;
We, unremitting, urged a total rout.
The valiant Hubba bites the bloody field,
With twice six hundred Danes around him strew'd.

Alf. My glorious friend ! this action has restored
Our sinking country.—

But where, my noble cousin, are the rest
Of our brave troops ?

Dev. On t'other side the stream,
That half encloses this retreat, I left them.
Roused from the fear, with which it was congeal'd
As in a frost, the country pours amain.

The spirit of our ancestors is up,
The spirit of the free ! and with a voice
That breathes success, they all demand their king.

Alf. Quick let us join them, and improve their ardour.
We cannot be too hasty to secure
The glances of occasion.

Alfred

8.—THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.—SHAKSPEARE.

Cas. THAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this :
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement !—

Bru. Remember March, the *ides* of March remember !
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,

But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty meed of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it ; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in : I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, and better than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?—

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. O Gods ! ye Gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay more. Fret till your proud heart breaks ;
Go, tell your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondsmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you : for, from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier ;
Let it appear so ; meet your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus :
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !

Bru. No.

Cas. What ! durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;

* I may do what I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied ;

For I can raise no money by vile means ;

By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces. *

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—He was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

* *Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come !

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is a-weary of the world.

Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;

Check'd by a bondman ; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep.

My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast—within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.

If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :

Strike as thou did'st at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger ;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb ;
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Which much enforc'd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When griefs and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Julius Cæsar.

9.—ORESTES DELIVERING HIS EMBASSY TO PYRRHUS.—
PHILIPS.

Orest. BEFORE I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador ; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son.
Nor does the son rise short of such a father ;
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy ;
And, by an ill-timed pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten-years' war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector ?
The Greeks remember his high-brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their states with widows and with orphans ;
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove ? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports ; and, fill'd

With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze ?

You may yourself live to repent your mercy.

Comply, then, with the Grecians' just demands :
Satisfate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd
Than I desire : I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hoped
Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son despatch'd for this ?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate
To plot an infant's death ?—What right has Greece
To ask his life ? Must I, must I alone,
Of all her sceptred warriors, be denied
To treat my captive as I please ? Know, prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shared the harvest of the war,
Andromache, and this her son, were mine ;
Were mine by lot ; and who shall wrest them from me ?
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen ;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize :
Did I concern myself in what they won ?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives ?

Orest. But, sir, we fear for you and for ourselves.
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes—

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise ;
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far fancied ills, and dangers out of sight.

• *Orest.* Sir, call to mind the unrivall'd strength of Troy ;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass,
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies !

Pyr. I call them all to mind ; and see them all
Confused in dust ; all mix'd in one wide ruin ;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy ?
If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd ?
Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain ?
He should have fallen among the slaughter'd heaps
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been just,
When age and infancy alike in vain
Pleaded their weakness ; when the heat of conquest
And horrors of the fight, roused all our rage,

And blindly hurried us through scenes of death.
 My fury then was without bounds : but now,
 My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still,
 And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
 Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood—
 An infant's blood ?—No, prince—Go, bid the Greeks
 Mark out some other victim ; my revenge
 Has had its fill. What has escaped from Troy
 Shall not be saved to perish in Epirus.

Qrest. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
 Was doom'd to death in Troy ; nor mention how
 The crafty mother saved her darling son :
 The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence :
 Nor is't the boy, but Hector they pursue ;
 The father draws their vengeance on the son :
 The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
 Has drench'd his sword : the father, whom the Greeks
 May seek ev'n here.—Prevent them, sir, in time.

Pyr. No ! let them come ; since I was born to wage
 Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
 On him who conquer'd for them : let them come,
 And in Epirus seek another Troy.
 'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike sire ;
 Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
 Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Tragedy of the Distressed Mother.

10.—GLENALVON AND NORVAL.—HOME.

Glen. His port I love : he's in a proper mood
 To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd, *[Aside.]*
 Has Norval seen the troops ?

Norv. The setting sun
 With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale ;
 And, as the warriors moved, each polish'd helm,
 Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
 The hill they climb'd ; and, halting at its top,
 Of more than mortal size, tow'ring they seem'd
 An host angelic clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well : no leader of our host
 In sounds more lofty talks of glorious war.

Norv. If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,
 My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
 Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration

Vents itself freely ; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir: your martial deeds
Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me, Norval ;
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour : seem not to command ;
Else they will hardly brook your late sprung power,
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accustomed all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth :
And, though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure ? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms ?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norv. My pride !

Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn ?

Norv. A shepherd's scorn !

Glen. Yes ! if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, you're no match for me ;
What will become of you ?

Norv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self ?

Glen. Ha ! dost thou threaten me ?

Norv. Didst thou not hear ?

Glen. Unwillingly I did : a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus ; but such as thee——

Norv. Whom dost thou think me ?

Glen. Norval.

Norv. So I am——

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes ?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy ;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth ?

Glen. Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie ; and false as hell
Is the vainglorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Norv. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, or bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile ; but, as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art : I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee ?

Norv. Villain, no more.
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defy'd thee in another cause ;
But Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Lord Ran. [*Enters.*] Hold, I command you both.
The man that stirs makes me his foe.

Norv. Another voice than thine,
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my lord, he's wond'rous condescending !
Mark the humility of Shepherd Norval !

Norv. Now you may scoff in safety. [*Sheathes his sword*]

Lord Ran. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other, but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel : then I judge betwixt you.

Norv. Nay, my good Lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak, I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words, that I from him have borne.
To the liege lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage ; but even him
And his high arbitration—I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord ;
Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours ; and let Norval go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd !

Lord Ran. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice.
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banner—o'er her frighted fields.
Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader ; then decide
The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Norv. And I.

[*Exit RANDOLPH.*]

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour ;
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow,
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Norv. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment :
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

Tragedy of Douglas

11.—HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

And. Too daring prince !—Ah ! whither dost thou run ?
Ah ! too forgetful of thy wife and son !
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be !
A widow I, as helpless orphan he ?
For, sure, such courage length of life denies ;
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.

Hec. Andromachè ! my soul's far better part,
Why, with untimely sorrow, heaves thy heart ?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemn me to the silent tomb.

And. Greece, in her single heroes, strove in vain :
Now hosts oppose thee—and thou must be slain.
Oh, grant me, gods ! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven—an early tomb !
So shall my days, in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows, as they first begun.
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care,
Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee ! }
Alas ! my parents, brethren, kindred, all,
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy dangers share—
Oh ! prove a husband's, and a parent's care.

Hec. My early youth was bred to warlike pains :
My soul impels me to the martial plains.
Still foremost let me stand, to guard the throne,
To save my father's honours and my own.

And. That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy :
Thou from this tower defend the important post :
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host ;

Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.
Let others, in the field, their arms employ ;
But stay, my Hector, here, and guard his Troy.

Hec. How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attain the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame !
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home ;
There, guide the spindle, and direct the loom.
Me glory summons to the martial scene ;
The field of combat is the sphere for men.

Hec. [*Solus.*] Yet, come it will ! the day decreed by fates
(How my heart trembles, while my tongue relates !)
The day, when thou, imperial Troy !—must bend ;
Must see thy warriors fall ; thy glories end.
And yet, no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Nor Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache !—Thy griefs I dread !
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led.—
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay ;
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Part.

12.—CATO'S SENATE.—ADDISON.

Cato. FATHERS, we once again are met in council
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man ?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes :
Pharsalia gave him Rome : Egypt has since
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death ? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts !
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts : are they still fix'd
To hold it out and fight it to the last ?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought

By time and ill success to a submission?

Sempronius, speak.—

Sempronius. My voice is still for war.
 Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
 No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage:
 Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
 Or share their fate! the corpse of half her senate
 Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here deliberating in cold debates
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
 And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us!

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:
 All else is towering phrensy and distraction.
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
 In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
 Might not the impartial world with reason say,
 We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
 Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Lucius. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
 With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half-unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
 'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
 It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
 The gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
 (Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair),
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,

And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
 Already have we shown our love to Rome ;
 Now let us show submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth ; when this end fails,
 Arms have no further use : our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
 Unprofitably shed : what men could do
 Is done already : heaven and earth will witness,
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
 Conceal a traitor—Something whispers me
 All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident :
 Immoderate valour swells into a fault ;
 And fear, admitted into public councils,
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desperate : we have bulwarks round us :
 Within our walls are troops inured to toil
 In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun ;
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the gods ;
 But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time ?
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last.
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty ;
 And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Tragedy of Cato.

SPEECHES.

1.—SPEECH OF HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with the English dead.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then, imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ;
Then, lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon.
Now, set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath ; and bend up every spirit
To its full height. Now, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof ;
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.—The game's afoot—
Follow your spirit : and upon this charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and St George !

SHAKESPEARE.

2.—ZANGA'S REASONS FOR HATING ALONZO.

'Tis twice five years since that great man
(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me,)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight.
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I, with pious rage, pursued revenge.
I then was young ; he placed me near his person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.
One day (may that returning day be night,
The stain, the curse, of each succeeding year !)

For something, or for nothing, in his pride
 He struck me : (while I tell it, do I live ?)
 He smote me on the cheek !—I did not stab him :
 That were poor revenge.—E'er since, his folly
 Has striven to bury it beneath a heap
 Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot :
 Insolent thought, and like a second blow !
 Has the dark adder venom ? So have I,
 When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me !—
 By nightly march he purposed to surprise
 The Moorish camp ; but I have taken care
 They shall be ready to receive his favour.
 Failing in this, (a cast of utmost moment,)
 Would darken all the conquests he has won.—
 Be propitious, O Mahomet, on this important hour ;
 And give, at length, my famish'd soul revenge ! YOUNG.

3.—MARCELLUS'S SPEECH TO THE MOB.

WHEREFORE rejoice ? that Cæsar comes in triumph !
 What conquest brings he home ?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
 Oh you hard hearts ! you cruel men of Rome !
 Knew you not Pompey ? many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome ;
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath his banks
 To hear the replication of your sounds
 Made in his concave shores ?
 And do you now put on your best attire ?
 And do you now cull out a holiday ?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
 Begone—
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues,
 That needs must light on this ingratitude. SHAKESPEARE.

4.—RICHMOND ENCOURAGING HIS SOLDIERS.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment.
 Richard, the bloody and devouring chief,
 Whose rav'nous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
 Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropp'd
 Its ripen'd hopes of fair posterity,——
 Is now even in the centre of the isle.
 Thrice is he arm'd who hath his quarrel just ;
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted :
 The very weight of Richard's guilt shall crush him.
 Then let us on, my friends, and boldly face him.
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As mild behaviour and humanity ;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Let us be tigers, in our fierce deportment.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt,
 Shall be this body on the earth's cold face ;
 But if we thrive, the glory of the action,
 The meanest soldier here shall share his part of.
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,
 Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;
 The word's " St George, Richmond, and Victory !"

SHAKESPEARE.

5.—DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

My name is Norval : on the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
 To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
 And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
 This morn', which rose last night round as my shield,
 Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road he took, then hasted to my friends,

Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—
 You trembling coward who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
 And, heaven-directed, came this day, to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name. HOME.

6.—HENRY V.'S SPEECH AT AGINCOURT.

WHAT'S he that wishes more men from England?
 My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss; and, if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 No, no, my lord, wish not a man from England.
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
 That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
 May straight depart: his passport shall be made;
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company.—
 This day is called the feast of Crispian.
 He that outlives this day, and comes sa'e home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
 Will, yearly on the vigil, feast his neighbours,
 And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
 Old men forget, yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household-words,
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,
 Be in their flowing cups, freshly remember'd:

This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispian's day shall ne'er go by,
 From this time to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered ;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
 For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother ; be he e'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition ;
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

SHAKSPEARE.

7.—SPEECH OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

COUNTRYMEN,
 WE'RE here assembled for the toughest fight
 That ever strain'd the force of English arms.
 See yon wide field, with glitt'ring numbers gay !
 Vain of their strength, they challenge us for slaves,
 And bid us yield their prisoners at discretion.
 If there's an Englishman among you all,
 Whose soul can basely truckle to such bondage,
 Let him depart. For me, I swear, by Heaven,
 By my great father's soul, and by my fame,
 My country ne'er shall pay a ransom for me !
 Nor will I stoop to drag out life in bondage,
 And take my pittance from a Frenchman's hands.
 This I resolve, and hope, brave countrymen,
 Ye all resolve the same.

I see the gen'rous indignation rise,
 That soon will shake the boasted power of France :
 Their monarch trembles midst his gaudy train,
 To think the troops he now prepares to meet,
 Are such as never fainted yet with toil.
 They're such as yet no power on earth could awe,
 No army baffle, and no town withstand.
 Heavens ! with what pleasure, with what love I gaze
 In every face to view his father's greatness !
 Those fathers, those undaunted fathers, who,
 In Gallic blood, have often dyed their swords.
 Those fathers, who in Cyprus wrought such feats,
 Who taught the Syracusans to submit,

Tamed the Calabrians, the fierce Saracenis,
 And have subdued, in many a stubborn fight,
 The Palestinean warriors. Scotland's fields,
 That have so oft been drench'd with native gore,
 Bear noble record ; and the fertile isle
 Of fair Hibernia, by their swords subjected,
 An ample tribute and obedience pays.
 On her high mountains, Wales received their laws,
 And the whole world has witnessed to their glory.
 View all yon glittering grandeur as your spoils,
 The sure reward of this day's victory.
 Strain every faculty, and let your minds,
 Your hopes, your ardours, reach their utmost bounds ;
 Follow your standards, with a fearless spirit ;
 Follow the great examples of your sires ;
 Follow, in me, your brother, prince, and friend.
 Draw, fellow-soldiers, catch th' inspiring flame ;
 We fight for England, liberty, and fame. SHIRLEY.

8.—HOW DOUGLAS LEARNED THE ART OF WAR.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible, by shepherd trode,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit lived ; a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him ; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
 I wcht to see him, and my heart was touch'd
 With reverence and with pity. Milt he spake,
 And, ent'ring on discourse, such stories told,
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
 For he had been a soldier in his youth ;
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
 Against th' usurping infidel display'd
 The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleased with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters.
 Then, having show'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
 And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf,
 He cut the figures of the marshall'd host :

Described the motions and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm :
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Unhappy man !

Returning homewards, by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours, bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought ;
The stranger fell ; and with his dying breath,
Declared his name and lineage. Mighty God !
The soldier cried, my brother ! Oh ! my brother !

They exchanged forgiveness,

And happy, in my mind, was he that died ;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates, all day, his dreadful fate.
At times, alas ! not in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his loved brother's ghost ;
And oft, each night, forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

HOMER.

9.—OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters ;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battles ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceedings I am charged withal)
I won his daughter with——

Her father loved me, oft invited me, 20-
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have past.
 I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances ;
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And with it, all my travel's history ;
 Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
 It was my hint to speak.—All these to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline.
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate ;
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
 She said, 'twas strange, indeed, 'twas passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful—
 She wish'd she had not heard it—yet she wish'd
 That Heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake :
 She loved me for the dangers I had past ;
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used. SHAKSPEARE.

10.—CASSIUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

I CANNOT tell what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be

As awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you ;

We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?—Upon the word,

Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor, *10-20*
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear ; so from the waves of Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar ; and this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake ;

His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend does awe the world,
Did lose its lustre : I did hear him groan ;

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas ! it cried—Give me some drink, Titinius—
As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper, should
So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm alone.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus ! and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some times are masters of their fates :

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus—and Cæsar—what should be in that Cæsar ?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?

Write them together ; your's is as fair a name :
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well :
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em ,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar !
 Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed :
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man ?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
 Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

SHAKESPEARE.

11.—ALFRED'S ADDRESS TO THE SAXON TROOPS.

My subjects ! I have long
 Endured a weighty burden ; I have lived
 Goaded with cares, that filled my mind by day,
 And when night came, assumed a character
 Ten-fold more fearful. What have I sustain'd
 These ills for ? to support a crazy crown ?
 For what have I defied the elements,
 And bared my head, and 'mid the hottest strife
 Mix'd evermore ? to guard the name of king ?
 Thou know'st, oh heart ! that now art beating high,
 Thou know'st it was not ! No ; these feet have toil'd.
 This mind hath ponder'd, and this head endured
 Life's, crushing cares for nobler purposes !—
 Whom have you dared the fight for ? for your king ?
 To save yourselves ? or hurl destruction's brand
 Fierce on the Danes ? No ; nobler minds were yours !
 You fought for *liberty* ! you fought to save
All that is dear in life !—your peaceful homes,
 Your helpless sires, your wives, your innocents !
 And not for these alone, but distant heirs—
 For generations yet unborn, the race
 Of future Saxons, down to farthest time !
 Who, oft as they shall hear what we endured
 To guard their rights, the precious blood we shed
 To make their lives secure, and bid the form
 Of *holy freedom* rise, engirt with flowers

That dare the breath of time, shall look to heaven,
And with no common fervour bless the names
Of us their great forefathers, who for them
Endured, but triumph'd—suffer'd, but obtain'd.—
Now boldly I advance to meet the foe!
And you, whose hearts shrink with the coward's fear,
Turn not to me! haste to your safe retreat,
And joy, if joy you can, when far away,
To think of those who suffer'd from your flight,
To think for what your brethren fought and died.*

12.—LEONIDAS, KING OF SPARTA, ON OFFERING HIMSELF
TO DEFEND THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ AGAINST THE
PERSIANS.

WHY this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends,
Why do we labour through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were placed
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But a frown
Of unavailing terror he assumes,
To shake the firmness of a mind, which knows,
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.—
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life!
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre, is a blessing Jove
Among the choicest of his boons reserves,
Which but on few his sparing hand bestows.

GLOVER'S *Leonidas*.

13.—LEONIDAS'S SPEECH TO HIS QUEEN

Oh! thou dear mother! wherefore swells so high
That tide of woe? Leonidas must fall.
Alas! far heavier misery impends

* Alfred, his sword unsheathed, the scabbard cast
Far into the air, and singly march'd along.—
All follow'd, shouting "Death or victory!"

O'er thee and these, if, soften'd by thy tears,
 I shamefully refuse to yield that breath
 Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven,
 Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
 Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
 On my paternal fondness. Hath my heart
 E'er known a pause in love, or pious care?
 Now shall that care, that tenderness, be shewn
 Most warm, most faithful. When thy husband dies
 For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
 Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.
 I am selected by th' immortal gods
 To save a people. Should my timid heart
 That sacred charge abandon, I should plunge
 Thee too in shame, in sorrow. Thou would'st mourn,
 With Lacedæmon; would'st, with her, sustain
 Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
 Behold thy sons now worthy of their birth:
 On their own merit, on their father's fame,
 When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
 Before the world illustrious will they rise,
 Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.

GLOVER'S *Leonidas*.

14.—ORATION IN PRAISE OF CORIOLANUS.

I SHALL lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
 Should not be utter'd feebly.—At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others. Our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight;
 When, with his Amazonian chin, he drove
 The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
 An o'erprest Roman, and, in the consul's view,
 Slew three opposers. Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He proved the best man in the field; and, for his meed,
 Was brow-bound with the oak.—His pupil age,
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers,
 And, by his rare example, made the coward

Turn terror into sport. As waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stern. Alohe, he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city; aidless came off,
And, with a sudden re-enforcement, struck
Corioli like a planet: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

SHAKSPEARE.

15.—THE OLD ENGLISH LION.

THE Old Lion of England grows youthful again,
He rouses—he rises—he bristles his mane;
His eyeballs flash fire; his terrible roar,
Like thunder, bursts awfully o'er our shore!
We Sons of the Lion, inspired by the sound,
Devoted to Liberty, gather around,
And indignantly hurl the false olive away,
Vain symbol of peace, only meant to betray;
Our high-temper'd spirits, fresh touch'd with those Ares,
Which glow'd in the hearts of our free-bosom'd sires,
To conquer or perish—an enulous band,
The natural rampart of Albion we stand:
Our banners unfurl'd,
O'ershadow the world,
Waving wide from those cliffs whence our rights are proclaim'd.
The arms which they bear
Still proudly declare,
The Old English Lion will never be tamed.

We fight for the Altar, and Throne we revere,
And the hearths that our home-born affections endear;
On Heaven's high favour then fearlessly trust,
For God arms with nations whose quarrel is just!
The oak, that was planted by Druids of yore,
Its mystical branches still flings round our shore,
Great parent of navies! it spreads o'er the waves,
Strikes deeper its roots, and Time's enmity braves!
Our life-streams unsullied flow down from those veins,
Which fed Fame on Cressy's and Agincourt's plains.
Our Edwards and Henries, 'tis true, are no more,
But George lives their glory and worth to restore;
On him we depend,
Our Father—our Friend,

The King whom we honour!—the Man whom we love!

By him now renew'd,
Its nerves fresh endued,

The old English Lion immortal shall prove.

From the sail-crowded bays and throng'd havens of France,

Let the boastful invader his legions advance,

Ah! vainly with numbers he threatens our coast,

One heart, braced by Freedom, will combat an host.

The Lion disdainfully pants for the fray;

The greater his foes, the more noble his prey.

Too late shall France learn, on the blood-floatéd field,

That Britons will perish, but never can yield.

We'll grant her rash crew, should they 'scape from the waves

No more English earth than will cover their graves;

Then let them embark—let the winds waft them o'er,

For Fate tolls their knell when they land on our shore:

In front, sure defeat,

Behind, no retreat;

Denied to advance, yet forbidden to fly:

While dreadfully round,

Our thunders resound,

"The Old English Lion will conquer or die."

DIMOND

16.—THE PASSIONS, AN ODE.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,

While yet in early Greece she sung,

The Passions oft, to hear her shell,

Throng'd around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,

Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.

By turns, they felt the glowing mind

Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;

Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,

Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,

From the supporting myrtles round

They snatch'd her instruments of sound;

And, as they oft had heard apart,

Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

Each (for madness ruled the hour)

Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its Skill to try,

Amid the chords bewilder'd laid:

And back recoil'd, he knew not why,

Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire;
In lightnings own'd his secret stings.
In one rude clash he struck the lyre—
And swept with hurried hands the strings.

With woeful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air:
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all her song:
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair:

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe:
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat.
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight—seem bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state.
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And, now, it coust Love; now, raving, call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :

And, dashing soft, from rocks around,

Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.

Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stolc,

Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,

(Round an holy calm diffusing,

Love of peace and lonely musing),

In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known ;

The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,

Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen,

Peeping from forth their alleys green :

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;

And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial.

He, with viny crown advancing.

First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;

But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,

Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.

They would have thought, who heard the strain,

They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,

Amid the festal-sounding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,

Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,

(Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound),

And he, amidst his frolic play,

As if he would the charming air repay,

Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

COLLINS

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17 —ALEXANDER'S FEAST ; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC
AN ODE FOR ST CECILIA'S DAY

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won

By Philip's warlike son.—

Aloft, in awful state,

The godlike hero sat

On his imperial throne.

His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :

So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.—

Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.—
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above ;
(Such is the power of mighty love !)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,

When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound :
A present deity ! they shout around ;
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.—

With ravish'd ears,
The monarch hears ;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes !
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.

Now give the haughty boys breath—he comes ! he comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain :
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain !

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain :
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain ;
 The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand and check'd his pride.—
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse.

He sung Darius, great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood !
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 'With not a friend to close his eyes.—
 With downcast look the joyless victor sat,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul,
 The various turns of fate below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures,
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour, but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying.
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying !
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee :
 Take the good the gods provide thee.—
 The many rend the skies with loud applause :
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care ;
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor—sunk upon her breast.

Now, strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark ! hark !—the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead ;
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge ! Timotheus cries.—
See the furies arise !

See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !—
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And, unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain.

Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods !—
The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy.
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey ;
And, like another Helen,—fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire.
At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let Old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown :
He raised a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

DAYDEN.

18.—SPEECH OF ROLLA.

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame ! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts ?—No ;—*you* have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds and *ours*.—*They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule ;—*we*, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—*They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate ;—*we* serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore.—When'e'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress !—When'e'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.—*They* boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error !—Yes—*they* will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride.—*They* offer us their protection.—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them.—*They* call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.—Be our plain answer this : The throne *we* honour is the *people's choice* ;—the laws we reverence are our brave father's legacy ;—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave.—Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change ; and least of all, such change as *they* would bring us.

SHERIDAN'S *Pizarro*.

19.—BRUTUS'S HARANGUE ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, Countrymen, and Lovers !—hear me for my cause ; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour that you

may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen?—As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition.—Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak; for him have I offended. —I pause for a reply.—

None! then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as, which of you shall not?—With this I depart—that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

SHAKESPEARE.

20.—OSMOND'S DREAM.

HARK, fellows! Instruments of my guilt, listen to my punishment!—Methought I wandered, through the low-browed caverns, where repose the reliques of my ancestors;—my eye dwelt with awe on their tombs, with disgust on mortality's surrounding emblems!—Suddenly a female form glided along the vault: it was Angela! She smiled upon me, and beckoned me to advance. I flew towards her; my arms were already unclosed to clasp her, when suddenly her figure changed, her face grew pale, a stream of

blood gushed from her bosom!—Hassan, 'twas Evelina! Such as when she sunk at my feet expiring, while my hand grasped the dagger, still crimsoned with her blood!—"We meet again this night!" murmured her hollow voice! "Now rush to my arms, but first see what you have made me!—Embrace me, my bridegroom! we must never part again!"—While speaking, her form withered away: the flesh fell from her bones: her eyes burst from their sockets: a skeleton loathsome and meagre clasped me in her mouldering arms! Her infected breath was mingled with mine; her rotten fingers pressed my hand, and my face was covered with her kisses!—(Oh, how I trembled with disgust!—And now blue dismal flames gleamed along the wall; the tombs were rent asunder; bands of fierce spectres rushed round me in frantic dance!—Furiously they gnashed their teeth, while they gazed upon me, and shrieked in loud yell—"Welcome, thou fratricide!—Welcome, thou lost for ever!"—Horror burst the bands of sleep; distracted I flew hither: but my feelings—words are too weak, too powerless to express them.—Surely this was no idle dream!—"Twas a celestial warning! 'twas my better angel that whispered—"Osmund, repent your former crimes! commit not new ones!"

Angela!—Oh! at that name all again is calm in my bosom. Hushed by her image my tumultuous passions sink to rest, and my terrors subside into that single fear, her loss!—My heart-strings are twisted round the maid, and ere I resign her, those strings must break. If I exist to-morrow night, she shall be mine. *If* I exist?—Ha! whence that doubt? "We meet again this night!"—so said the spectre!—Dreadful words be ye blotted from my mind for ever!—Hassan, to your vigilance I leave the care of my beloved. Fly to me that instant, should any unbidden footstep approach yon chamber-door. I'll go to my couch again. Follow me, *Saib*, and watch me while I sleep. Then, if you see my limbs convulsed, my hands clinched, my hair bristling, and cold dews trembling on my brow! Seize me, rouse me! Snatch me from my bed!—I must not dream again.—O! faithless sleep, why art thou too leagued with my foes? There was a time, when thy presence brought oblivion to my sorrows; when thy poppy-crown was mingled

With roses!—Now, fear and remorse are thy sad companions, and I shudder to see thee approach my couch! Blood trickles from thy garments; snakes writhe around thy brows; thy hand holds the well-known fatal dagger, and plunges it still reeking in my breast!—then do I shriek in agony; then do I start distracted from thy arms! Oh! how I hate thee, sleep! Friend of virtue, oh! how I dread thy coming!—
Castle Spectre.

21.—HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you; trippingly on the tongue. But, if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. And, do not saw the air too much with your hand; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-show and noise. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you *o'erstep not the modesty of nature*: for any thing so overdone, is from the purpose of playing; whose end is—to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone or come tardy off, though it may make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which, must, in your allowance, *o'erweigh* a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

SHAKSPEARE.

SOLILQUIES.

I.—LADY RANDOLPH'S SOLILOQUY, LAMENTING THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND AND CHILD.

YE woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart!
Farewell a while. I will not leave you long;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who, from the chiding stream or groaning oak,
Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.
Oh Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And, with the passion of immortals, hear'st
My lamentation; hear'st thy wretched wife—
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
To thee I lift my voice; to thee address
The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
Oh, disregard me not! Though I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.

HOMER.

2.—DOUGLAS'S SOLILOQUY IN THE WOOD.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove;
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.—
How sweet, and solemn, is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Through skies, where I could count each little star:
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves:
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a still sound.—
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told the secrets of the world-unknown.—

Eventful day ! how hast thou changed my state !

Once, on the cold and wintry-shaded side

Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me :

Transplanted, now, to the gay sunny vale,

Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.

Ye glorious stars ! high heaven's resplendent host !

To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,

Hear, and record, my soul's unalter'd wish !

Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd !

May Heaven inspire some fierce gigantic Dane

To give a bold defiance to our host !

Before he speaks it out, I will accept :

Like Douglas, conquer ; or, like Douglas, die.

HOME.

3.—CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well !

Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after Immortality ?

Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?—

'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us :

'Tis Heaven itself, that points out—an hereafter, •

And intimates—Eternity to man. • •

Eternity !—thou pleasing—dreadful thought ! •

Through what variety of untried being,

Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.—

Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,

(And that there is, all nature cries aloud

Through all her works), He must delight in virtue :

And that which he delights in, must be happy.

But when ? or where ? This world—was made for Cæsar ?

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.—

[Laying his hand on his sword.

Thus I am doubly arm'd. My death and life,

My bane and antidote, are both before me.

This—in a moment, brings me to an end ;

But this—informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds. ADDISON.

4.—HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be—or not to be?—that is the question.—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—
 No more?—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
 To sleep—perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub.—
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life.
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pang of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his *quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life?
 But that the dread of something after death,
 (That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And, thus, the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. SHAKESPEARE.

5.—HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE WITH HIS UNCLE.

Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.—That it should come to this!—
But two months dead!—nay, not so much; not two!—
So excellent a king! that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he would not let the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.—Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: yet, within a month,—
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month! or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears.—why she, even she,
Married mine uncle, my father's brother,
But no more like my father, than I to Hercules.—
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.—
But, break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.—

SHAKESPEARE.

G.—MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE MURDERING DUNCAN.

Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*]
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.—
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind? a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.—
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest.—I see thee still;
And, on the blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing!—
It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,
 (Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
 Towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 'The very stones prate of my whereabouts;
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives—
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. [A bell rings.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. SHAKESPEARE.

COMIC EXTRACTS.

1.—PROLOGUE TO THE FARSE OF THE APPRENTICE.

To-NIGHT no smuggled scenes from France we show:
 'Tis English—English, sirs,—from top to toe.
 Our hero is a youth—by fate design'd
 For culling simples—but whose stage-struck mind
 Nor fate could rule—nor his indentures bind.—
 A place there is, where such young Quixotes meet:
 'Tis call'd the *Spouting-club*—a glorious treat!
 Where prenticed kings alarm—the gaping street!—
 There, Brutus starts and stares, by midnight taper,
 Who, all the day, enacts—a Woollen Draper!
 There, Hamlet's ghost stalks forth, with doubled fist;
 Cries out, with hollow voice, "List, list! O list!"
 And frightens Denmark's prince—a young Tobacconist!
 The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
 Rises—a Haberdasher to the sight!
 Not young Attorneys have this rage withstood;
 But change their pens for truncheons, ink for blood;
 And (strange reverse!)—die for their country's good!
 To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
 To bring them back to reason—and their shop,

Our author wrote. "O you, Tom, Dick, Jack, Will,
 Who hold the balance, or who gild the pill;
 Who wield the yard, and, simpering, pay your court,
 And, at each flourish, snip an inch too short!
 Quit not your shops: there thrift and profit call;
 While here, young gentlemen are apt to fall.
 But, hark! I'm call'd. Be warn'd by what you see.
 O, spout no more!—Farewell! "Remember me." GARRICK.

2.—A CONTEST BETWEEN THE NOSE AND THE EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said Spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,
 While chief-baron Ear, sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
 And your Lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
 Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then, holding the Spectacles up to the court—
 Your Lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
 As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short,
 Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your Lordship a moment suppose
 ('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again),
 That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
 Pray who would or who could wear Spectacles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
 That the Spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes,
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his Lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear without one *if* or *but*—
 That whenever the Nose put his Spectacles on,
 By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

COWPER.

3.—LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
 Has seen "*Lodgings to Let*" stare him full in the face.
 Some are good and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
 Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.—

WILL WADDLE, whose temper was studious and lonely,
 Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
 But WILL was so fat, he appear'd like a tun;—
 Or like two SINGLE GENTLEMEN roll'd into ONE.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
 But, all the night long, he felt fever'd, and heated;
 And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
 He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.—

Next night 'twas the same!—and the next!—and the next!
 He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous, and vex'd;
 Week pass'd after week, till by weekly succession,
 His weakly condition was past all expression.—

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
 For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him.
 He sent for a Doctor, and cried, like a nunny,
 "I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The Doctor look'd wise:—"a slow fever," he said;
 Prescribed sudorifics,—and going to bed.
 "Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd WILL, "are humbugs!
 "I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

WILL kick'd out the Doctor:—but when ill indeed,
 E'en dismissing the Doctor don't *always* succeed;
 So, calling his host,—he said,—"Sir, do you know,
 "I'm the fat SINGLE GENTLEMAN, six months ago?"

"Look ye, landlord, I think," argued WILL with a grin,
 "That with honest intentions you first *took me in*:
 "But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
 "I've been so very *not*, that I'm sure I caught *cold*!"

Quoth the landlord,—"Till now, I ne'er had a dispute ;
 "I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a *baker* to boot ;
 "Mending your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven ;
 "And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

"The oven !!!"—says WILL ;—says the host, "Why this passion ?

"In that excellent bed died three people of fashion."

"Why so crusty, good sir ?"—"Zounds !" cried WILL in a taking,

"Who would not be crusty, with half a year's *baking* ?"

WILL paid for his rooms :—cried the host, with a sneer,

"Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year."

"Friend, we can't well agree ;—yet no quarrel"—WILL said :—

"But I'd rather not *perish*, while you make your *bread*."

COLMAN.

4.—TOBY TOSSPOT.

ALAS ! what pity 'tis, that regularity

Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity.

But there are swilling wights in London town

Term'd—Jolly dogs,—Choice spirits—*alias* swine,

Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,

Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

'These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus run on.

Dozing with headaches, till the afternoon,

Lose half men's regular estate of sun,

By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney,—Toby Tossopot high—

Was coming from the Bedford, late at night :

And being *Bacchi plenus*,—full of wine,

Although he had a tolerable notion

Of aiming at progressive motion,

'Twasn't direct—'twas serpentine.

He work'd with sinuosities, along,

Like Monsieur Corkscrew, working through a *cork*,

Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong, a fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,

He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,

When reading, "Mease to ring the bell,"

And being civil beyond measure,

"Ring it !" says Toby—"very well ;

I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
 Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down.
 He waited full two minutes—no one came ;
 He waited full two minutes more ;—and then,
 Says Toby, “ If he’s deaf, I’m not to blame ;
 I’ll pull it for the gentleman again.”

But the first peal ’woke Isaac, in a fright,
 Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
 Sat on his head’s *Antipodes*, in bed,
 Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length, he, wisely, to himself doth say,—calming his fears,—
 “ Tush ! ’tis some fool has rung and run away ;”
 When peal the second rattled in his ears !

Shove jumped into the middle of the floor ;
 And, trembling at each breath of air that stirred,
 He groped down stairs, and open’d the street-door,
 While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant,—
 And saw he was a strapper—stout and tall ;
 Then put this question :—“ Pray, sir, what d’ye want ?”
 Says Toby,—“ I want nothing, sir, at all.”

“ Want nothing !—Sir, you’ve pull’d my bell, I vow,
 As if you’d jerk it off the wire.”

Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—
 “ I pull’d it, sir, at your desire.”

“ At mine !”—“ Yes, your’s ; I hope I’ve done it well ;
 High time for bed, sir : I was hast’ning to it ;
 But if you write up *Please to ring the bell*,
 Common politeness makes me stop and do it.” COIMAN.

5.—THE CHAMELION.

Oh ! has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master ’gainst a post,
 Yet round the world the blade has been
 To see whatever could be seen,
 Returning from his finish’d tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before ;

Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop,

"Sir, if my judgment ybu'll allow—

"I've seen—and sure I ought to know"——

So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As 'o'er Arabia's wilds they past,
And on their way in friendly chat
Now talk'd of this and then of that,
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,

"Sure never lived beneath the sun :

"A lizard's body lean and long,

"A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,

"Its foot with triple claw disjoint ;

"And what a length of tail behind !

"How slow its pace ! and then its hue——

"Whoever saw so fine a blue ?"

"Hold there !" the other quick replies,

"'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,

"As late with open mouth it lay,

"And warm'd it in the sunny ray ;

"Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,

"And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,

"And must again affirm it blue.

"At leisure I the beast survey'd,

"Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye"—

"Green !" cries the other in a fury—

"Why, sir,—d'ye think I've lost my eyes ?"

"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies ;

"For, if they always serve you thus,

"You'll find 'em but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows :

When luckily came by a third——

To him the question they refer'd ;

And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,

Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,

"The creature's neither one nor t'other,

"I caught the animal last night,

"And view'd it o'er by candlelight :

" I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet——
 " You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
 " And can produce it."—" Pray, sir, do :
 " I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
 " And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
 " The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
 " Well then, at once to end the doubt,"
 Replies the man, " I'll turn him out :
 " And when before your eyes I've set him,
 " If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
 He said ; then full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and lo !—'twas white. MERRICK.

6.—THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN in many a country town we know,
 Professing openly with death to wrestle :
 Entering the field against the grimly foe,
 Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are ;
 But just like prize-fighters, in a fair :
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,
 With all the love and kindness of a brother.
 So (many a suffering patient saith)
 Though the Apothecary fights with death,
 Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of the Æsculapian line,
 Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne ;
 No man could better gild a pill ;
 Or make a bill ;
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister :
 Or draw a tooth out of your head ;
 Or chatter scandal by your bed ;
 Or spread a plaster.

His fame full six miles round the country ran,
 In short, in reputation he was *sous* !
 All the old women call'd him " a fine man !"
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
 (Which oftentimes will genius fatter,)

Read works of fancy, it is said ;
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd ?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic ?
Of poetry though patron God,
Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels,
In dapper couplets, like *Gay's Fables* ;
Or rather like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's Verse !—and where's the treason ?
'Tis simply honest dealing ;—not a crime ;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at Death's door,
Some three miles from the town, it might be four ;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical.
And on the label of the stuff,

He wrote this verse ;
Which one would think was clear enough
And terse,—
“ *When taken,*
“ *To be well shdken.*”

Next morning, early, Bolus rose ;
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had :
It was indeed a very sorry hack ;
But that's of course :
For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back ?

Bolus arrived, and gave a double tap ;
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance ;
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers :

One loud, and then a little one behind,
 ' As if the knocker fell, by chance,
 Out of their fingers.

The servant let him in, with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place—
 Portending some disaster ;
 John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
 As if the Apothecary had physick'd him,
 And not his master.

" Well, how's the patient ?" Bolus said.

John shook his head.

" Indeed ?—hum !—ha !—that's very odd,

" He took the draught ?"—John gave a nod !

" Well—how ?—What then ?—Speak out, you dunce !"—

" Why then," says John, " we *shook* him once."

" Shook him !—how ?" Bolus stammer'd out :

" We jolted him about."

" Zounds !—shake a patient, man—a shake won't do."

" No, sir—and so we gave him two."

" Two shakes !—odds curse !

" 'Twould make the patient worse."

" It did ~~he~~, sir—and so a third we tried."

" Well, and what then ?"—" Then, sir, my master—died."

COLEMAN

THE PASSIONS.

1.—CHEERFULNESS.

TRANQUILLITY appears by the composure of the countenance and general repose of the whole body, without the exertion of any one muscle. The countenance open, the forehead smooth, the eyebrows arched, the mouth just not shut, and the eyes passing with an easy motion from object to object, but not dwelling long upon any one. Cheerfulness adds a smile to tranquillity, and opens the mouth a little more.

EXAMPLE.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the obvious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body
 Ev'n till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 This is no flattery; these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

SHAKESPEARE'S *As You Like it*.

2.—MIRTH.

MIRTH, or laughter, opens the mouth horizontally, raises the cheeks high, lessens the aperture of the eyes, and, when violent, shakes and convulses the whole frame, fills the eyes with tears, and occasions holding the sides from the pain the convulsive laughter gives them.

EXAMPLE.

A FOOL!—a fool, I met a fool i' th' forest,
 A motley fool;—a miserable varlet!—
 As I do live by food, I met a fool;—
 Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms;
 In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool:
 Good-morrow, fool, quoth I; No, sir, quoth he,
 Call me not fool, till Heav'n hath sent me fortune;
 And then he drew a dial from his poke,

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says very wisely, It is ten o'clock :
 Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags ;
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven :
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep contemplative ;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool !
 A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

• SHAKSPEARE'S *As You Like it*

3.—RAILLERY.

RAILLERY without animosity, puts on the aspect of cheerfulness ; the countenance smiling, and the tone of voice sprightly.

EXAMPLE.

LET me play the fool
 With mirth and laughter ; so let wrinkles come,
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice,
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,
 (I love thee, and 'tis my love that speaks),
 There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be drest in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
 As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !
 I'll tell thee more of this another time ;
 But fish not with this melancholy bait
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
 Come, good Lorenzo, fare ye well a while,
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice*.

4.—JOY.

Joy, when moderate, opens the countenance with smiles, and throws, as it were, a sunshine of delectation over the whole frame ; when it is sudden and violent, it expresses itself by clapping the hands, raising the eyes towards heaven, and giving such a spring to the body as to make it attempt to mount up as if it could fly : when joy is extreme, and goes

into transport, rapture, and ecstasy, it has a wildness of look and gesture that borders on folly, madness, and sorrow.

EXAMPLE.

IMOINDA, oh ! this separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,
Than you were ever to me : you appear
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,
To guide me on my way to happiness ;
I cannot miss it now. Governor, friend,
You think me mad : but let me bless you all
Who any ways have been the instruments
Of finding her again. Imoinda's found !
And every thing that I would have in her.
I have a thousand things to ask of her,
And she as many more to know of me,
But you have made me happier, I confess,
Acknowledge it, much happier, than I
Have words or power to tell you. Captain, you,
Ev'n you, who most have stung me, I forgive ;
I will not say you have betrayed me now,
I'll think you but the minister of fate
To bring me to my loved Imoinda here.
Let the fools
Who follow fortune live upon her smiles,
All our prosperity is placed in love,
We have enough of that to make us happy :
This little spot of earth you stand upon,
Is more to me than the extended plains
Of my great father's kingdom ; here I reign
In full delight, in joys to pow'r unknown,
Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.

SOUTHERN'S *Oroonoko*.

5.—LOVE.

LOVE gives a soft serenity to the countenance, a languishing to the eyes, a sweetness to the voice, and a tenderness to the whole frame ; when entreating it clasps the hands, with intermingled fingers to the breast ; when declaring, the right hand, open, is pressed with force upon the breast exactly over the heart ; it makes its approaches with the utmost delicacy, and is attended with trembling hesitation and confusion.

EXAMPLE.

• WHAT you do
• Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
• I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
• I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
• Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
• To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you
• A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
• Nothing but that ; move still, still so,

And own no other function : each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens. SHAKSPEARE'S *Winter's Tale*.

6.—PITY.

PITY shows itself in a compassionate tenderness of voice ; a feeling of pain in the countenance, and a gentle raising and falling of the hands and eyes, as if mourning over the unhappy object. The mouth is open, the eyebrows are drawn down, and the features contracted or drawn together.

EXAMPLE.

ALAS ! poor Yorick ! I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? Your gambols ? Your songs ? Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now to mock your own grinning ? Quite chop-fallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come : make her laugh at that.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

7.—HOPE.

HOPE erects and brightens the countenance, spreads the arms with the hands open, as to receive the object of its wishes : the voice is plaintive, and inclining to eagerness ; the breath drawn inwards more forcibly than usual, in order to express our desires the more strongly, and our earnest expectation of receiving the object of them.

EXAMPLE.

O HOPE, sweet flatterer, whose delusive touch
 Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,
 Relieves the load of poverty ; sustains
 The captive bending with the weight of bonds,
 And smooths the pillow of disease and pain ;
 Send back th' exploring messenger with joy,
 And let me hail thee from that friendly grove.

GLOVER'S *Boadicea*.

8.—HATRED.

HATRED, or aversion, draws back the body as if to avoid the hated object ; the hands at the same time thrown out spread, as if to keep it off. The face is turned away from that side towards which the hands are thrown out ; the eyes looking angrily, and obliquely, the same way the hands are directed :

the eyebrows are contracted, the upper-lip disdainfully drawn up, and the teeth set; the pitch of the voice is low, but loud and harsh, the tone chiding, unequal, surly, and vehement, the sentences are short and abrupt.

EXAMPLE.

WHY get thee gone, horror and night go with thee.
Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand,
Go dance about the bow'r, and close them in;
And tell them that I sent you to salute them.
Profane the ground, and for th' ambrosial rose
And breath of jessamine, let hemlock blacken,
And deadly nightshade poison all the air:
For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,
Toads pant, and adders rustle through the leaves:
May serpents, winding up the trees, let fall
Their hissing necks upon them from above,
And mingle kisses—such as I would give them.

YOUNG'S *Revenge*.

9.—ANGER.

ANGER, when violent, expresses itself with rapidity, noise, harshness, and sometimes with interruption and hesitation, as if unable to utter with sufficient force. It wrinkles the brows, enlarges and heaves the nostrils, strains the muscles, clinches the fist, stamps with the foot, and gives a violent agitation to the whole body. The voice assumes the highest tone it can adopt consistently with force and loudness, though sometimes to express anger with uncommon energy, the voice assumes a low and forcible tone.

EXAMPLE.

WHY have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But more than why—Why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frightening her pale-faced villagers with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his pow'r.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
Oh, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

SHAKESPEARE'S *Richard II.*

10.—REVENGE.

REVENGE expresses itself like malice (see page 410), but more openly, loudly, and triumphantly.

EXAMPLE.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies. And what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice*.

11.—REPROACH.

IN reproach, the brow is contracted, the lip turned up with scorn, the head shaken, the voice low, as if abhorring, and the whole body expressive of aversion.

EXAMPLE.

THOU slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, thou dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier? Bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John*.

12.—FEAR AND TERROR.

FEAR, violent and sudden, opens wide the eyes and mouth, shortens the nose, gives the countenance an air of wildness, covers it with deadly paleness, draws back the elbows parallel with the sides, lifts up the open hands, with the fingers spread, to the height of the breast, at some distance

before it, so as to shield it from the dreadful object. One foot is drawn back behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for flight. The heart beats violently, the breath is quick and short, and the whole body is thrown into a general tremor. The voice is weak and trembling, the sentences are short, and the meaning confused and incoherent.

EXAMPLE.

AH ! mercy on my soul ! What is that ? My old friend's ghost ? They say none but wicked folks walk. I wish I were at the bottom of a coal-pit. La ! how pale, and long his face is grown since his death : he never was handsome ; and death has improved him very much the wrong way.—Pray, do not come near me ! I wished you very well when you were alive ; but I could never abide a dead man check by jowl with me. Ah, ah, mercy on us ! No nearer, pray ! If it be only to take leave of me that you are come back, I could have excused you the ceremony with all my heart.—Or if you—mercy on us ! no nearer, pray—~~or~~ if you have wronged any body, as you always loved money a little, I give you the word of a frightened Christian, I will pray as long as you please, for the deliverance or repose of your departed soul. My good, worthy, noble friend, do, pray, disappear, as ever you would wish your old friend to come to his senses again.

MOLIERE.

13.—SORROW.

IN moderate sorrow, the countenance is dejected, the eyes are cast downward, the arms hang loose, sometimes a little raised, suddenly to fall again ; the hands open, the fingers spread, and the voice plaintive, frequently interrupted with sighs. But when this passion is in excess, it distorts the countenance, as if in agonies of pain ; it raises the voice to the loudest complainings, and sometimes even to cries and shrieks ; it wrings the hands, beats the head and breast, tears the hair, and throws itself on the ground : and, like other passions, in excess, seems to border on phrensy.

EXAMPLE.

SEEMS, madam ! nay, it is : I know not seems.
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath ;
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief
 That can denote me truly : these indeed seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play ;
 But I have that within which passeth show,
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

SHAKESPEARE's *Hamlet*.

14.—REMORSE.

REMORSE, or a painful remembrance of criminal actions or pursuits, casts down the countenance, and clouds it with anxiety, hangs down the head, shakes it with regret, just raises the eyes as if to look up, and suddenly casts them down again with sighs; the right hand sometimes beats the breast, and the whole body writhes as if with self-aversion. The voice has a harshness as in hatred, and inclines to a low and reproachful tone.

EXAMPLE.

OH, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this head and seal
Witness against us to damnation !
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done ! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind ;
But taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt. liable to be employed in danger,
I bravely stroke with thee of Arthur's death ;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John*.

15.—DESPAIR.

DESPAIR, as in a condemned criminal, or one who has lost all hope of salvation, bends the eyebrows downwards, clouds the forehead, rolls the eyes frightfully, opens the mouth horizontally, bites the lips, widens the nostrils, and gnashes the teeth. The arms are sometimes bent at the elbows, the fists clinched hard, the veins and muscles swelled, the skin livid, the whole body strained and violently agitated; while groans of inward torture are more frequently uttered than words. If any words, they are few, and expressed with a sullen eager bitterness, the tone of the voice often loud and furious, and sometimes in the same note for a considerable time.

EXAMPLE.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me to my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whether they will or no?—

Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is,

I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them—

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs to catch my winged soul!

Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

O beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

He dies, and makes no sign? O God, forgive him.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VI.* 2d Part.

16.—SURPRISE.

SURPRISE, wonder, or amazement, opens the eyes, and makes them appear very prominent. It sometimes raises them to the skies, but more frequently fixes them on the object; the mouth is open, and the hands are held up nearly in the attitude of fear; the voice is at first low, but so emphatical, that every word is pronounced slowly and with energy; when, by the discovery of something excellent in the object of wonder, the emotion may be called admiration; the eyes are raised, the hands lifted up, or clapped together, and the voice elated with expressions of rapture.

EXAMPLE.

GONE to be married, gone to swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so: thou hast mis-spoke, misheard!

Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:

It cannot be: thou dost but say 'tis so.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?

What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,

Like a proud plover peering o'er his bounds?

Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words?

Then speak again; not all thy former tale,

But this one word, whether thy tale be true?

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John.*

17.—PRIDE.

PRIDE assumes a lofty look, bordering upon the aspect and attitude of anger. The eyes full open, but with the eyebrows considerably drawn down, the mouth pouting, mostly shut, and the lips contracted. The words are uttered with a slow, stiff, bombastic affectation of importance; the hands sometimes rest on the hips, with the elbows brought forward in the position called a-kimbo; the legs at a distance from each other, the steps large and stately.

EXAMPLE.

YOUR grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high born to be property'd;
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world,
Your breath first kindled the head of war
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire:
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land;
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And now it is half conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To under-prop this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match played for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, my soul, it never shall be said.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John*.

18.—BOASTING.

IN confidence and courage, the head is erect, the breast projected, the countenance clear and open, the accents are strong, round, and not too rapid; the voice firm and even. Boasting exaggerates these appearances by loudness, blustering, and what is not unaptly called swaggering; the arms are placed a-kimbo, the foot stamped on the ground, the

head drawn back with pride, the legs take large strides, and the voice swells into bombast.

EXAMPLE.

Captain Bobadil's Method of Defeating an Army.—I will tell you, Sir, by way of private and under seal, I am a gentleman; and live here obscure, and to myself: but, were I known to his Majesty and the Lords, to serve me, I would undertake upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay three-fourths of his yearly charge in warring war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, I ask you?—Why thus, Sir:—I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land & gentlemen they should be; of good spirit, strong & able constitution. I would choose them by an instinct that I have. And I would teach these nineteen these special rules; as, your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccata, your Broccata, your Passada, your Montonto; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This one, say the enemy were forty thousand strong. We twenty would come into the field, the tenth of March or thereabout; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy: they could not, in their honour, refuse us. We'll—we would kill them: challenge twenty more—kill them: twenty more—kill them: twenty more—kill them too. And, thus, would we kill every man his ten a-day—ten a-day—that's ten score: ten score—that's two hundred: two hundred a-day—five days, a thousand: forty thousand—forty times five—five times forty—two hundred days, kill them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform (provided there be no treason practised upon us,) by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly—by the sword.

Every Man in his Humour.

19.—PERPLEXITY.

PERPLEXITY, irresolution, or anxiety, collects the body together as if for thoughtful consideration; the eyebrows are contracted, the head hanging on the breast, the eyes cast downwards, the mouth shut, the lips pursed together. Suddenly the whole body alters its aspect, as having discovered something, then falls into contemplation as before; the motions of the body are restless and unequal, sometimes moving quick, and sometimes slow; the pauses in speaking are long, the tone of the voice uneven, the sentences broken and unfinished.

EXAMPLE.

YES; 'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in, were't good?
I think she stirs again;—No.—What's the best?
If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife.

SHAKESPEARE'S *O'hello*.

20.—MALICE.

THIS hateful disposition sets the jaws, or gnashes the sends blasting flashes from the eyes, stretches the horizontally, clinches both the fists, and bends the a straining manner to the body. The tone of voice and pressor are much the same as in anger, but not so loud.

EXAMPLE.

How like a fawning publican he looks !
 I hate him, for he is a Christian ;
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,
 He sets out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
 Ev'n there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-wol rift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my true
 If I forgive him! SHAKESPEARE'S *Merchant of V*

21.—JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY shows itself by restlessness, peevishness, thoughtfulness, anxiety, and absence of mind. Sometimes it l out into piteous complaint, and weeping ; then a gle hope, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance i momentary smile. Immediately the face, clouded wi general gloom, shows the mind overcast again with ho suspicions and frightful imaginations.

EXAMPLE.

How blest am I
 In my just censure ! in my true opinion !—
 Alack for lesser knowledge !—how accursed
 In being so bless'd ! There may be in the cup
 A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
 And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
 Is not infected ; but if one present
 The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
 With violent hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the spider !
 SHAKESPEARE'S *Winter's Tale*

FINIS.

